April 11, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

Price 75 cents

RECEIVED
APR 8 1977
Ambassador College
Library

CAMPARI INSTEAD.

You're about to have your usual after-the-match drink. But you're in the mood for something different. So you have Campari & Tonic instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Tonic makes a satisfying light drink any afternoon or evening. It's perfect before lunch or dinne

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a welcome change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.

ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY.
Schweppes
Schweppes
TONIC WATER

Campari & Tonic... Pour a jigger (1½ o of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with **Schweppes Tonic Water.** Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime, if desired.

CAMPARI & TONIC.

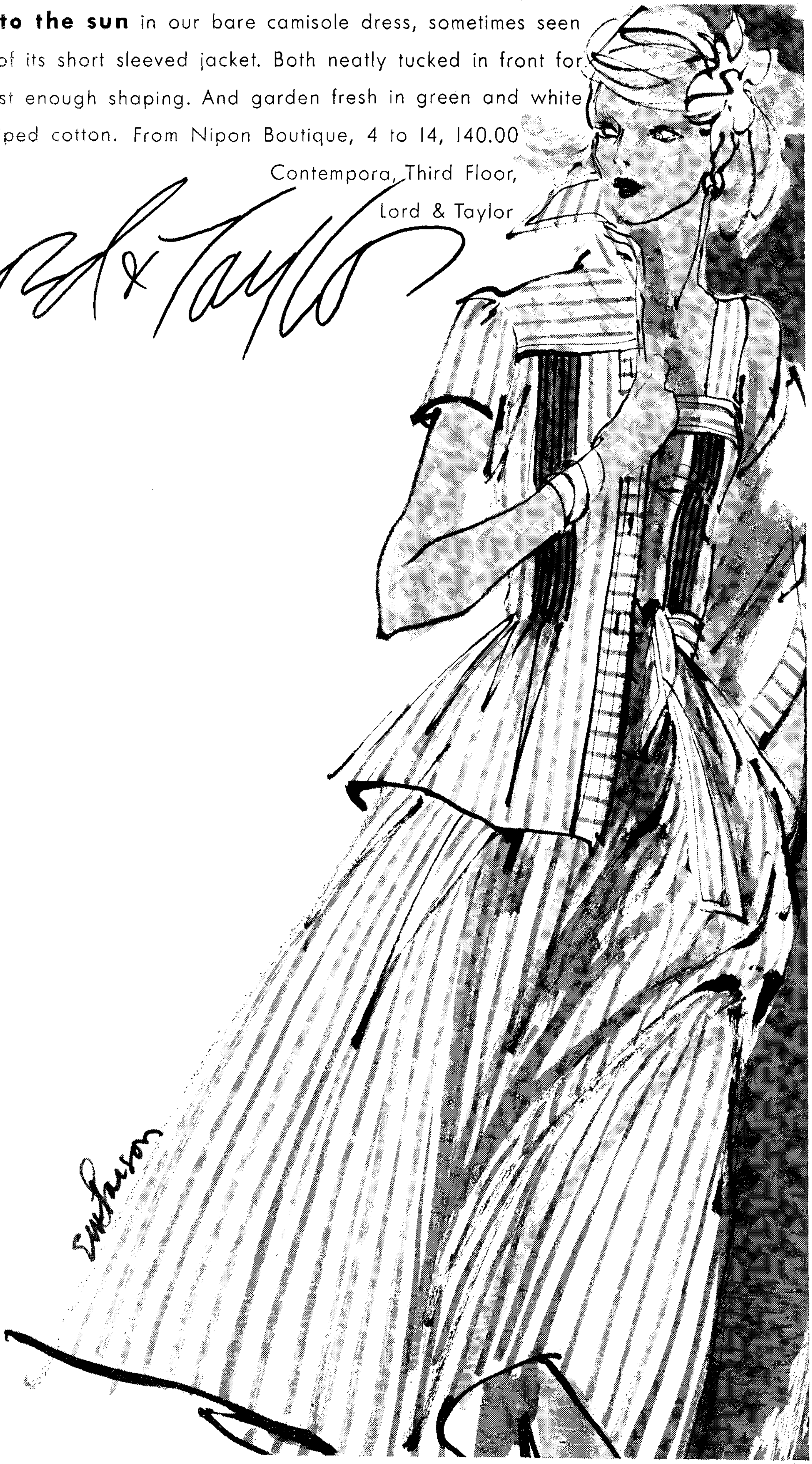
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY
48 PROOF BITTER LIQUEUR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Play up to the sun in our bare camisole dress, sometimes seen in the shade of its short sleeved jacket. Both neatly tucked in front for just enough shaping. And garden fresh in green and white striped cotton. From Nipon Boutique, 4 to 14, 140.00

Contempora, Third Floor,
Lord & Taylor

Lord & Taylor



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet. Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall work very hard but in vain. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 354-4490. Moves on Tuesday, April 12, to the Belasco, 111 W. 44th St., 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anna Christie—A limited engagement of a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play, with Liv Ullmann, John Lithgow, Mary McCarty, and Robert Donley. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12-13. Opens officially on Thursday, April 14. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A seven-week engagement of the Theatre Company of Boston's revival of David Rabe's play, starring Al Pacino. David Wheeler is the director. Opens Friday, April 15. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Chekhov's great comedy is worthily enacted by an exceptional cast; the ravishing settings and costumes are by Santo Loquasto, and the sometimes arbitrary and self-important direction is by Andrei Serban. Not to be missed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cold Storage—Martin Balsam heads the cast of a play by Ronald Ribman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, April 6, at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 13, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Dirty Linen—An inconsequent jape by Tom Stoppard; the scene is the House of Parliament, and the subject is the sexual misconduct of a hundred and nineteen M.P.s. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Endgame—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"BLACK HOLES" . . . . *James Munves* 32

"THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS" . . . . *Laura Furman* 34

"FANTASY STREET" (POEM) . . . . *Andrew Glaze* 40

PROFILES (QUEEN ELIZABETH II—PART I) . . . . *Anthony Bailey* 42

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 85

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 85

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 87

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 91

U.S. JOURNAL: TAMPA, FLORIDA . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 101

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 108

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 114

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 118

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 122

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 127

"INVENTING THE THIRD PERSON" (POEM) . . . . *Debora Greger* 128

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 129

"ABOVE THE TOBACCO FIELDS OF SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS" (POEM) . . . . *Pamela Stewart* 134

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 137

BRIEFLY NOTED 139

COVER: *Edward Koren*

DRAWINGS: *Everett Opie, William Steig, Al Ross, Lou Myers, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Dean Vietor, Jack Ziegler, Joseph Mirachi, Frank Modell, Eugène Mihaesco, Joseph Farris, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Stan Hunt, George Booth, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Douglas Florian, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, Bernard Schoenbaum, Mort Gerberg*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 695-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 695-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 8, April 11, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.

Tiffany sterling...noted for superb craftsmanship and heavier weight for more than a century. Choose from our selection of nineteen exclusive patterns, available at these stores.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ARIZONA GRUNEWALD & ADAMS, Phoenix, Tucson

CALIFORNIA GEARY'S, Beverly Hills;
B. D. HOWES & SON, Newport Beach, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Pasadena, Santa Barbara;
TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco

COLORADO INTERNATIONAL VILLA, Denver

CONNECTICUT M. A. GREEN, INC., Waterbury;
HOAGLAND'S AT MARY BARLINT, INC., Greenwich;
LENOX JEWELERS, Bridgeport, Fairfield;
LUX BOND GREEN & STEVENS, INC., Hartford, West Hartford;
MICHAELS JEWELERS, leading Connecticut cities;
TILDEN-THURBER, Olde Mistick;
THE WHITNEY SHOP, New Canaan

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA GALT & BRO., INC., Washington;
CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington

FLORIDA CARROLL'S JEWELERS, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale;
LEBAR JEWELERS, Sarasota;
WELLS JEWELERS, INC., Jacksonville

GEORGIA TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta;
CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta

HAWAII B. D. HOWES & SON, Honolulu

ILLINOIS THE GINNY LEE, Decatur;
TIFFANY & CO., Chicago

INDIANA L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Ft. Wayne, South Bend

KENTUCKY BUSCHEMEYER & CO., Louisville;
FULLER & WILDER, INC., Lexington

LOUISIANA COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans

MARYLAND A. H. FETTING CO., INC., Baltimore, Towson

MASSACHUSETTS SHARFMANS, Worcester Center Galleria;
SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill

MICHIGAN ARTISANS, INC., Ann Arbor;
SIEGEL JEWELERS, Downtown & Woodland Mall, Grand Rapids

MINNESOTA PARKER HANLEY, In the Galleria, Minneapolis

NEBRASKA THE AFTERNOON, Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE WARD AMIDON, INC., Hanover;
DESJARDINS CO., INC., Manchester

NEW JERSEY HAMILTON JEWELERS, Lawrenceville, Trenton;
LaVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton;
S. MARSH & SONS, Milburn

NEW YORK MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady;
MAYFAIR HOME FURNISHINGS, Albany;
ROSE JEWELERS, Patchogue, Riverhead, Southampton;
TIFFANY & CO., New York

NORTH CAROLINA ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte

NORTH DAKOTA ROYAL JEWELERS, INC., Fargo

OHIO ARGO & LEHNE JEWELERS, Columbus, Kingsdale;
H. M. BAILEY, INC., Shaker Square, Cleveland;
DANFORD-LOWELL & SON, Cleveland;
POTTER & MELLEN, INC., Cleveland

OKLAHOMA JOSEF DERRYBERRY JEWELERS, INC., Bartlesville

OREGON CARL GREVE JEWELER, Portland, Eugene;
FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Washington Square;
ZELL BROTHERS, Portland, Washington Square

PENNSYLVANIA APPEL-JEWELER, INC., Allentown;
DIESINGER & DOLAN, Ardmore;
WM. H. DILLER, INC., West Reading;
HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh;
FRED H. STRAUB, INC., Abington

RHODE ISLAND MICHAELS JEWELERS, Lincoln, Pawtucket;
TILDEN-THURBER, Providence, Warwick, Newport, Watch Hill

SOUTH CAROLINA SYLVAN BROS., Main St., Richland Mall, Dutch Square, Columbia

TENNESSEE BRODNAX JEWELERS, Memphis;
MICHAEL CORZINE & CO., Green Hills Village, Nashville;
ROBERT CRUMP'S HANCOCK HOUSE, INC., Memphis

TEXAS HALTOM'S JEWELERS, Fort Worth, Arlington;
TIFFANY & CO., Houston

VIRGINIA BOWEN JEWELRY CO., INC., Lynchburg;
FRANK R. FORD CO., INC., Norfolk, Virginia Beach;
SCHWARZSCHILD JEWELERS, Richmond, Broad at Second, West Cary, Regency Square Center

WASHINGTON FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Northgate, Southcenter, Bellevue Square, Everett, Tacoma Mall, Bremerton

WISCONSIN GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee

PUERTO RICO AMBIANCE, Condado

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ladies at the Alamo—Estelle Parsons, Eileen Heckart, and Rosemary Murphy in a new play by Paul Zindel. Directed by Frank Perry. Previews Wednesday, April 6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tomlin embodies many amusing characters and a few sad ones, and is a formidable character in her own right. A most welcome Broadway début. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Monsters—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The New York Idea—A sparkling revival of the sparkling comedy that Langdon Mitchell wrote for Mrs. Fiske in 1906, as presented by the newly formed BAM Theatre Company, with Blythe Danner, Rosemary Harris, René Auberjonois, and Denholm Elliott, among others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

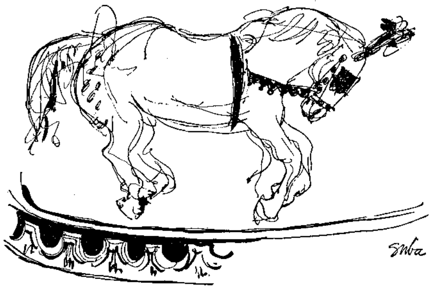
Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Two delightful performers, who handle their wonderful material all the more ably because it is from their own hands. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Romeo and Juliet—Sad times in Renaissance Verona. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the wistful lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Laurence Luckinbill. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Statues, Exhibition, and **The Bridge at Belharbour**—Three two-character, one-act plays by Janet Neipris. Opens Thursday, April 7, and will run through Sunday, April 24. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes (who will return on Sunday, April 10), Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who multilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,057 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway, 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO** and **DUCK VARIATIONS:** David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents, the second with the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Broadway in Concert—Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, George Rose, Laurence Guittard, and Barry Bostwick in a concert version of **SHE LOVES ME** (book by Joe Masteroff, music by

Her fragrance is Ciara. Gown by Heiko. Jewelry by Bulgari. ©1977 Charles Revson Inc.

THE 'ULTIMA' II MAKEUP COLLECTION
Five quite different makeups.
Because sometimes you feel like dressing up your face. And sometimes you don't.

Beautiful Nutrient Makeup is the famous Ultima classic that always gives you just the right amount of coverage.

Cremegel Makeup in a tube, gives you the barest, most casual coverage.

Beautiful Creme Makeup is the glamorous one. You'll feel dressed-up all over.

Ultra Color Gel Stick gives a bloom of outdoors color, has a sunscreen, too.

Sheer Radiance gives you a glowy look—as if you'd just come back from a week in the country.

Would you like to talk to someone about these makeups? To apply them? To observe them on your skin? You can, at any 'Ultima' II-Charles Revson counter. We'd love to meet you face-to-face.

SHEER RADIANCE
ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

'ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick), the first in a series of three musicals in concert form. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 6, at 8; Thursday, April 7, at 7:30; Friday, April 8, at 8; and Saturday, April 9, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 982-3570, Wednesday through Friday between 10:30 and 12:30 and 5:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY—Monday, April 11, at 7; Wednesday, April 13, at 8; and Saturday, April 16, at 2 and 8: "Hero," "The Sleepers," and "Champagne."... ¶ Tuesday, April 12, and Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 8: "B-Mine," "Two Penny Portrait," and "Caviar." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 13, at 7:30: A new, unnamed work; "Piece for Brass;" and "Shira."... ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 17, at 6:30: "Prologue," "I Never Saw Another Butterfly," "Lamentations of Jeremiah," "A Seder Night," and "Kaddish."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Prairie Steps," "Piece for Brass," and the new work.... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 2: The new work, "I Never Saw Another Butterfly," and "Shira." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Cynthia Gregory being interviewed by John Gruen and answering questions from the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 11, at 5:30.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—A ten-day engagement—Thursday, April 7, at 6:45: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Go for Barocco." ... ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Spring Waters," "The Dying Swan," "Isadora in Bayreuth," "Pas de Quatre," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Go for Barocco," and "Don Quixote." ... ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Go for Barocco." ... ¶ Sunday, April 10, at 3: "Les Sylphides," "Spring Waters," "Isadora in Bayreuth," "Pas de Quatre," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8; "Giselle," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "The Dying Swan," and "Go for Barocco."... ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "The Dying Swan," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Giselle," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "The Dying Swan," and "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet." ... ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Isadora in Bayreuth," and "Don Quixote." ... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Spring Waters," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Pas de Quatre," and "Don Quixote."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Go for Barocco," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 3: "Giselle," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "The Dying Swan," and "Go for Barocco." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626.)

"SWAN LAKE" ON FILM—The Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company in a performance of the four-act Tchaikovsky ballet, filmed in color, with the Leningrad Philharmonic. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This simple, spare SoHo loft of a night club looks like—and is—a ma-and-pa operation. Coltrane alumnus and all-out drummer Rashied Ali and his wife designed just about everything in the place and did all the work in putting it together, from hanging the Japanese paper lampshades to constructing the hexahedral bandstand. The music, however, is not homespun; many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Pianist Don Pullen, a sideman with Mingus, Ali, and others, leads his own group through Saturday, April 9; on Tuesday, April 12, saxophonist James Vass, who has also worked with Ali, will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Baby Jane Dexter, a deadpan humorist and a bluesy singer, performs Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine pianists and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. **DICK HYMAN** is here through Saturday, April 9; on Wednesday, April 13, Ray Bryant will come in. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist David Lahm leads a quintet on Wednesday, April 6; Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, flutist **FRANK WESS**, bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**, and drummer **RICHIE PRATT**—will take over the bright red bandstand; and on Wednesday, April 13, saxophonist Houston Person and an authentic, if lethargic, rhythm-and-blues trio will begin backing up singer Etta Jones. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: British rock singer John Miles is present on Wednesday, April 6; Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, Jonathan Edwards, a Top Forty folkie, will be on hand; on Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, Kate and Anna McGarrigle, who are Canadians, folksingers, sentimental-folksong writers, and sisters, will perform; on Wednesday and Thursday, April 13-14, the Pointer Sisters will be ready to riff; and, finally, Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, have been set aside for singer and guitarist José Feliciano. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in often hectic, buzzing surroundings. **RONNIE MATTHEWS** works with a bassist through Saturday, April 9; and on Monday, April 11, **JIMMY ROWLES**, a house favorite, will begin a three-week stint. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who performs Coward, Gershwin, Porter, or Sondheim classics for his ardent listeners and not for disco dancers, appears in the Café Carlyle with support from his steadfast assistants, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.... **TEDDY WILSON**, the restrained, elegant pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty-odd years, does wonderfully by himself, too. He's in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER** has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him again are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, the where-have-you-been-all-my-life blues and boogie-woogie wonder, and rhythm guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. From eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, April 12, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** will sit in with the regulars; and on Sunday, April 10, alto saxophonist Danny Turner will head up a quintet from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, April 10, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, pian-

IMAGE vs FACT BMW vs SAAB

	SAAB WINS	1977 SAAB EMS	BMW WINS	1977 BMW 320i
Price		$7198*		$7990*
Acceleration				
0-60 MPH	☑	12.0 (SEC)	☐	12.2 (SEC)
Time for 1/4 Mile	☑	18.10 (SEC)	☐	18.19 (SEC)
Speed at 1/4 Mile	☑	75.2 (MPH)	☐	74.2 (MPH)
Handling/Performance				
Skid Pad	☑	.759 (G)	☐	.721 (G)
Double Lane Change (Time)	☑	2.36 (SEC)	☐	2.43 (SEC)
Double Lane Change (Speed)	☑	69.3 (MPH)	☐	67.3 (MPH)
Slalom 75' Spacing (Speed)	☑	45.8 (MPH)	☐	44.4 (MPH)
Braking				
60-0 Dry Brakes	☑	149.0 (FT)	☐	156.0 (FT)
30-0 Dry Brakes	☐	41.0 (FT)	☑	38.0 (FT)
60-0 Wet Brakes	☑	162.0 (FT)	☐	168.0 (FT)
30-0 Wet Brakes	☑	43.0 (FT)	☐	45.0 (FT)

Fact—Although BMW has a well-deserved image as a super car, when the American Testing Institute matched a SAAB EMS against a BMW 320i in Feb. '77, SAAB was the consistent winner.**

Fact—The base price of that winning car is $792.00 less than the BMW 320i.

Fact—SAAB's base price includes 4 wheel disc brakes, fully adjustable, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, aluminum alloy wheels, gas filled Bilstein shocks, leather-covered steering wheel, front wheel drive, and a Quartz clock, while BMW's does not.

Check the facts for yourself. Test drive a SAAB at your nearest dealer.

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE CAR.

*Prices shown above for BMW 320i and SAAB EMS are P.O.E. SAAB's price includes dealer prep, and BMW's does not. Taxes, title, destination charges and options for both models are additional. **Methodology & Details on file at SAAB Scania of America, Orange, Connecticut.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist Tom Fay, and bassist Earl May will join forces from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Damita Jo, who was once successful in R. & B. circles, and who is now trying her hand at popular singing, is here with a backing trio through Saturday, April 9. Pianist Monty Alexander's trio will arrive on Monday, April 11. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI**, the great jazz violinist, is constructively accompanied by pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and **ERNIE HACKETT**, the late cornettist's son, on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Mondays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Crac, a rhythm-and-blues outfit from Syracuse, occupies the stage through Sunday, April 10. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Marshall Chapman, an up-and-coming country-rock singer with roots in South Carolina, works with a supporting band through Sunday, April 10; on Wednesday, April 13, Dan Hill, a young message-laden folkie from Toronto, will come in. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this setting, an Art Deco version of Disneyland, where one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Andrea Marcovicci is currently singing in this comfortable cabaret. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta leads a sextet that includes a bebop accordionist Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9. On Tuesday, April 12, tenor saxophonist and, occasionally, bassoonist, too, **ILLINOIS JACQUET** will bring in a trio for a two-week engagement. Music from ten to two-thirty.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and leads his twelve-piece organization; and Wednesdays and Thursdays are given over to **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet, which features trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** and guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**. On Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, **RUBY BRAFF**, a silken cornettist, will lead a quintet; and the following Friday and Saturday (April 15-16) will be reserved for guitarist **JOE PUMA'S** quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist **HERB ELLIS** performs with bassist **MIKE MOORE** through Saturday, April 9; and on Tuesday, April 12, **CHARLES SULLIVAN**, a fine young trumpet player, will front a quartet. Alto saxophonist **BOB MOVER** is in charge of a quartet on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**SID SELVIDGE**, who is from Memphis, ambles onto the stage like an absentminded folksinger, but when he begins singing it's clear he knows exactly what he's doing. His relaxed, nonsense-song interpretations of blues by Furry Lewis, Ivory Joe Hunter, and others are right on the mark. Through Saturday, April 9. On Wednesday, April 13, Helen Schneider, who is simultaneously reminiscent of Liza Minnelli and Grace Slick, will return to these quarters. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Wednesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will alternate with singer Novella Nelson; on Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, Shepp will be sharing a bill with guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Pianist Hal Galper, drummer Billy Hart, bassist Wayne Dockery, and the Brecker brothers—trumpeter Randy and saxophonist Mike—join forces nightly through Sunday, April 10. Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** performs with his concert ensemble (eight or ten pieces). On Friday, April 15, **BETTY CARTER**, a tightrope-walker of a singer, will arrive with the John Hicks trio. On Mondays, another world-famous institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Harold Mabern and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, George Kelly, who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties, leads a group called the Jazz Sultans. On Saturdays and Sundays, **TINY GRIMES**, who still bebops on a four-string guitar, guides a trio. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 6, at 5:45: **PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 5:45: **CARMEL QUINN**.

Loft Jazz—New music and new jazz in Spartan surroundings. Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656, 473-9936). Friday, April 8: **SHELLY RUSTEN QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9: **AIR**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15: **SHELLY RUSTEN TRIO**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16: **HAMIET BLUIETT DUO**. (Performances at 9 and 11.) . . . Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (677-9728). Wednesday, April 6: **KALAPARUSHA**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 7: **SHEILA JORDAN**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8: **DAVID MURRAY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9: **FRANK** and **JAY CLAYTON**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 10: **PHILADELPHIA ART ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Monday, April 11: **FRED FARELL**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12: **TOMMY TURRENTINE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13: **BENNIE WALLACE**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14: **ROYAL BLUE**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15: **SONELIUS SMITH**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16: **SAM BROWN** and **ART JENKINS**. (Performances weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 4.)

Billy Paul, Dexter Wansel, and **Jean Carn**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 8, at 8.

Janis Ian and **Tom Chapin**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Stanley Turrentine, Jon Lucien, and **Ramsey Lewis**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 9, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Journey, Starcastle, and **the Steve Gibbons Band**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Phil Woods Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, April 10, at 2, 3, and 4.

Nils Lofgren and **Pablo Cruise**—Palladium. Friday, April 15, at 8.

David Murray—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, April 15, at 8:30.

Angel and **Piper**—Palladium. Saturday, April 16, at 9:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Al Blaustein—Figurative paintings and sketches of objects—paint boxes, easels—around the artist's studio. Through Friday, April 15. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

Willard Boepple—Abstract sculptures formed of wide coils of steel. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Chris Burden—A one-passenger car roughly nine feet long, which the artist built primarily out of handmade parts. It was recently driven through the streets of Paris. Also works related to the project. Through April 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

David Cantine—Small abstract paintings by an artist who works in oil and acrylic; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Janet Culbertson—Paintings and drawings based on a recent visit to the Galápagos Islands. Through April 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

William F. Draper—Realist, closeup views of plant life in County Limerick, Ireland, and landscapes. Through April 23. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Alan Evan Feltus—Placid, classical nudes painted in earth tones and conveying a sense of monumental stillness; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, April 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

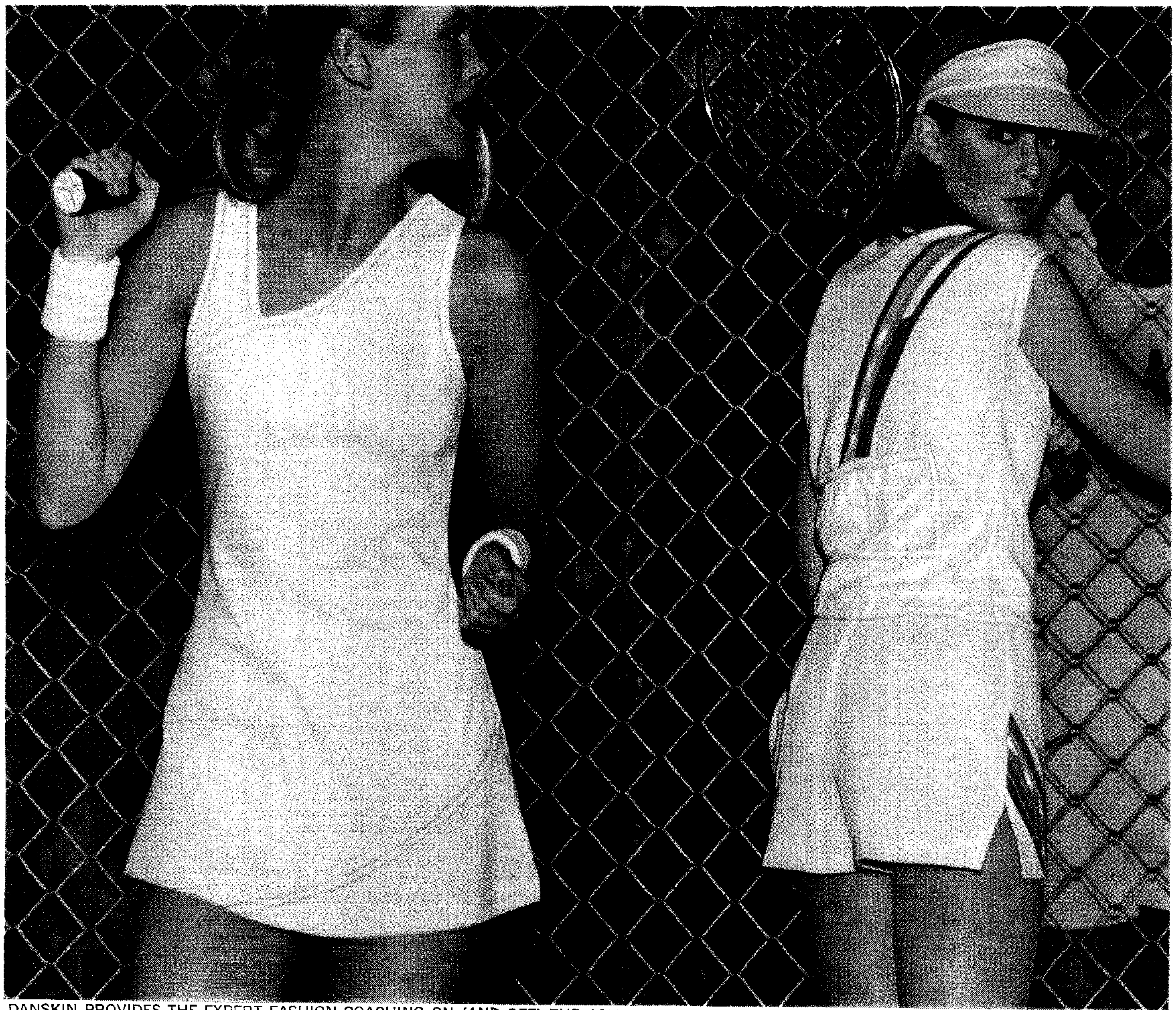
Luis Filcer—Semi-abstract paintings done in a thick impasto. Through April 20. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Philip Guston—His new paintings are being exhibited in two parts. The first part can be seen through Friday, April 8, and a second group of works will go on view Saturday, April 9. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Lily Harmon—Works that combine collage and painting. Through April 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barbara Hepworth (1903-75) / **Fritz Scholder**—Sculptures in stone, wood, and bronze by this Englishwoman whose works were subject to the same influences as those of her friend and associate Henry Moore. Through Saturday,

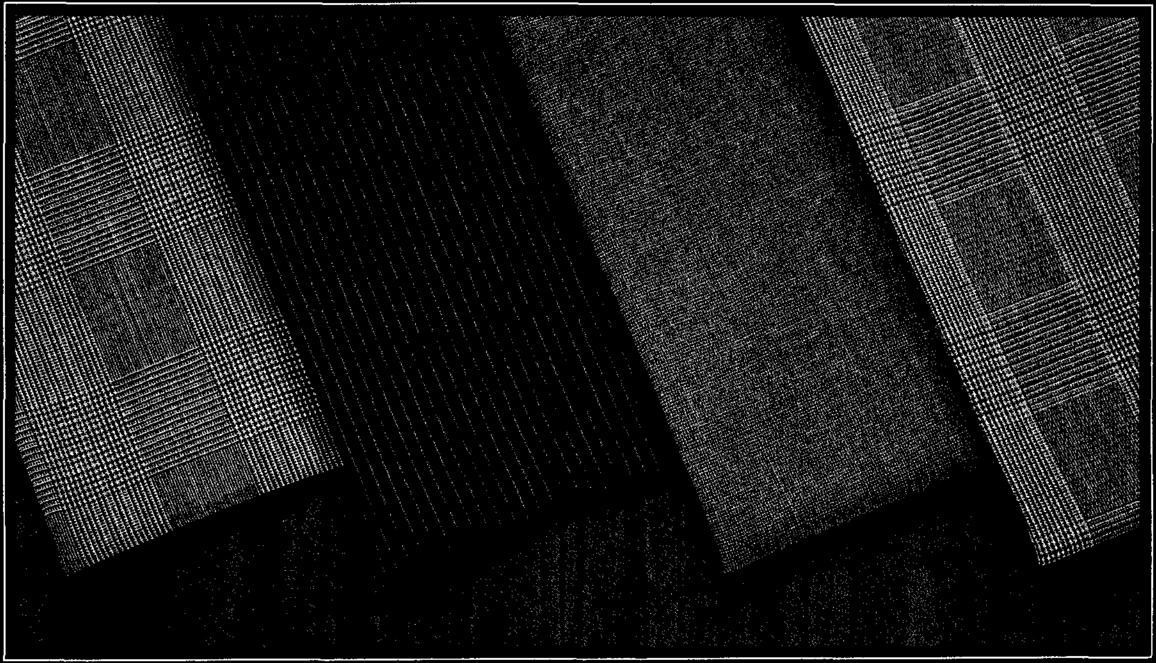
DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



DANSKIN PROVIDES THE EXPERT FASHION COACHING ON (AND OFF) THE COURT WITH TENNISWEAR THAT LITERALLY CAN'T BE BEAT FOR STYLING, FIT, AND COMFORT. TENNIS DRESS WITH ASYMMETRICAL NECKLINE AND SCOOP BACK, SIZES 8-14, ABOUT 20.00. BLOUSON TOP WITH BACK UTILITY POUCH, S, M, L, ABOUT 17.00; MATCHING SHORTS, SIZES 8-14, ABOUT 20.00. ALL ARE KNIT OF COTTON AND POLYESTER. AT MACY'S (NEW YORK) AND OTHER FINE STORES OR SEND 50¢ FOR OUR 134 PAGE CATALOG. DANSKIN, INC., DEPT. NY4, 1114 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

DANSKIN®

For wearability and comfort in nine-month suitings, Bengal-Ease constitutes the perfect blend of practicality and sensuality. Imported from Sweden exclusively by Southwick.



Southwick

A tradition among gentlemen.

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
Albany, N.Y.	Dall's Ltd.
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry, Inc.
Amarillo, Texas	Brent's
Andover, Mass.	Andover Shop
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Van Boven, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton-Atlanta
Asheville, N.C.	Bell's Traditionals
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Beverly Hills, Cal.	Lew Ritter & Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Sons & Harwell
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	Andover Shop
Carmel, Cal.	Derek Rayne
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N.C.	*Jack Wood, Ltd.*
Charlottesville, Va.	Eljo's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
Chevy Chase, Md.	Arthur A. Adler
Chicago, Illinois	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers

Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop
Columbia, S.C.	Lytle Pressley's
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Culwell & Sons
Dayton, Ohio	D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Detroit, Mich.	Van Boven, Inc.
Fairfield, Conn.	Fairfield Store
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Indiana	Heider, Ltd.
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hadley, Mass.	A. O. White
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edward Miller
High Point, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind.	Roderick St. John
Jackson, Miss.	Owen's Ltd
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	M. S. McClellan & Co.
LaJolla, Cal.	Ascot Shop
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lincoln, Nebraska	Sir Winston
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Little Rock, Ark.	Mr. Wicks

Louisville, Kentucky	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Manchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil and Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Mobile, Ala.	Sons & Harwell
Morganton, N.C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	The Oxford Shop
Newport Beach, Cal.	Atkinson's
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
New London, Conn.	Benoit's
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
Omaha, Nebraska	Sir Winston
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reed
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	1888 Shop
Portland, Maine	Benoit's
Portland, Oregon	Albert, Ltd.
Providence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N.J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y.	The Red Barn
Salt Lake City, Utah	Village, Ltd.
San Francisco, Cal.	Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.

St. Louis, Mo	Boyd's
San Marino, Cal.	Bill Winn
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A. O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Van Driver, Inc.
Summit, N.J	Roots
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tarrytown, N.Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio.	Neil's Men's Shop
Torrington, Conn.	Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Williamsburg, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothier

For stores in other cities
write Southwick
1290 Avenue of the
Americas
New York, New York 10019

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 16. / Ten vigorous drawings and a number *of lithographs, all depicting American Indian* subjects by an artist who is a quarter Indian himself and whose work has a profoundly brooding quality. Through April 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Large impressionist paintings of river scenes in Vermont. Through April 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Donald Mallow—Outsize, superrealist watercolors done in and around Blue Hill, Maine, and offering closeup studies of isolated boulders, weather-worn clapboard houses, basement sump pumps, cellar stairs, and so on, all seen in the crisp, clear light of that region. First one-man show in New York. Through April 23. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Small constructions, uniformly eight inches by eleven, involving flat cutout shapes of wood screwed together, springs, clamps, snap hooks, and the like, contained in wide white frames; also collages of heavy oiled paper that appears to have been seared at the edges, combined with burlap and wide strokes of heavy vinyl paint. Through April 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Magazine-cover designs and watercolors of landscapes and still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 9. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jane Morton Norton—*An eerie quality of light* surrounds the castles and cliffs of these imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, April 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through May 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Large paintings based on the grid principle and composed of multicolored squares of paint (the artist makes his own, mixing his pigments with a neutral acrylic base) ranging in size from infinitesimal to a couple of inches. In most of the works, a vague pattern emerges. Through April 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Helen Soreff—Abstract paintings and drawings in which several horizontal bands are isolated on an otherwise solid field. Through April 23. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

William Tucker—Large abstract sculptures in wood and metal, plus drawings. Through April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: "Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age," comprises more than eighty works by Percy Wyndham Lewis, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, Jacob Epstein, and others. Through April 30. . . . **feist**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, by about fifty artists, among them Annibale Carracci and Paulus Potter. Through Saturday, April 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a dozen twentieth-century artists ranging from Matisse to Willem de Kooning. Through April 30. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Precisionist works by American artists whose interest in geometric forms led them to depict factories, highways, engines. Among those included are Sheeler, Demuth, Berenice Abbott, and Weston. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the painter G. Ruger Donoho (1857-1916). Both shows through Saturday, April 9. . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Blaue Reiter artists Kandinsky, Klee, Macke, and others. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small pieces by sixteen artists, among them Ann Arnold, Sidney Geist, and Betty Parsons. Through Saturday, April 9. . . . **knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Models for large-scale works by Sylvia Stone, Muriel Castanis, Richard Nonas, and others. Through April 30.

Berlin Now—A month-long survey of that city's current cultural aspects (art, music, literature, film, urbanism), spread out all over this city's theatres, galleries, and institutes. This week, in the matter of art, there is a show *of collages by Hannah Höch, at Goethe* House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (open Mondays); a group show of Pop, Op, and Minimal artists at the Galerie Denise René loft, 484 Broome St.; a group show of realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures at the New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays *and Saturdays, except April 8-9, from 10 to* 5); an exhibit of photographs of present-day Berlin by Henry Ries, at the Goethe Institute at New York University, 42 Washington Mews (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8). For information about the survey in general, call 744-8472 weekdays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Adge Baker—Drawings of animals by an English artist, now in her eighties, who based them all on sketches done at the London zoo but who adds her own distinct mythic quality to the beasts. Through Saturday, April 16. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Barrell / Peter Dean—Mythological figures *and situations are the starting point for many* of the fresh, lighthearted oils by this artist, whose work reflects an admiration for Picasso and a line of Italian painters reaching back into antiquity. / Psychedelic subject matter and clamorous colors are characteristic of this artist's compositions, which are full of rampaging beasts and human figures as well as imaginative symbols. Through April 26. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Isabel Case Borgatta—Fabric sculptures of figures, alone or in pairs, some a foot tall, some over seven feet tall. Through Saturday, April 9. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Still-lifes done in oil—mostly of items from the kitchen utility drawer, as well as fruits and vegetables—by an artist who was the resident realist at the Yale art school when it was otherwise wholly committed to abstract works. Through April 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

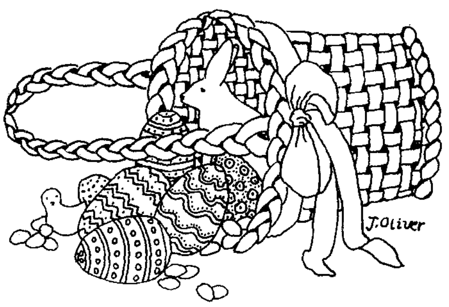
Roy De Forest—Wildly fanciful paintings in which dogs, foxes, rabbits, horses, and occasional people are depicted in flat, sharply contrasting colors as they are crowded into this artist's Arcadian picture plane. Also drawings and a construction. Through April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Jean Dubuffet—A new series of painted-paper collages, entitled "Théâtres de *Mémoire*," *in* which every inch of the large panels is filled with his well-known hollow-eyed figures and doodles. Through April 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Views of the city and the Hampton flatlands by an artist who has studios in both places and paints them with equal affection. *Through April 21. (Fischbach, 29* W. 57th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Works on oatmeal-colored paper in which the central area has been scraped and burred, sometimes clean through; occasionally, charcoal and watercolor touches have been added. Through Saturday, April 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Abstract oils on paper. Through April 30. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)



Paul Linfante / Grégoire Müller—Pastel representations *of apples, and self-portraits.* / Etchings. Through April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953) / **Anne Ryan** (1889-1954)—Thirty-six oils (they span his entire career) in which one senses that the artist was being held back by the slower medium and that he longed for the freedom and swift directness of his real métier—watercolors. / Fabric-and-paper collages that bear the stamp of this artist's individual style. Through Saturday, April 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Carlos Mérida—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—Strange cloud formations hovering over the wetlands of eastern Long Island and offshore rocks along the Bay of Fundy in Canada are the subjects of this show of recent oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through April 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Claire Moore—Paintings and works on paper *that incorporate words and written passages* based on the artist's dreams. Through April 22. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Forrest Moses—Realist paintings of marshlands, gently flowing streams, lush valleys, and rocky wastelands, all of them found within a thirty-mile radius of Santa Fe by this New Mexican artist who roams the territory afoot; first one-man show in New York. Through April 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mats Norryd—Paintings based on "The Divine Comedy," by a Swedish actor; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—The last time around, this man was telling us, via tape recording with huge blind mice (Styrofoam) for stage props, about how his own inner feelings skittered around seeking release; this time, while a five-foot steel record revolves squeakily on a turntable and a white teakettle hots up on a giant neon stove burner, his tape recording tells us to wake up. Through Thursday, April 14. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Horace Pippin (1888-1946)—A retrospective of the powerful primitive paintings by this black artist from Pennsylvania who suffered a shattered arm during combat in the First World War and took up painting with a doggedness and clarity of purpose reminiscent of van Gogh's. A benefit exhibition. Through April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and others objects in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 14. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Robbins—Blurred images of motorcyclists hurtling along, drawn (sometimes in color) by an artist whose aim is to catch the visual quality of speed. Through April 23. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—A dozen pieces by this pioneer in found-metal sculpture, these dating from 1956 to the present and incorporating choice bits from a wide assortment of junk yards. Through April 23. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Thon—Painterly landscapes, with just a dash of abstraction, depicting scenes in Maine, plus paintings of small work boats rolling with the seas off Ireland and Greece. Through Saturday, April 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Varble—Life-size paper dolls with painted faces and *outré* costumes, and drawings in mixed mediums which incorporate handwritten phrases. Through Saturday, April 16. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Michael Vessa—A floor-to-ceiling construction of varnished paper, four perspective studies for the construction, and other works. Through Saturday, April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer / Jeanne Miles—A six-foot Plexiglas globe made up of a transparent dome set on a hemisphere with a mirrored interior—the piece looks like a space station all ready to go—is one of the polished sculptures by this artist, who usually works in open geometric forms done in metal. / Abstract checkerboard designs in vibrant colors suggestive

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

of stained-glass church windows and usually set within a circle of a contrasting solid color. Through Saturday, April 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Louis Cane—Seven oil paintings, each consisting of identical arrangements of three overlapping unstretched canvases painted in black, gray, and various shades of very dark green and laid directly on the wall; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Bob Feldgus—Paintings in which the various shapes of plants, wooden beams, and buildings reflected in mirrors converge. Through April 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Antonio Gaudí (1852-1926)—A loan show of architectural drawings for palaces, houses, fountains, street lights, and so on. Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Donald Judd—Fifteen clean-cut boxes, five feet square and three feet tall, beautifully made of raw American Douglas fir plywood. Through Saturday, April 16. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—"298 Circles," an environmental work of discs painted in tints of white and suspended from the ceiling just about down to the viewer's midsection. Through April 30. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Marjorie Kramer / Dan Lobel—Landscapes of rushing streams deep in the woods, and other works. / Realist paintings of interiors, street scenes, and nudes on shaped canvases. Through April 21. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Pat Lasch—Small works on muslin, each consisting of a small photograph of a member of her family bordered by hand-painted doily-like patterns. Through April 27. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Noel Mahaffey—Realist paintings of Times Square at night, with emphasis on the lights rather than the evening crowd. Through April 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Philip Carlo Paratore / Dove Bradshaw—Large fantasy paintings, in oil, filled to the frame with dreamlike figures—nudes, Andean women in felt hats, exotic birds, incubi, African figures. / Tiny chairs molded in a creamy porcelain, set on free-form bases of the same substance and invested with female sex organs. Through April 20. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ross—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale works (colored-pencil drawings, telescopic photographs of the stars, prisms) having to do with the Milky Way galaxy. (Weber, 420 West Broadway, and Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.) Both shows through Saturday, April 16.

Peter Saari / Tony King—Mr. Saari makes what appear to be fragments of Etruscan architecture, with remnants of fresco ornamentation, and sets them on mockups of ancient cornices and entablatures, the way Italian museums show such relics. / Large canvases divided into two sections—the upper one a photographic image printed directly on the linen (a Sonoma Valley landscape, say, or a view of SoHo rooftops), and the lower one a painted simulation of deeply carved wood panelling. Through April 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Alexis Smith / Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt—Narrative works based on literary themes and consisting of panels on which typewritten sheets of paper and collage elements of found objects are combined. (For example, a burned match quite graphically symbolizes the burning of a temple described by Mishima.) / The façade of a Byzantine church with mosaic insets of various saints, done in wood and glittering metal foils, plus plaques of the same materials showing religious figures and a few secular cutups, by an artist who can be both devout and amusing. Through Saturday, April 16. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Stone—Huge sculptures (the largest is thirty feet long and eight feet high) consisting of thick Plexiglas and aluminum sheets cut into geometric shapes and suggestive of a Feininger drawing greatly magnified and struck off in three dimensions. Through April 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov—New paintings in which one of the senior New York artists works out fresh geometrical progressions, more tightly organized but somehow freer in spirit than most of his previous works. Through May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Helene Valentin—Columns of unstretched canvas to which many layers of paint have been applied, plus other works. Through April 23. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Stella Waitzkin / William Nichols—This artist has created a library (well, sort of). Her books are cast in polyester resin; some are open, some are transparent, and all are unreadable. / Landscapes, many of which include gardens. Through April 23. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by five gallery regulars who participated in the Whitney Biennial: Bartlett, Benglis, Murray, Shapiro, and Winsor. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

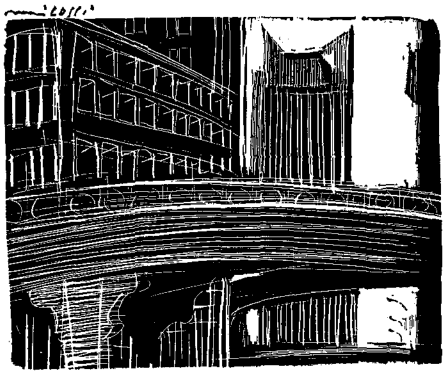
Liz Phillips—More or less musical works whose sounds are produced when viewers pass sound-activated radio fields and when stop lights change in the vicinity of the show (thanks to a telephone hookup with the Department of Traffic). Through April 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Beatrix Potter (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works, including studies of plants and insects and portraits of her pet animals. Many of the works have not been seen in this country before. Through May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Folk Art—An exhibit of Ukrainian Easter eggs (*pysanky*) and of ritual breads, all decorated in the folk-art tradition. Through April 30. (Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave., at 13th St. Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Fridays, 3 to 7.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of mediums by artists associated with the gallery, including Faith Bromberg, Kate Helsy, and Herbert Kallem. Through April 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—Nine artists who make small works exclusively, among them Donna Dennis, Michael Hurson, and Tony Berlant. Through April 22. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except April 8, from 11 to 4:30.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Fifty vintage photographs of turn-of-the-century Paris. Through May 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

William DeLappa / A. W. Ericson (1848-1927)—Four series of photographs that look as if they had been lifted from old family albums, by a San Francisco photographer who made them all within the last couple of years. Through May 8. / Documentary pictures of California's northern frontier as it looked during the early years of this century. Through April 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Photographs documenting his arrival in New York, in 1932 (some of the shots are taken from the boat), plus collages, drawings, and watercolors. Through Saturday, April 9. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A smaller selection that is devoted entirely to his photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building from the ground up. Through Saturday, April 16. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Horst—Twenty high-contrast prints of plant details, by a photographer better known for his *Vogue* fashion photographs. Through Saturday, April 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—Portraits, fashion photographs, and studies of nudes and dancers. Through Saturday, April 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Wright Morris—Photographs from his entire career. Through April 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Milton Rogovin—Portraits of people in Chile, Appalachia, and Buffalo. Through April 22. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore—Color photographs of city streets, storefronts, and suburban landscapes. Through April 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roman Vishniac / Philip Trager—The Jewish ghettos of pre-Second World War Kraków, Warsaw, and other East European cities figure in a show of more than a hundred photographs. Also his color prints of images transmitted by a microscope. / View-camera photographs of Connecticut architecture. Through April 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

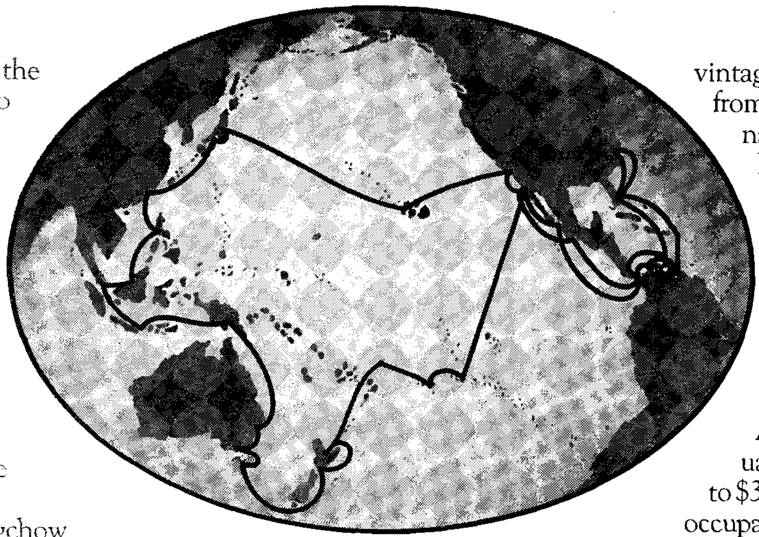
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen Year Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. Unfortunately, the show is padded out with works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas but seem here more distracting than relevant. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg, including paintings, sculptures, assemblages, drawings, and prints. Through May 17. (A complementary show is at Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through

Join the Queen Elizabeth 2 for an incredible voyage to the other side of the world

The Great Pacific & Orient Cruise:
90 days, 35,798 miles, 28 ports



Join The Queen for 90 days from New York, 86 from Ft. Lauderdale, 62 from Los Angeles.

January 16, 1978, marks the beginning of a voyage so vast, it could only be on one ship. The Queen Elizabeth 2. The Greatest Ship in the World.®

The Queen will call on the exotic Polynesian ports of Suva, Vavau and the Tahiti of Gauguin. She'll visit New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, Hong Kong and negotiations are currently being held for a spectacular visit to Kwangchow (Canton) and Peking in the People's Republic of China.

Twenty-eight ports in all, eleven of which have never seen a ship the likes of The Queen before. Imagine the high-pitched excitement on those arrival days. Better still, be there.

A world of experience

The Queen Elizabeth 2 has already circled the globe twice and proven herself as the most successful long-cruise ship afloat. She's big enough, stable enough to take you all 35,798 miles without appearing the least bit ruffled. And she's roomy enough to offer 4 pools, 9 bars, 4 nightclubs, a 25,000-bottle wine cellar, and the largest staterooms afloat.

International overtones

Service on the QE 2 is impeccably British. Beds turned down at night, shoes shined by morning. Everything in the 137-year Cunard tradition.

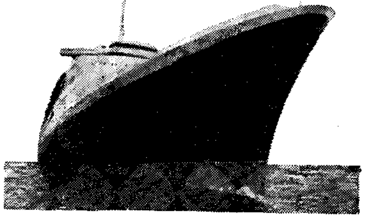
The cuisine is definitely Continental. With four restaurants exceeding the most rigorous standards of excellence. In fact, our two Grill Rooms are considered to be among the best restaurants in the world.

The entertainment will be of two vintages. Colorful entertainers from local ports of call. And internationally acclaimed headliners. All to enhance your cruising enjoyment.

Leave from N.Y., Fla., or L.A.

Sail from New York for 90 days on January 16; from Fort Lauderdale for 86 days on January 18; or from Los Angeles for 62 days on January 30. Full 90 days: $8,900 to $35,000 per person, double occupancy. (Or you can join The Queen for *part* of this incredible voyage.) See your travel agent or write Vaughn Rickard at Cunard, Dept. C1, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Queen Elizabeth 2



Great Ships of British Registry since 1840

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

May 3. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through Monday, April 11. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, April 11, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on urban life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Starts Friday, April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Conceptual art in its manifold forms by forty artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Victor Burgin, and Joseph Kosuth. Through Wednesday, April 13. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of the output of American women architects, explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through April 17. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (His photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building may be seen at the Washburn Gallery, 42 E. 57th St., through Saturday, April 16.) (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and photographic exhibit about the career of the museum's laureate anthropologist, Margaret Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial show of paintings by Josef Albers, Leonid, and Mark Tobey, all of whom died last year. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by thirty artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Saturday, April 9.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit of twelve doll houses, among them a nineteenth-century replica of the Goelet brownstone that stood on Broadway and 19th Street and a contemporary doll house designed last year. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration." Through Friday, April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. . . . ¶ Paintings and collages by Randolph Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through April 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 6: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Vicente Sardinero, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 9: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Malcolm Smith; Michelangelo Veltri. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 9: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 11: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 12: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Vicente Sardinero, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 13: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 14: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Arthur Thompson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 15: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Vicente Sardinero, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 16: "Samson et Dalila," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 16: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, April 14, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and John Sandor; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 7, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 8, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and Edward Pierson, and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Charles Roe, and Abram Morales; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Elizabeth Haley, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and Mark Munkittrick; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Thomas Jamerson, John Lankston, Melvin Lowery, Richard McKee, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 10, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Richard Fredricks, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Will Roy; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 10, at 7: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Gaetano Scano, and Samuel Ramey; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with June Fiske, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, and Alan Baker; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: The première of Leon Kirchner's "Lily," conducted by the composer, with Susan Belling, Joy Blackett, Geanie Faulkner, Sandra Walker, Ara Berberian, George Shirley, and Benjamin Matthews. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Atarah Hazzan, Victoria Vergara, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Clamma Dale, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and Edward Pierson, and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Charles Roe, and Abram Morales; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Faye Robinson, Moises Parker, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, at 8:30; Friday, April 8, at 2; Saturday, April 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist); and Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin).

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Rudolf Buchbinder, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Redentor Romero conducting, with Carol Rosenberger, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Allen Blustine, clarinet, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the United States première of Puccini's "Edgar" in concert form, with Renata Scotto, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Vicente Sardinero, baritone; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and the New York City Opera Children's Chorus. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Berlin Philharmonic Octet—A chamber-group ensemble made up of members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30.)

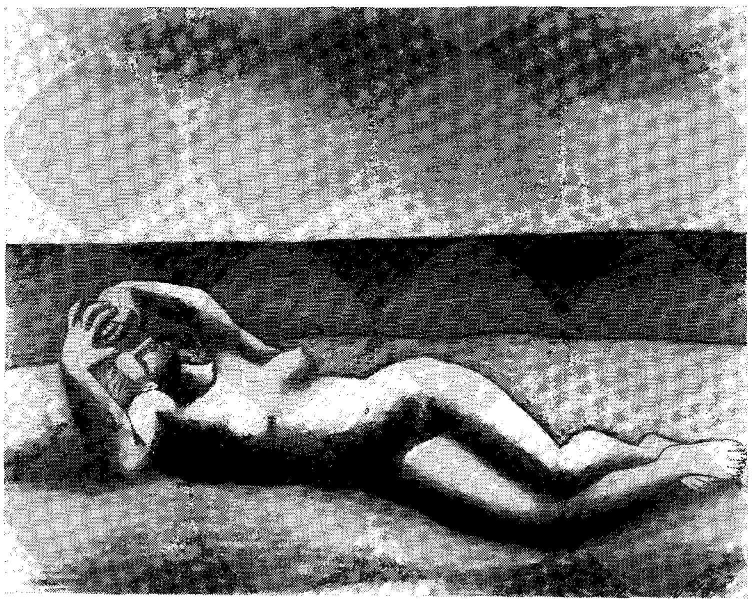
Brooklyn Philharmonia—David Amram conducting, with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Gerardo Levy, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 16, at 2.)

Concert Choir of the University of Wisconsin at

Sotheby Parke Bernet • New York

Founded 1744 *The largest firm of art auctioneers & appraisers in the world*

announces a series of major auction sales



Pablo Picasso. *Nu sur La Plage,* signed, executed *circa* 1921,
pastel and pencil, laid down. 18⅝ x 24½ inches.
Property of the University of California at Los Angeles
To be sold on Wednesday, May 11 at 8 pm

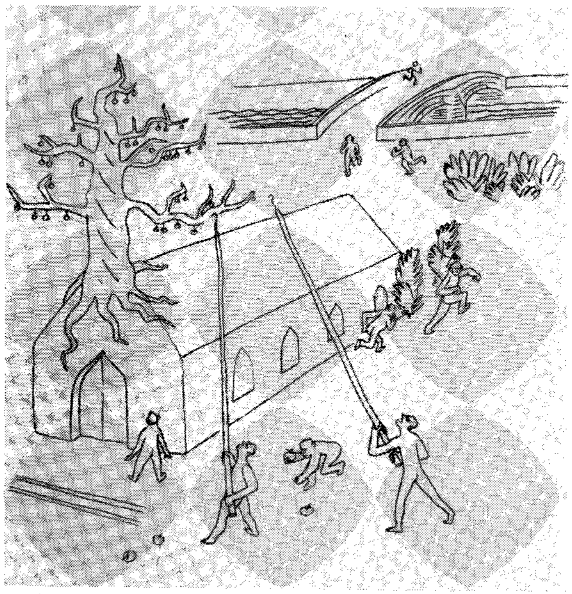
IMPORTANT IMPRESSIONIST AND MODERN PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE
Auction, Wednesday Evening, May 11 at 8 pm
Illustrated catalogue $12 by mail, sale no. 3986

IMPORTANT 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY DRAWINGS AND WATERCOLORS
Auction, Thursday Afternoon, May 12 at 2 pm
Illustrated catalogue $6, sale no. 3987

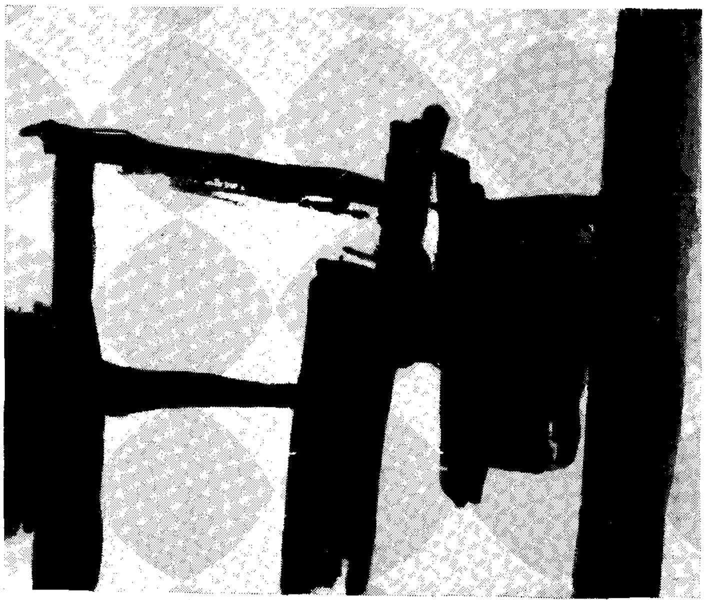
IMPORTANT POST-WAR AND CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS & SCULPTURE
Auction, Thursday Evening, May 12 at 8 pm
and Friday Afternoon, May 13 at 2 pm
Illustrated catalogue $10, sale no. 3988

MODERN PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND SCULPTURE
Auction, Friday May 13 at 10:15 am
Illustrated catalogue $5, sale no. 3989

MODERN MEXICAN PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTS
Auction, Thursday Afternoon, May 26 at 2 pm
Illustrated catalogue $6, sale no. 3997



Alexander Calder. *On Paul's Cathedral grows a Tree,*
signed, executed in 1944, pen and ink. 11⅜ x 10¼ inches
To be sold on Thursday, May 12 at 2 pm



Franz Kline. *Structure No.* 11, signed on
the reverse, painted in /53, oil on linen
tablecloth. 31½ x 39¾ inches
To be sold on Thursday, May 12 at 8 pm

- Sales 3986 through 3989 on view from Friday, May 6
- Sale 3997 on view from Saturday, May 21
- Please order catalogue by sale number and enclose check to Dept ER
- Requests for tickets for specified evening sales should be addressed to the Special Projects Dept.

All offerings are subject to the Conditions of Sale and the Terms of Guarantee in the catalogue
Catalogues also available at our offices: 232 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. 02116;
5015 Westheimer Road, Houston, Texas 77027; 7660 Beverly Blvd, Los Angeles, Ca. 90036
Exhibition Galleries open Tuesday through Saturday, closed Sunday and Monday. Further information dial 212/472-3555
SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET INC 980 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 10021 212/472-3400 telegram *Parkgal New York*

A QUIET CORNER
. . . and you in a lovely
jersey dinner dress
with a marvelous
wrap-and-tie
bi-color bodice.
The soft cosmetic
tones of rose and white
set the stage
for candlelight.
By Ned Gould
for NR 1 of polyester
for sizes 4 to 14, 68.00
Miss Bergdorf

Mail to 754 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y. 10019 (212) PL3-7300
Please add 1.55 beyond
our delivery area.

On the Plaza in New York and White Plains
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison—Robert Fountain directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Joan Summers, soprano; John Ostendorf, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Tokyo String Quartet—The second of two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Martha Herr-Hanneman, soprano; Nora Post, oboe; Frances-Marie Uitti, cello; Jan Williams, percussion; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8, a program entitled "A Baroque Easter Celebration.". . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 15, at 8, a program of Elizabethan music. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Dennis Russell Davies—Piano. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Robert Anderson—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 10, at 2:30.)

Robert Schrade—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8.)

David Bean—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 12, at 8.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Katia Ricciarelli—Soprano, in a program of Italian art songs and arias. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 17, at 2, a Beethoven-Schubert program, with Robert Sylvester, cello.)

Jubal Trio—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elena Obraztsova—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Patricia Craig and Nicholas DiVirgilio—Soprano and tenor, in a program of operatic selections. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord, in a program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 16, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of chamber music by Robert Baksa, with Robert de Gaetano, piano. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, April 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

MISCELLANY

Henry Cowell Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Herbert Beattie, bass; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Morris Lang, percussion; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—First league games here—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, April 7, at 2; Saturday, April 9, at 1:15; and Sunday, April 10, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, at 2:05.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Indiana. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 7, at 7:30.)

Hockey—National Hockey League Patrick Division playoffs—Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, April 9, at 8:05, if necessary.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 8; the Gotham, Saturday, April 9; the Gravesend Handicap, Monday, April 11; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 16. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Tuesday, May 31.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Alfred Corn, Tess Gallagher, Robert Pinsky, and Maura Stanton reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Anthony Hecht reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Mark Strand reading from his own works. (Roko Gallery, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesday, April 12, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ James Merrill and Richard Howard reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

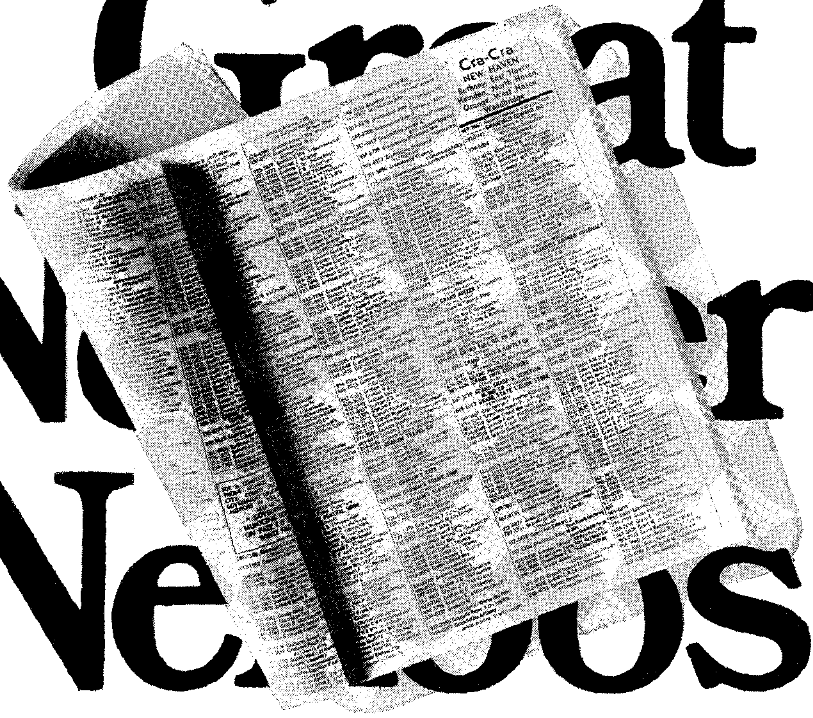
Flower Shows—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4; through Sunday, April 17. . . . ¶ The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, April 15-16, noon to 7.

Auto Expo New York—Two hundred new cars from Europe and Japan, including the Ferrari "Rainbow" prototype, a special-edition Jaguar designed in honor of Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee, and a turbo-charged TVR, plus a collection of ten antique classic racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, April 6-9, from 11 to 10:30, and Sunday, April 10, from noon to 8.)

Greek and Byzantine Coins—The Robert F. Kelley collection of more than a thousand coins, including a Byzantine gold solidus offering the earliest known coin depiction of Jesus, minted by the Emperor Justinian II at the end of the seventh century, and a gold coin with the likeness of Alexander the Great. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Auctions—At the NEW YORK STATE THEATRE, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 11, at 7: A benefit auction for the New York City Opera of such items as a first-edition vocal score of "La Fanciulla del West," dated and inscribed by Puccini and autographed by the world-première cast; correspondence between Beverly Sills and Julius Rudel; and caricatures by Frank Corsaro. For information about tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256. . . . SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 8, from 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, April 12, at 2 and Wednesday, April 13, at 10:15 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver; chess sets; and *objets de vertu;* from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 9.

Great Northern Nekoosa



We make paper for telephone books.

We make more of it than any other papermaker in the United States.

We're a growing company: Our earnings per share have grown at an average annual rate of 30% over the last five years.

In that five-year period, our pre-tax return on sales has increased more than 150% to 13.0%, and return on equity has doubled to 14.4%.

And our *capacity* has grown: Of the hundreds of papermakers in the United States, only four or five can equal our two million tons. We're bigger in paper than Boise Cascade, Union Camp, Westvaco and Mead, to name a few.

Bankers, brokers, investment advisers and analysts who knew us way back when are often surprised when they learn that today we're a market leader in three important areas of the paper business.

Groundwood printing papers. The kinds used in mail-order catalogs and telephone books. We have more uncoated groundwood printing paper capacity than any other North American producer.

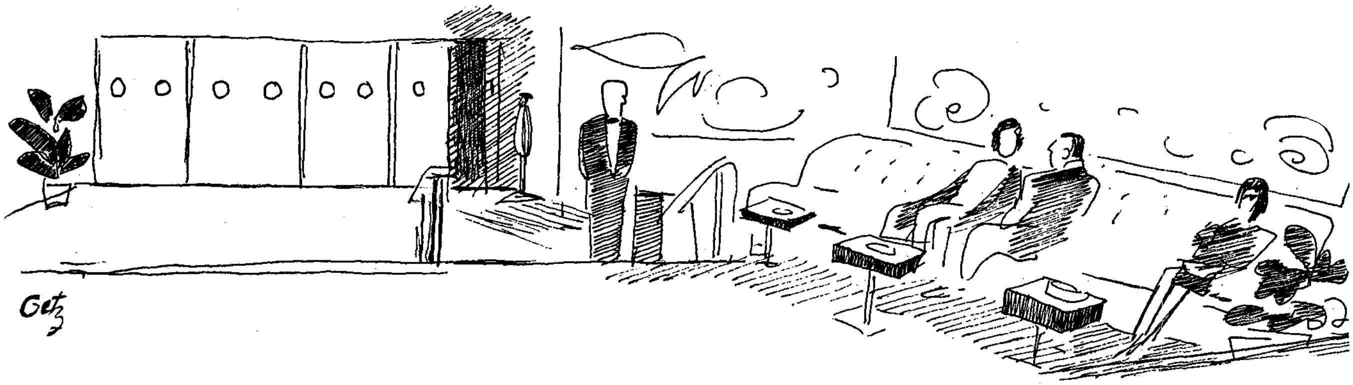
Business communication papers. The kinds used in your office copier, your computer, your letterhead. Our capacity for making such papers is 33% greater than in 1975 – one reason for our leadership position.

Linerboard and corrugating medium. We make it in one of the industry's largest and most efficient mills and supply more of it to the independent box industry than any other maker.

In these three areas we're a leader. 95% of our revenues come from paper.

Our name, of course, is Great Northern Nekossa Corporation. Our NYSE ticker symbol is GNN. And our chairman is Sam Casey, who wants to send you an annual report, a 10-K and a fact book about GNN. Write to him at Great Northern Nekoosa Corporation, 75 Prospect Street, Stamford, Connecticut 06901.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702)
"Les Zozos."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport '77."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Domino Principle."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Audrey Rose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Eagle Has Landed."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Brothers."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Man on the Roof."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Welcome to L.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 9: "Islands in the Stream."
From April 10: "3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Airport '77."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Rocky."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 7: "The Sentinel."
From April 8: "A Star Is Born."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 14 (tentative): "Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 12: "Freaky Friday" and "Peter Pan."
From April 13: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Domino Principle."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Audrey Rose."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Eagle Has Landed."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Rocky."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 7: "Children of Paradise."
From April 8: "Network."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 7: "Network."
From April 8: "Demon Seed."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 9: "All About Eve" and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte." April 10-12: "Dangerous" and "Of Human Bondage." From April 13: "Little Orphan Sammy" (X-rated).
Theatre 2: "Bound for Glory."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."
Theatre 4: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Littlest Horse Thieves."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 12: "A Star Is Born."
From April 13: "Voyage of the Damned" and "Farewell, My Lovely."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Islands in the Stream."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Late Show."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Late Show."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 7: "Network." From April 8: "Demon Seed."
Theatre 2: "The Eagle Has Landed."
Theatre 3: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 12: "Freaky Friday" and "Peter Pan."
From April 13: "Voyage of the Damned" and another feature, to be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

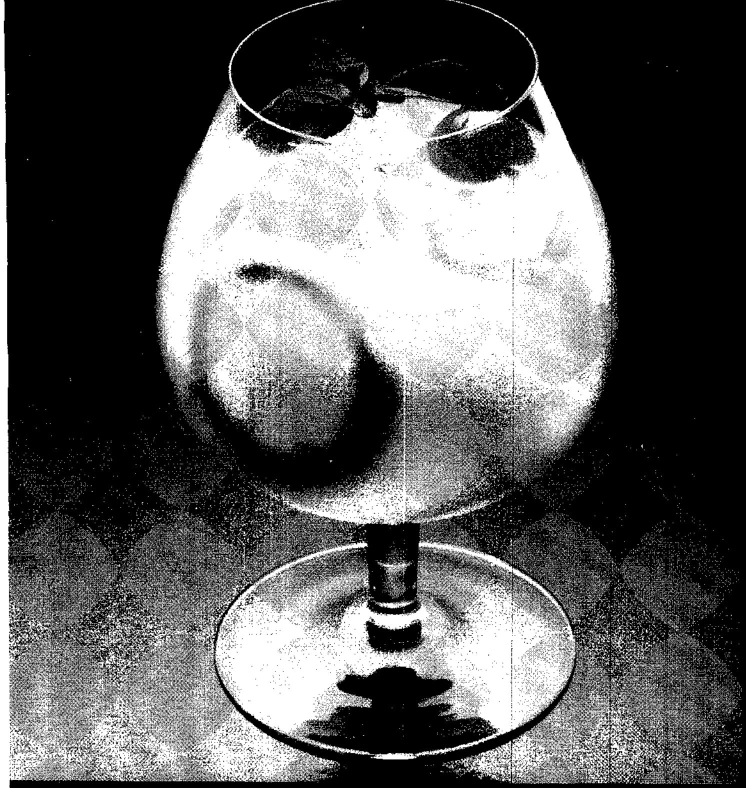
(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 6: "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais; and "Viva Maria!" (1965), directed by Louis Malle, with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau.
April 7: "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi; and "That Man from Rio."
April 8: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "The White Sheik."
April 9: "Blow-Up" (†); and "8½."
April 10: "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Blow-Up." (†)
April 11: A program of two films from Iran.
April 12: A program of films by Hollis Frampton; and "The General" (1926), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
April 13: "A Woman Under the Influence" (†) and "The Effect of Gamma Rays." (†)
April 14: "Images" (†) and "A Woman Under the Influence." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 6: "Foolish Wives" (1921), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Mae Busch, Maude George, Miss Dupont, and von Stroheim himself; and "The Great Gabbo" (1929), directed by James Cruze, with Erich von Stroheim and Betty Compson.
April 7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.
April 8: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.
April 9: "A Day at the Races" (†) and "A Night at the Opera." (†)
April 10: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Becky Sharp." (†)
April 11: "The Big Sleep" (†) and "Lady in the Lake." (†)
April 12: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (†) and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)
April 13: "Of Human Bondage" (†); and "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
April 14: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "The Two of Us." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 7: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.
April 8-9: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine (X-rated).
April 10-11: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), directed by William Cline, with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.
April 12: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
April 13-14: "Hester Street" (†); and "Next

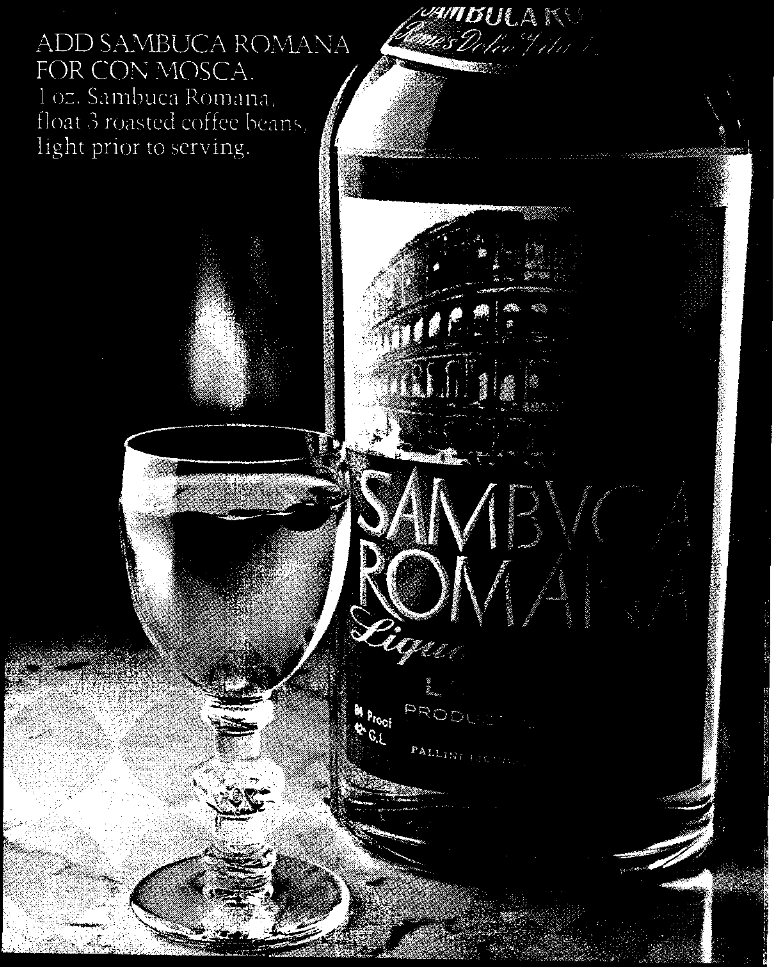
ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SUNNY SAM.
1½ oz. Sambuca Romana, 1½ oz. vodka, 3 oz. orange juice.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil,
garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream and chocolate curls.

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA
FOR CON MOSCA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana,
float 3 roasted coffee beans,
light prior to serving.



Add Sambuca Romana to your favorite recipes or write for ours.

New recipe booklet for Sambuca Romana, Italy's fabulous liqueur. 84 proof. Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Dept. R2, Syosset, N.Y. 11791.

Switzerland is good for you.

You'll feel better just being there. You don't have to hike. You don't have to golf. Tennis. Swim. Sail. Climb. Ski. Or jog.

You can spend two sybaritic weeks lying on a 10,000 foot height chaise lounge. Making sure your tan is even. Exercising by occasionally reaching over for a glass of wine. And when it's all over you'll feel like taking on the world.

Of course if you do like to play, then we have everything you need to play a little better. Golf courses on the sides of mountains. Sails that take you past ancient castles. Hikes that lead towards hidden valleys.

In Switzerland you'll find that health isn't something abandoned by youth and searched for in vain by the elderly. You're just as likely to meet a grandfather as his grandson on an Alpine peak. And to find health spas populated by eminently healthy people who need an occasional restorative week or two.

Of course all this shouldn't give you the impression that all we're doing is breathing in that good clean air.

We're gourmeting as successfully as any country in the world. Staying up all night when we feel like it. Sipping coffee for hours in outdoor cafes. Reveling. Feasting. Festing. And practicing our well-known art of welcoming visitors.

So what are you waiting for? Choosing Switzerland as a place to do business or pleasure makes sense. It's simply a logical place for you to be.

For a free color brochure write "Switzerland" 608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

SWISSAIR

Wirtschaft
H

Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 6: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Sahara" (1943), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Humphrey Bogart, J. Carrol Naish, and Rex Ingram.

April 7-9: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

From April 10: "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962) and "Zatoichi Meets His Equal" (1971), two films in this Japanese series, with Shintaro Katsu.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 7: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Black Legion" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Dick Foran.

April 8-9: "The Maltese Falcon" (†); and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

April 10-12: "To Have and Have Not" (†); and "They Drive by Night" (1940), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.

From April 13: "Uncle Vanya" (1963), a filmed stage production, directed for the stage by Laurence Olivier, for the screen by Stuart Burge, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Plowright, Rosemary Harris, and Mr. Olivier; and "The Caretaker." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through April 7: "Keeper of the Flame" (1943), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, and Margaret Wycherly; and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

April 8-9: "Mighty Joe Young" (†); and "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey.

April 10-11: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†); and "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and James Stewart.

April 12: "Hallelujah!" (†) and "Sanders of the River." (†)

April 13-14: "Honolulu" (†) and "Ship Ahoy." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 7 at 2:30: "After the Whale" (1971), directed by L. Richard Ellison, and "All My Babies" (1952), directed by George Stoney, both documentary films. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: Oskar Fischinger, Part I: The Working Process. . . . ¶ April 7 at 8: Oskar Fischinger, Part II: Objects in a Non-Objective World. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "The Strongest" (1929), a Swedish silent film, directed by Alf Sjöberg; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "After the Whale" and "All My Babies.". . . ¶ April 9 at noon: "The Great Adventure" (1954), directed by Arne Sucksdorff, a full-length nature film, made in Sweden, with an English commentary. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "City Girl" (1930), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ April 9 at 5: "Street Angel" (1928), directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ April 10 at noon: "The Great Adventure.". . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938), directed by Henry King, with Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. . . . ¶ April 10 at 5: "Stark Love" (1927), directed by Karl Brown; and "The River" (1937), directed by Pare Lorentz. . . . ¶ April 11 at noon: "From Dada to Surrealism: 40 Years of Experiment," excerpts from films made from 1921 to 1928, with introduction by Hans Richter; plus two short Hans Richter films. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Stark Love" and "The River.". . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Rude Awakening," a work in progress by Warren Sonberg. . . . ¶ April 12 at noon: "From Dada to Surrealism.". . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "City Girl.". . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "Street Angel." . . . ¶ April 14 at 6: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Jean Epstein, French inter-titles; and seven short films. . . . ¶ April 14 at 8:30: "Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, French subtitles; and three short films. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through April 10: A program of films by Robert Breer. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting April 12: Seven two-hour films, each on a different contemporary composer (Robert Ashley, David Behrman, Philip Glass, Alvin Lucier, Gordon Mumma, Pauline Oliveros, and Terry Riley). Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:05 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call museum (794-0617) for information on which composer shows when. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Horn, Kubelka, Vasulka, Mekas, Conrad, Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Jacobs, and others. Showings April 6 at 7 and 9:30; April 7-8 at 8 and 9; April 9 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 10 at 8; and April 12-14 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of three films by Werner Nekes. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. April 9 at 1: "Manhattan Madness" (1916), a silent film, directed by Alan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ April 9 at 3: "L'Inhumaine" (1924), a French silent film, directed by Marcel L'Herbier, designed by Fernand Léger; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 10 at 1: "Little Annie Rooney" (1925), a silent film, directed by William Beaudine, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: "Le Brasier Ardent" (1923), a French silent film, directed by, and with, Ivan Mosjoukine; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 12 at 4: "Dancing Mothers" (1926), a silent film, directed by Herbert Brenon, with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "The Crowd" (1928), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with James Murray and Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ April 12 at 8: "Saturday Night" (1922), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Leatrice Joy and Conrad Nagel.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Murray Hill, Columbia 1, and 86th St. East.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years ago. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Ciné.)

Becky Sharp (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, aged thirty-one, writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians that is furnished with elegance but sustained by deep and primitive power of sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious: great talent is often a sort of cheek. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/14/76.) (New Yorker.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam war veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of superbuyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9-10.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Brothers—With Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal; directed by Arthur Barron. (Fine Arts.)

The Caretaker (1964)—The Harold Pinter play, expertly and entertainingly acted by Robert Shaw and Alan Bates as the brothers and Donald Pleasence in the title role. Clive Donner directed. (Thalia; starting April 13.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 7.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly

Elegance can be
a subtle thing.

Like touches of satin ribbon discreetly tracing a softly tailored shirt and banding a dirndl skirt that's shirred and sashed at the waist. In cotton and polyester broadcloth. Pale blue or peach, for 6 to 14 sizes. By Howard Wolf. 62.00. Add 1.35 outside delivery area and sales tax where applicable. Sport Dresses, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, all stores.

BONWIT TELLER

frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

Dangerous (1936)—Bette Davis is such an eerie stimulant in this movie that you can see why some people loved her and others hated her, while still others were split. This is the mawkish, trashy movie in which she won her first Academy Award; the award was generally considered to be belated recognition of her work the year before in "Of Human Bondage," but terrible as "Dangerous" is, she hypes it with an intensity that frequently makes it exciting. She plays Joyce Heath, a self-destructive, hard-drinking actress (possibly modelled on Jeanne Eagels) who is convinced that she jinxes the people she gets involved with. Davis is remarkable in her gone-to-the-dogs barroom scene, and she can be tough and surly, as in her scene with Alison Skipworth ("I don't want any of your greasy food; give me a drink"), but nobody could do much with the sequences in which she's required to renounce her true love, an architect (Franchot Tone), and sacrifice herself to the mealymouthed, dependent husband (John Eldredge) who is crippled for life as a result of her enraged, suicidal driving. Alfred E. Green directed, without much control over the tone, so that certain scenes seemed ludicrous even when the picture first came out. With Margaret Lindsay and Dick Foran. (Quad Cinema; April 10-12.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 8.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

The Domino Principle—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Eagle Has Landed—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that by a dramatic trick that depends on invoking, of all things, English love for the courage of music-hall troupers. Worth seeing for adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Playboy; starting April 13.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker.)

Freaky Friday—From the Disney studios, with Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster, directed by Gary Nelson. (U. A. East, and Olympia; through April 12.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (59th St. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 12.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art.)

Hester Street (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (11/24/75) (Cinema Village; April 13-14.)

Honolulu (1939)—An M-G-M musical folly, about a movie star who switches lives with a plantation owner. The whole thing seems to have been thrown together so that Eleanor Powell could do a frenetic hula. With Burns and Allen and Robert Young. Eddie Buzzell directed; the songs by Gus Kahn and Harry Warren are mediocre. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13-14.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a Grand Guignol melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp Gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star had been Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin. Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Quad Cinema; through April 9.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. It's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-

Maybe you shouldn't have taken a bath last night.

If you have dry skin,

don't spend an hour soaking in a sudsy hot tub. Many dermatologists say those long sudsy soakings can take out too much of your skin's natural moisture. And actually leave it drier after bathing than before.

But that doesn't mean you have to give up on baths. Instead, make the water warm, not hot. Spend less time lingering in the tub. And avoid ordinary soaps or detergents, including bubble baths, that wash away even more of your natural oils.

There *is* a different way to bathe that gives you all the luxury you love about a bath plus some real help for dry skin. It's Neutrogena® Rainbath® Dry-Skin Bath Gel, a unique amber foaming gel made by Neutrogena, the people who specialize in sensitive-skin-care products.

Whether you use it in the bath or shower, this gel is specifically formulated to care for your dry skin.

Neutrogena
rainbath
dry skin bath gel
rainbath
dry skin bath gel
Neutrogena

It isn't a soap. But it cleans so mildly and effectively that it's been recommended for patients whose irritated skins can't tolerate soap.*

It isn't an oil. But it contains special non-greasy skin-smoothing ingredients that literally help the flaky, rough skin cells smooth down. Your whole body feels like satin – without an oily, sticky aftermath or a ring around your tub.

In fact, it isn't like any bath product you've used. Neutrogena Rainbath Dry-Skin Bath Gel. The luxury of a foamy bath or shower, fresh-scented as mountain rain. Plus help for dry, itchy skin that lasts all day long.

Who says your dry skin can't have everything it needs?

*In a clinical study involving patients with atopic dermatitis (very dry skin) 91% of the patients experienced good to excellent improvement of their skin conditions with the use of Rainbath as their only means of cleansing. "An Alternative Bathing Technique for use in Dermatitis" *Cutis,* January 1973.

Neutrogena®

Rainbath® Dry-Skin Bath Gel

©Neutrogena Corp. 1977

Ask for it wherever Neutrogena Soap is sold.

artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). By being respectful and dedicated, and incompetent at action, Schaffner and his scenarist, Denne Bart Petitclerc, bring out the worst in Hemingway—his *mystique*. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through April 9.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating, besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star involved; the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton, Paramount, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Thalia; April 8-9.)

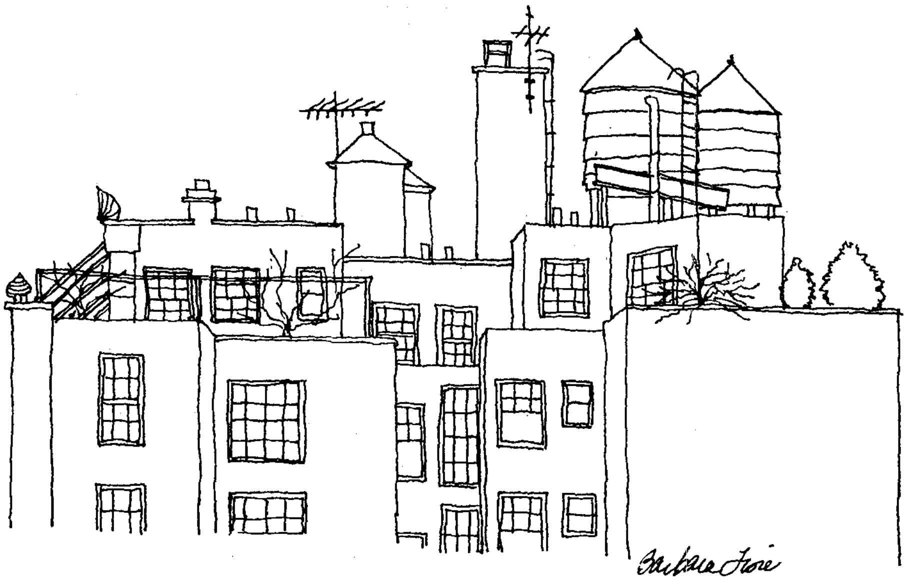
Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Plaza.)

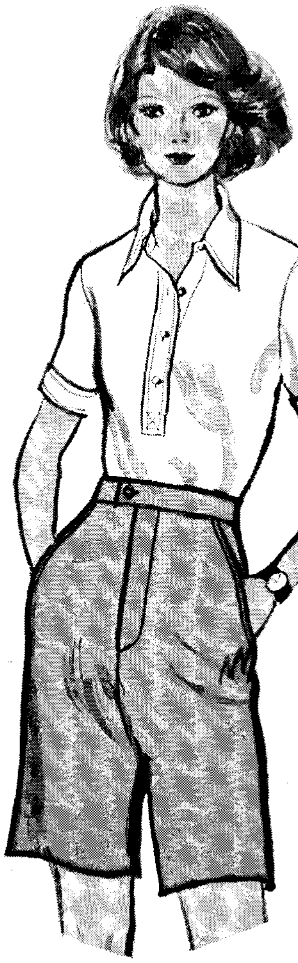
Mighty Joe Young (1949)—King Kong domesticized and turned into a children's pet. Terry Moore plays the orphan girl, raised in Africa, who buys a sweet, docile gorilla, who adores her; Robert Armstrong (who discovered King Kong) finds them and transports them to a Hollywood night club. Joe, a ten-footer, holds Terry and a grand piano up in the air on a platform while she beats out "Beautiful Dreamer." But Joe turns out to be a moralist who disapproves of drinking and carrying on, and eventually he wrecks the night club in an impressive fury. He engages in a pretty funny tug-of-war with a team composed of Man Mountain Dean, Primo Carnera, and some other oversize types. Ernest Schoedsack directed this nonsense; it has some spectacular effects, but a wretched script. With Ben Johnson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8-9.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—The work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder, born in 1945, who has already made and written close to thirty films. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and instead she is putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is hectically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (3/28/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, high wit and inspired silliness—it's a dream of a satire, reminiscent of Bea Lillie's brand of madness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. In her first real crack at screen farce, Dennis turns tactlessness and blurting into woozy slapstick; it's a blissful performance—she's such a drip she's creepy. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through April 7. . . . ¶ Trans-





Brooks Brothers

MATCH UP

Our smart cotton knit pullover in white, yellow, green, navy, pink or light blue. In sizes S, M, L, $17. Exclusive Bermuda length shorts of polyester-cotton poplin with extension waistband and 2 pockets, in solid denim blue, green and poppy red. Sizes 6 to 16, $23.50

To order by mail:
Send to
Address
City
State Zip Code

Item	Size	Color	Price

Brooks Acct. No.
American Exp. No.
Expiration date
Remittance enclosed $

Please add sales tax where applicable. Outside N.Y. United Parcel Delivery Area add $1.50 to cover postage and handling.

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Lux 85th St.; through April 14, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting April 8.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Quad Cinema; April 10-12. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 13.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (U. A. East, and Olympia; through April 12.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, Columbia II, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

Sanders of the River (1935)—One of those all-for-the-glory-of-the-British-Empire specials. Paul Robeson plays Bosambo, a trustworthy Congo chieftain, so loyal to the British that he helps the colonial officials crush a native revolt. Robeson, who had apparently expected this English film—an Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda—to have a very different point of view, fought its release. However, despite the junkiness of the Edgar Wallace story on which it is based, and despite the flagrant racism of the noble-savage conception, Robeson himself has a nobility that transcends the picture's terms. He's magnificently stirring in his African bangles, especially when his chants roll out over the waters. Bosambo and his similar role in "King Solomon's Mines" were among his most popular performances. With the elegant Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 12.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Sarandon and Christina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (72nd Street East; through April 7.)

Ship Ahoy (1942)—Bert Lahr turns up in this M-G-M musical starring Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton. There are some relatively lively numbers, although Virginia O'Brien isn't as funny as she's meant to be. With Tommy Dorsey's orchestra; Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13-14.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Playboy; through April 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 8.)

3 Women—With Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; directed by Robert Altman. (Coronet; starting April 10.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Thalia; April 10-12.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting April 13.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is a literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected, and you can sense their unease as they trudge from one cheerless affair to the next. (3/21/77) (Baronet.)

A Woman Under the Influence (1974)—The writer-director, John Cassavetes, presents his romantic view of mental disorder, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. The scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution; she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13-14.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

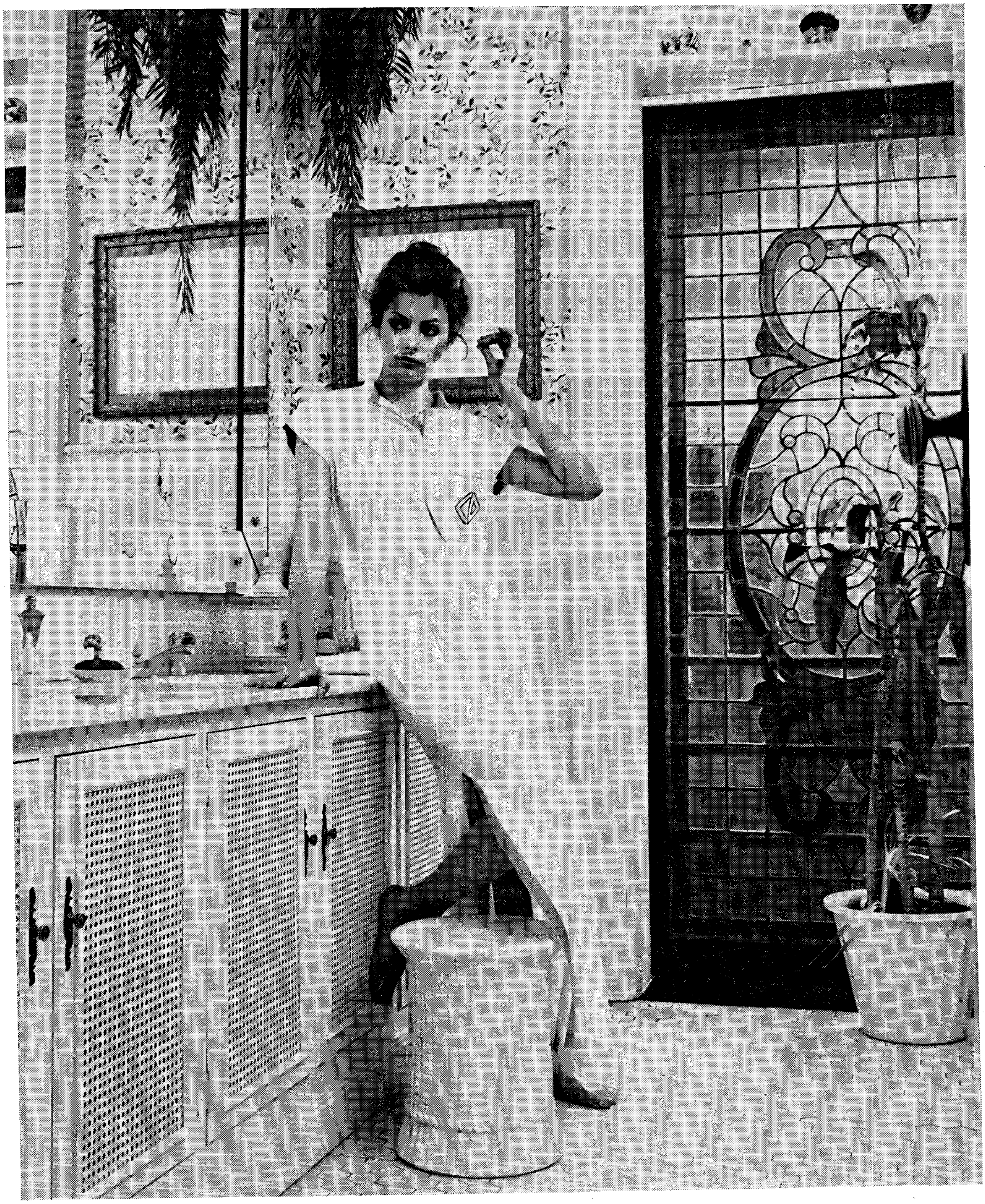
Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 10-11.)

Les Zozos (1973)—With Frederick Duru, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Jean Renoir Cinema.)

Cornflower blue . . .
a blithe, beguiling little button-front dress with four pockets . . . out of one blooms a cluster of hand-painted dogwood blossoms. A light, airy linen-and-polyester. Young-hearted and pretty for S (4 to 6); M (8 to 10) and L (12 to 14). By Penelope 100.00 in Couture Salon.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston, Bal Harbour, Atlanta, St. Louis and Northbrook, Ill. Please add 1.75 postage, and state sales tax where applicable.



Christian Dior's terry stretch. Slip into it after a soak, after the pool, after a shower.
Cap sleeve shirt with dual side slits, patch pocket
embroidered with CD. White or navy cotton and nylon
stretch terry in petite, small, medium and large, $55.
Robe Collections.

Saks Fifth Avenue

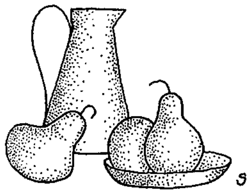
611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER seeing some of the television coverage of the terrible airplane crash on Tenerife last week, we turned back to an early chapter in a novel we were reading—Walker Percy's "Lancelot." The lines that we were looking for were these: "The only emotion people feel nowadays is interest or the lack of it. Curiosity and interest and boredom have replaced the so-called emotions we used to read about in novels or see registered on actors' faces. Even the horrors of the age translate into interest. Did you ever watch anybody pick up a newspaper and read the headline PLANE CRASH KILLS THREE HUNDRED? How horrible! says the reader. But look at him when he hands you the paper. Is he horrified? No, he is interested." What reminded us of these lines was the confusion we felt while we watched Chuck Scarborough—a co-anchorman on the local TV news program "NewsCenter 4"—demonstrate the Tenerife crash with toy airplanes. Newsmen on the other channels also used toy airplanes in their demonstrations, we heard later, but Chuck Scarborough was the one we saw. We watched him bend solemnly over a model runway and move two miniature jumbo jets along what we knew were predetermined, fatal paths. He handled the airplanes gently and precisely. He did not hurl them or smash them together, the way children do when they play airplane crash. Thinking about that reminded us of something else we had read—a story by Saki in which two children playing a war game with their toys use red ink for blood. Chuck Scarborough's demonstration used no special effects. It was not quite schematic, like the diagram in the *Times,* because of the miniaturized realism of the airplanes; but there was no landscape or fog, there were no flames or bodies, there was no damage to the planes. We learned later that the toy Boeing 747s had been bought for the occasion at F.A.O. Schwarz. They cost four dollars and fifty cents each. A real Boeing 747 costs more than thirty-five million dollars. After seeing the demonstration, we thought about how it feels to be on an airplane—the way the plane seems to heave itself through the sky, and the way it forces you, temporarily, to be not-in-control. In a sense, Chuck Scarborough was in complete control of the toy airplanes; but the single most powerful impression that his demonstration gave us was an impression of his utter helplessness. He was not in control at all. He could not make the real airplanes take off safely from Tenerife. In fact, he could not even make the toy airplanes take off safely, because that was not his job—though we wished momentarily for the symbolism of such a gesture. The more we thought about the toy airplanes and about symbols like them, the more we wondered about the connections between demonstration and the power to do something about something. We thought about the tiny ships positioned on table maps in war films; about moving cars with models of John F. Kennedy in them; about garish magazine illustrations of the events of Watergate and Entebbe. We found that we had become interested in questions raised by the airplane crash on Tenerife and were saying, like Walker Percy's Lancelot, "*Hm. What's this? What have we here? Hm.*"



• •

Echoes at the Frick

AN idealized, hothouse-nurtured springtime wafted briefly through the Frick Collection a few days ago. A Wednesday-to-Sunday display of flowering plants was mounted jointly by the museum and the New York Botanical Garden, which had grown them. Many kinds of plants were exquisitely placed among the treasures of the great collection, including coleus that looked like Renaissance velvet, sansevieria like Italian marble, and plain old daffodils—like daffodils—grouped cheerily in pots. The air each visitor displaced in strolling and breathing was movement enough to pump waves of perfume through the Frick's salons from hundreds of plump white hyacinths. But the chief flower on display was the orchid, and the show was a harmonious meeting between the masterpieces of nature and those of art and man.

We had arranged to have a talk with the museum's gardener, a man named Galen Lee. (" 'Galen' like the Greek physician," someone at the museum had told us earlier, instead of spelling out his name.) We found Mr. Lee, a fair-haired young man in a gray work smock, waiting on a stone bench in the Frick's indoor garden. He was looking up with mingled solicitude and affection at the double-man-size flower arrangement that formed the dramatic focus of the atrium's spring display. The bouquet was set in the tiered marble fountain, and it was a lush, wedding-cake affair of giant spikes of pink-and-white cymbidium orchids. We joined Mr. Lee on his bench, and learned that the show marked a bridge in his gardening career between his former job (growing orchids at the New York Botanical Garden) and his present one (maintaining what promises to be the elegant new flower garden in the grounds of the Frick). Mr. Lee's close acquaintance with the orchids in the show was plain when he became our guide for the rest of our tour.

If orchids dominated the show, the cymbidiums, being at the height of their two-month flowering season, dominated the orchid species. In most of the mansion's rooms, full sprays of the cymbidiums rose arching from their glossy, strap-shaped leaves. Masses of fist-size blooms showed spotted lips and trumpeting tongues, framed in winging curves of waxy petals. Colors ranged from albino to blood red, through translucent lemons, luminous golds, and fleeting variants of skin-tone pink. Clustered baskets of yellows on the dark polished walnut of a Tuscan table between two Turner waterfront scenes—each swimming with a gauzy yellowness of atmosphere—showed how orchid-flesh could come as close as Turner's art to distilling and capturing the very essence of light.

"I'm very fond of that one," Galen Lee said, running his thumb and forefinger down the length of a leaf. "I bought it for the Botanical Garden as a seedling, and it flowered for the first time this year. You can wait ten years for an orchid plant to start flowering, you know—twenty years from a seed."

We said that we had always considered orchids fairly sophisticated flowers.

"Orchids are probably the most advanced form of flowering plant," Mr. Lee said. "There are forty thousand different species, and they are found growing in the wild on every continent in the world. They are fascinating from an evolutionary standpoint, too. In nature, their survival depends entirely on pollination by insects and animals—be they moths, bees, bats, or hummingbirds. So orchids develop in special ways to attract those creatures."

We were now among the Edwardian upholsteries of the mansion's living hall, and the deep-green velvety carpet and draperies muffled the orchid-filled air as densely as a jungle canopy. An orchid that was like a curving colony of huge snowy moths in flight gleamed out of the sombre light. "In nature, that one is pollinated by a moth," Mr. Lee said, waving toward it. "You can see why a moth might be taken in. Orchids caught the imagination of Darwin, who used them in his theories of plant evolution. He could see that it is no coincidence when a flower looks like the insect that pollinates it. Just look at this rare oncidium, though." Mr. Lee tugged at our sleeve in excitement and bent closely over a perfect parabola of thumbnail-size flowers in mottled glowing gold. "See how those weird bumps and lumps of callus tissue have come to duplicate a bee?"

We saw, and we also saw how skillfully the Frick show's organizers had placed the specimen before a portrait of Sir Thomas More by Hans Holbein the Younger. In color and texture, the flowers reinforced the life of the elaborate gold chain the martyr wore; and the convolutions of the flower structure, like the folds of his velvet cuffs, commented on the mysterious play of light and shade. This crossplay of messages went on throughout the show. A feathery gray flower in front of a Reynolds portrait told more of the lady's wispy fichu and her bonnet plumes than a glance at the picture alone might reveal. A single bromeliad flower, no bigger than a candle flame, was like a paintbrush freshly dipped in the intense periwinkle blue that Claude Lorrain chose in the seventeenth century for the robe of his Saviour preaching on the Mount.

"When orchids have a fragrance, it is to attract the creature that insures their reproduction," Mr. Lee said as he bent to sniff the star-shaped ruby flowers of a miniature orchid that stood before the jewelled detail of a Jan van Eyck.

We passed pouchy paphiopedilums, and a showy, bursting purple cattleya, the orchid made famous by Proust's Odette.

"Orchids reached their peak in the Victorian age," Mr. Lee said. "They were a status thing and a symbol of scientific advancement, too. Wealthy families vied with each other in their collections of rare orchids. Miss Helen Frick, who grew up in this house, is an orchid lover herself."

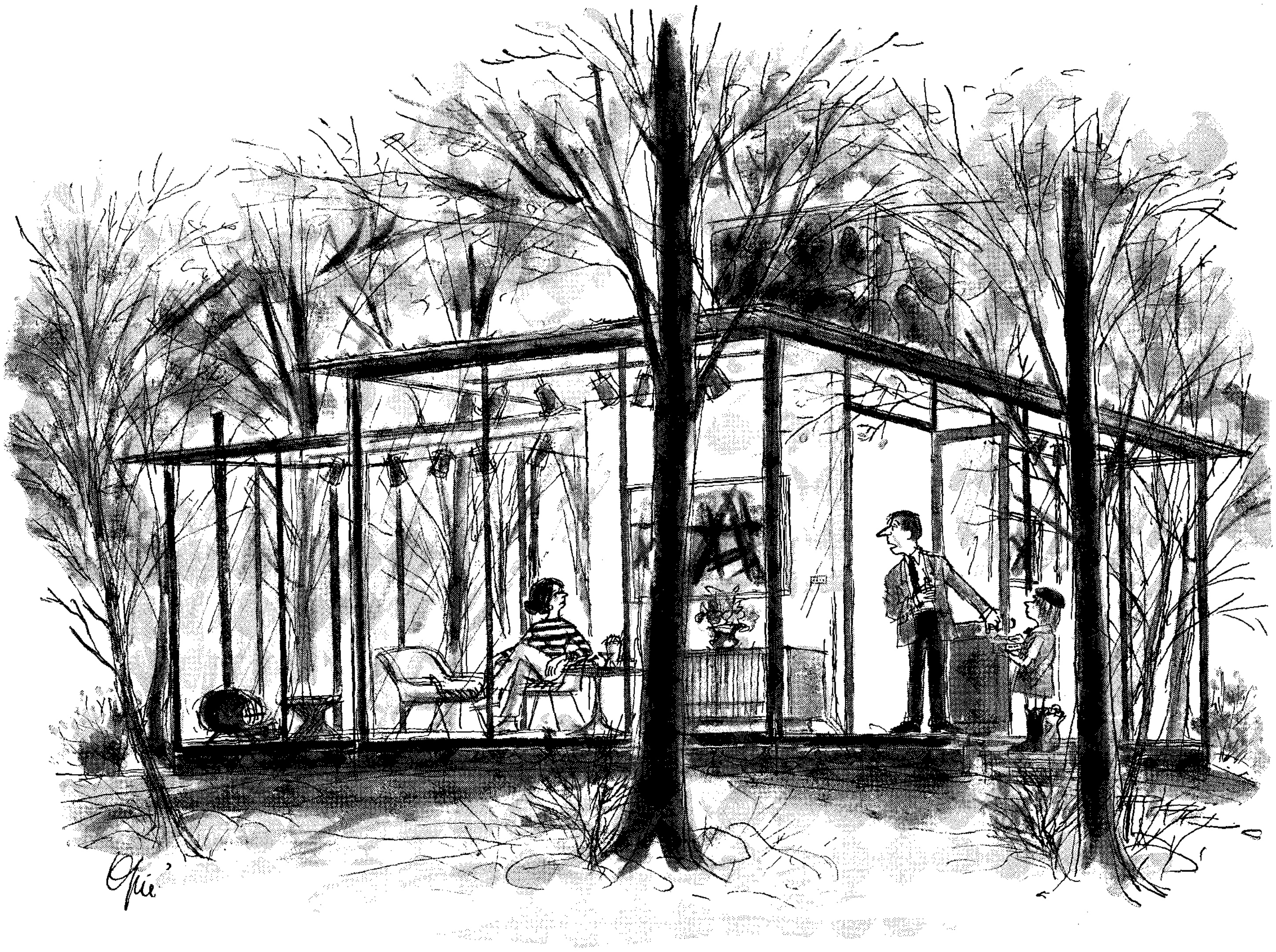
We paused to admire the perfect symmetry of a fine red orchid that exactly echoed the ripples of red silk ribbon in the hair of a dreamy Second Empire Ingres blonde. Then we passed into the sun-filled room where the Frick's Fragonard wall panels—some of them commissioned by Mme. du Barry—are found. Pink-and-white cymbidiums were banked in profusion here, and the hyacinth smell was almost overwhelming. The orchids were colored like the hollyhocks and roses and the delicate bloom in the lady's cheek in the pastel, pastoral vision that is the Frenchman's "Progress of Love." And the orchids seemed to hold cupped in their soft-skinned petals some age-old knowledge of music and garlands, of rustling skirts and silken slippers—and perhaps even the key to the progress of love.

Smashing

THERE is always a certain amount of suspense when a ship is about to be christened—bottles have proved to be infrangible—and there is always a festive air, and we found a good deal of both suspense and festivity one morning last week when we joined a crowd that had gathered to watch Princess Grace of Monaco swing a bottle of champagne at the new Cunard Princess, a luxury liner that will make weekly runs between New York and Bermuda until November, when she will shift her home base to Port Everglades, Florida. A liner had never before been christened here (though a lot of military and merchant vessels used to be launched from the old Brooklyn Navy Yard), and the Cunard Line decided that the company's long association with the Port of New York, combined with the fact that the ship will sail from American ports, warranted an American christening. The new ship was constructed and launched in Denmark and then was furnished in La Spezia, Italy, after which she sailed to Barcelona, where she took on passengers and made her maiden voyage to New York—through some very stormy seas—unchristened.

The Cunard Princess is a trim white-hulled vessel that measures five hundred and thirty-six feet and seven inches from stem to stern, and she was tied up at the Port Authority Passenger Ship Terminal, at Forty-eighth Street and the Hudson River. Next to her was a much smaller Circle Line boat, whose deck was going to be used for the ceremonies. At about ten-thirty, we positioned ourself in a gallery of the terminal overlooking the christening site and waited. Two women next to us speculated loudly about how Princess Grace would look. A bagpipe-and-drum band played spiritedly on the forepeak of the ship. Two guitarists played jazzily on the boat's top deck. Four officers appeared on the ship's forepeak, looking concerned. An army of press people—most of them encumbered with cameras, cables, and other equipment—crowded on board the Circle Line boat. Terence Cardinal Cooke emerged from a stairway onto the boat's deck, as did Mayor Beame, and at just about eleven-thirty Princess Grace came up the stairway to join them, wearing a broad-brimmed white hat and a yellow ensemble with matching shoes and gloves, and looking radiant. People applauded. Cardinal Cooke strode to a bank of microphones and gave a blessing to the new ship.

Then Princess Grace walked to the microphones, and an officer on board the ship lowered a bottle of Ritz Brut 1971 that had been adorned with bows and was attached to a red-white-and-blue ribbon about fifteen feet long. She grasped the decorated bottle and said, "I name her Cunard Princess. May God protect her and all who sail in her." She stepped back, drew back her right arm, and hurled the bottle at the ship's hull, where it smashed splendidly, splattering champagne on several photographers, and causing the crowd to give a joyful cheer. The ship's horn



"Ready for a nostalgia trip, Nancy? Girl Scout cookies!"

• •

sounded. The boat's horn sounded. The photographers began to wipe off their camera lenses.

Later, we joined the dignitaries at a reception that was held in the Showboat Lounge, a sort of supper club situated on the ship's boat deck. Mayor Beame, who was wearing a blue necktie decorated with red apples, informed us that New York was the entertainment capital, the cultural capital, the financial capital, and the commercial capital of the world. Mrs. Beame, who was wearing a glass apple on a neck chain, told us that she liked the new ship but that she was not a good sailor. We began chatting with Cardinal Cooke, who said, "This gives all of us a great deal of hope. New life is coming into New York, new life for the port."

A Cunard official happened by, and His Eminence turned to him and said, "Someone asked me—and I just wanted to check it out—would this blessing be the very first blessing of the ship, or did you have another blessing?"

The Cunard official said in a confidential voice, "I think there was a quiet prayer said in Italy, just to be sure."

By this time, a large and loquacious crowd had assembled in the lounge, and more ceremonies were held, during which the chairman of the Cunard Line, John C. Mitchell, presented Princess Grace with a bowl made from Spanish Armada silver; Mayor Beame presented Princess Grace with a key to the city; and William Ronan, the head of the Port Authority, presented the ship's master, Peter Jackson, with a commemorative plaque.

After the ceremonies, we fell into conversation with Princess Grace, who was accompanied by her son, Prince Albert, a blond young man in a navy-blue suit. We thought that the Princess was holding up beautifully under the pressures of an admiring throng.

We asked her if she had had any doubts about whether the bottle of champagne would break when she tossed it at the ship.

"I *did* have doubts," Princess Grace said. "That's why I stood back so far when I threw it—and then, of course, it splashed all over. With this sort of thing, one really doesn't have much chance to practice."

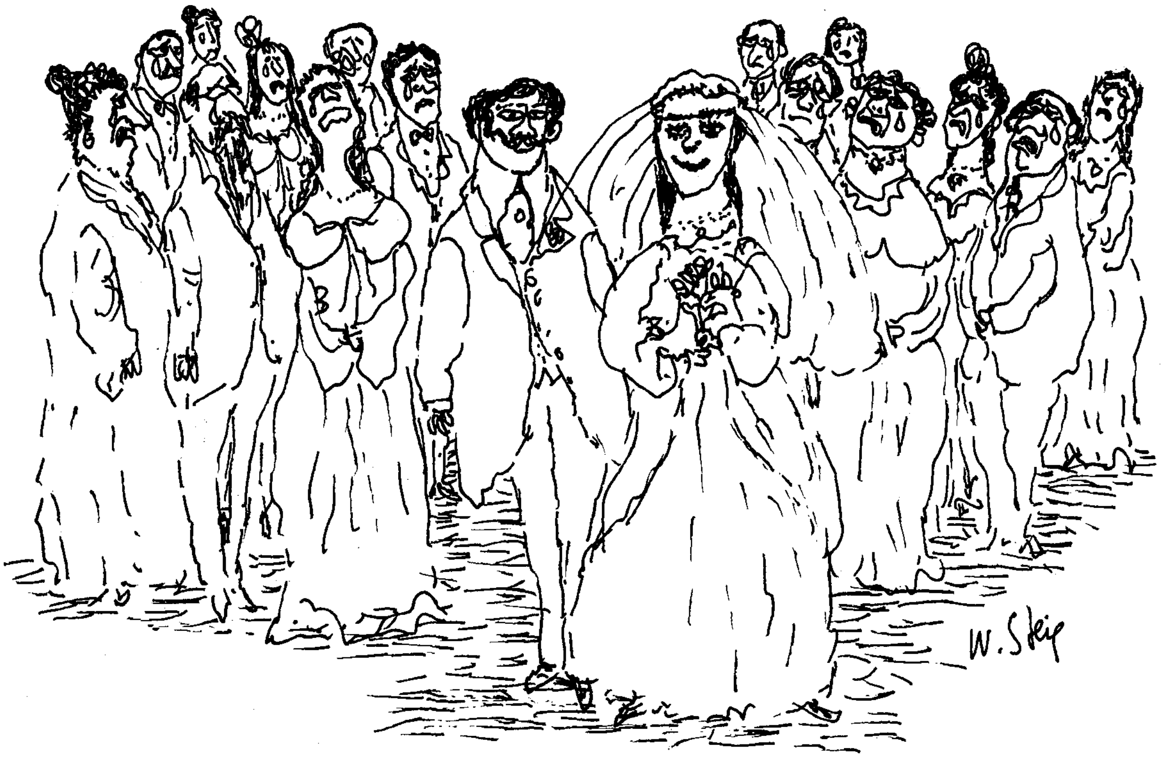
You Never Know

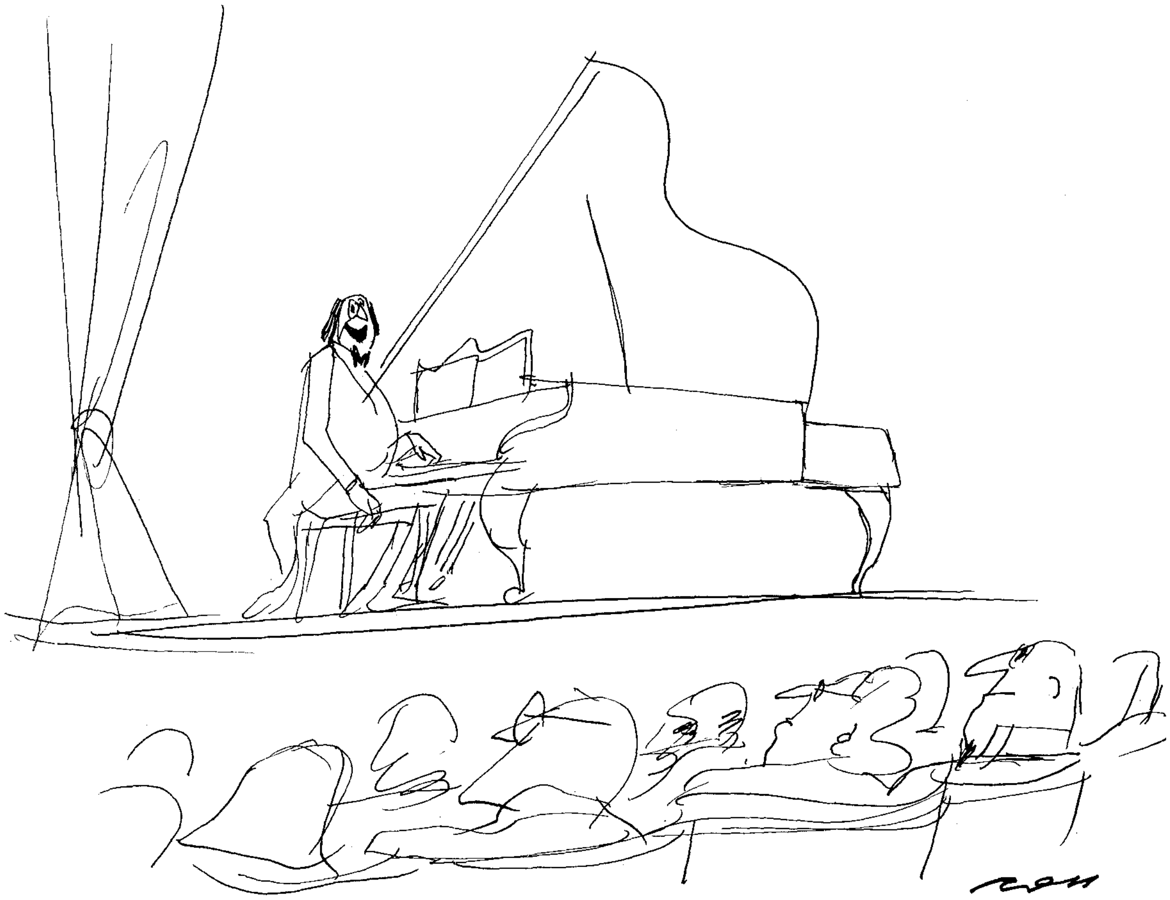
YOU never know what life's holding in store for you (says a letter from our friend the fellow-citizen), and if you ever need reminding of this sacred truth, spend a couple of days, as I am doing, in sunny California, where it is certainly as true as it could be anywhere. Take, for instance, a couple of simple little things. Simple, simple little things. In this case, I decided to buy a folding bed, and I heard a noise in the garage next door.

Bed first. I'm staying in a house in Oakland, the city that is the home of the Raiders, the A's, the Golden State Warriors, and a couple of friends of mine who say, "You can always stay with us." So I'm staying, and they've got a nice place, but with no beds. This is par for the course in California, but after a night on the love seat I figure I'll do the right thing, help everybody out a bit, and invest in a cot for the next New Yorker who happens along. This leads me to the pages of "San Francisco Free & Easy," the only guidebook to the Bay Area I trust: a book published by a local sheet, the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*, and a book that I have determined is eminently reliable when it comes to the best tamales in the area (they're at the Roosevelt Tamale Parlor, on Twenty-fourth Street, in Frisco) and to the only place around with turn-of-the-century slot machines (it's the Musée Mécanique, and it's beneath the Cliff House, and you put a quarter in this huge old thing under glass called "The Unbelievable Mechanical Farm" and a windmill starts turning, and chickens start scratching, and a little old metal lady starts milking a little metal cow, and the cow starts lashing its tail—fantastic). Stuff of that ilk. Under "Beds," "San Francisco Free & Easy" tells me, "The *Kailas Shugendo Company* will make you a terrific three-piece Japanese folding bed, fashioned of foam and covered with material (your choice from a selection of bright colors and prints), which will fold into either a chair or a daybed." Sounds good. I call up the number that is given, and after fourteen rings a girl answers. She says, "Hello." I say, "Hello, is this the Kailas Shugendo Company?" She says, "I think so, but I'm new here. Hold the line. I'll find out." Then she comes back and gives me another number to call. I call the new number, and this is a store called the Golden Nagas, and it sells the beds I want. So I motor over to the place, which is in Frisco, way out on Geary, and look at the beds, which the girl in the store tells me are called *shikibuton*, and they're four-inch-thick foam mattresses in three connecting sections, and they look like just the ticket, so I order one. I also order a *futon*, a mat stuffed with layers of one-hundred-per-cent-cotton felt, which you put on the mattress at night and roll up and tuck into a *futon* bolster cover for daytime, and I select three attractive colors—a blue print, a purple, and some red trim—and make a down payment, and the girl says I can pick up the bed later. She also says that *nagas* means "dragons." And I'm happy, but I want to figure out that first phone call. Now, it's been my experience that in California, if there's no obvious explanation for something, it's a spiritual phenomenon—as sure as that the hamburger you order in California is going to come to the table with an orange-slice garnish. So I call up a source of mine. In New York, a source is someone who knows people at City Hall. In the Bay Area, a source is someone who knows every guru from San Jose to Mt. Tamalpais. I ask the source if the name Kailas Shugendo rings a bell, and she says, "Oh, you mean Ajari." So it looks as if my hunch were on the right track, and I just listen, and she fills me in, and this is what I now know: The *shikibuton* are made by the students of Dr. Ajari Warwick, né Pemchekov, a jolly middle-aged Russian physician-musician, who's a Shingon Buddhist—which means, my source swears, that he is the only living master of the Siberian Buddhist lineage. He crops his hair close to the scalp line, wears gray knickers, and carries a walkie-talkie at all times to stay in touch with his students. He's got a large hooded fireplace in his house for performing the Tibetan version of a fire ritual called *homa*, and he circumambulates Mt. Tamalpais every day and drinks a lot of Tab and is the leader of what the source further swore is an excellent bluegrass ensemble, the Mantric Sun Mountain Band, whose performances in the San Francisco area are always popular. His hobby is collecting rituals and initiations. When Pope Paul VI was crowned, Ajari and some of his students went to Rome with videotape equipment, and when His Holiness the XVI Gyalwa Karmapa, leader of the Kargyu Tibetan Buddhist line, came out to California, Ajari made a point of meeting H.H. the XVI G.K. at the airport. His students used to be in the two-way-radio business, but now they concentrate on beds. In Frisco, it is very hard to just buy a bed, take it or leave it. P.S.: I've got no complaints a-tall about my nifty *shikibuton* cum *futon*.

•

THE next day, refreshed from eight hours of supine-and-prone shallow breathing on the new *shikibuton*, I take a little walk outside in the California sunshine, and I hear the noise in the garage next door. A gentle sort of purring, thumping sound. This introduces me to Jim Birdsall, the guy next door, who's thirty-one and engaging and intelligent and hails from Cincinnati. He's standing over a big metal mixer with paddles, the exact machine that bakers use to knead dough, only he's mixing up something that looks like Dream Whip. So I naturally ask him what he's up to, and he says that he's running his new company, Tarthang Technics, which he quit his job as an industrial chemist to found, and that he's in the process of making a batch of Tarthang's first product, Aquatapoxy, which is an epoxy that can be used to stick things together under water. There are other epoxies that are waterproof, but this is the first





"How would you folks like to hear one on the house?"

• •

one that can be very easily applied under water. Aquatapoxy, he tells me, is his own invention. Two years ago, he was fooling around in a lab he'd set up in his basement to fool around in, and he came up with an epoxy curing agent, which is half of an epoxy. An epoxy glue is two kinds of resin that you mix together, to make them sticky and make them harden. The curing agent is the one that decides just what the finished product is going to be like—meaning the amount of time it will take to harden, its flexibility, its color, its adhesive quality, its resistance to chemicals, etc. Well, he tells me, he didn't know just what he had come up with, so he did what all industrial chemists who are involved in developing coatings for things (that's his field) invariably do. He started smearing dabs of it on everything in sight to see what it would do and what it would stick together. Just for the hell of it, he put some on the bottom of the sink where he was washing up some things—just for the hell of it because it was generally accepted among industrial chemists two years ago that no epoxy was really made to stick things together under water. But his worked.

How did Jim reach that point in his life? Well, he had a chemistry set as a kid in Cincinnati, but he hated chemistry in high school, because he couldn't understand it. Then he liked it in college, because he found that when you're doing research in industrial chemistry you have to know all about a specific class of compounds and you don't have to worry about the stuff you couldn't understand in high school. Jim liked industrial research so much he answered an ad in a Cincinnati paper for a research chemist in varnishes. He read up on varnishes, and he got the job, although what qualified him for it was that he'd done a lot of house painting. That job, at which he was a great success, has led to every other job he's had. In the spring of 1968, he decided to take a summer vacation in California. After two months, his money ran out, and he didn't want to go home just yet. So he got a research job with Olin Mathieson in Richmond, CA, and he liked that job so much he hasn't been back East since. After realizing he had developed the world's most unusual underwater epoxy, and saying, "Aha!"—which was in fact the word he uttered at the time, he tells me—he started reforming it, and came up with something that was very chemical-resistant and very tough. He wondered if he had something salable, so he started talking to potential users—people who make electrical components, divers, people who make marine structures, boat manufacturers, boat users, swimming-pool builders, swimming-pool owners, municipal waterworks departments, municipal public-works departments, and aircraft manufacturers. Enough of these people showed enough interest for Jim to decide to quit his job and see what might be in store for him. He formed a partnership with a friend of his, a gardener who'd just received some capital from an uncle, and formed Tarthang Technics—a name that Jim says isn't supposed to mean anything (Tarthang is a Tibetan monastery), because he doesn't know what kinds of things he may be getting into once he gets Aquatapoxy launched, and doesn't want to limit himself. Aquatapoxy seems to be going O.K. In a couple of weeks, Jim's moving his plant out of the garage into a small factory nearby. Aquatapoxy will soon be available in places like Iceland and South Africa as well as in the United States, and interest in ordering large quantities has been expressed by a major sewer-and-water-system-rehabilitation outfit in the Midwest, and a national swimming-pool distributor.

According to Jim, he's having fun; he doesn't feel any different now from how he felt before he had invented something new; and his childhood ambition was to control the world but now he'd be happy just to stick it together. What's most fun, he says, is that people are now giving him other insoluble-coating problems to fiddle around with. An L.A. man has given him the job of developing an improved graffiti-proof coating for concrete walls (Birdsall will say only that he's got something that may work), and a Minneapolis outfit has asked him to take on the assignment of developing an epoxy to encapsulate electrical components onto collars placed around the necks of wild moose. The collars emit bleeps, and they are placed there by scientists studying the habits of wild moose.

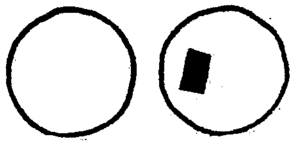
Anything's possible.

BLACK HOLES

THE biggest thing in science now is black holes. Everyone is talking about them. Professor Sigmund Schmeltzer, of Göttingen, has just conducted a symposium on black holes in Aspen, Colorado. Dr. T. Wycliffe Meazley, of Utah A. & M., is working on black holes in Heidelberg. The junior class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is testing black holes in the basement of Beaumont Laboratory. Observers from Lockheed and I.B.M. are snooping around Göttingen. Dr. Meazley had lunch with a vice-president of Westinghouse. Professor Pierson Flintleach, of M.I.T., is preparing a black-hole bibliography for the Pentagon. What is a black hole? Why all the interest?

A black hole is a hole that is really black. It has no color at all. It actually sucks in any light that happens to be hanging around it, including its own, which means that it can only be seen when it is in front of something else, like a grapefruit.

Figure 1



Rectangular black hole

Grapefruit

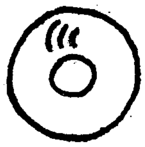
Rectangular black hole passing in front of grapefruit

Black holes can be dangerous. If you were to run into a black hole in Central Park at 10 P.M. you probably wouldn't know what had happened to you. If you ran into a black hole in Central Park *no one would ever see you again.* That's why the Pentagon is interested. There are a lot of people the Pentagon never wants to see again, like Paul Warnke.

Black holes, once so rare, are becoming almost common. Under development is a rectangular black hole that can be attached to a television set to take care of commercials. (You should make certain, however, that it is properly installed.) When the pretty waitress in the commercial slides a McDonald's hamburger toward you, your rectangular black hole can be tuned to make the hamburger disappear. The great thing is, the hamburger disappears not only from your set but from every other set in the country—even sets that are not switched on. Also, the actual hamburger that was filmed six months before, in order to make the commercial, disappears, too, together with Ronald McDonald and the composer of the McDonald's jingle and the McDonald's account executive at Forbush, Scrimshaw & Nash.

There is also a toroidal, or doughnut-shaped, black hole (Figure 2) that can absorb a market-research interviewer through a keyhole or a literary agent through a Martini glass, and Professor Schmeltzer is reported to be working on a lozenge-size black hole that, taken internally, will perform an appendectomy in less time than it takes to read this sentence. Remember, though: if your black hole is not properly installed you are in trouble. A man in Roslyn, Long Island, who acquired a trapezoidal black hole in order to eliminate a small stand of poison sumac failed to notice one loose screw, and his garden and driveway disappeared, together with his living room, the bottom half of the staircase, and the first five volumes of the Micropædia section of his new Encyclopædia Britannica.

Figure 2



Bagel

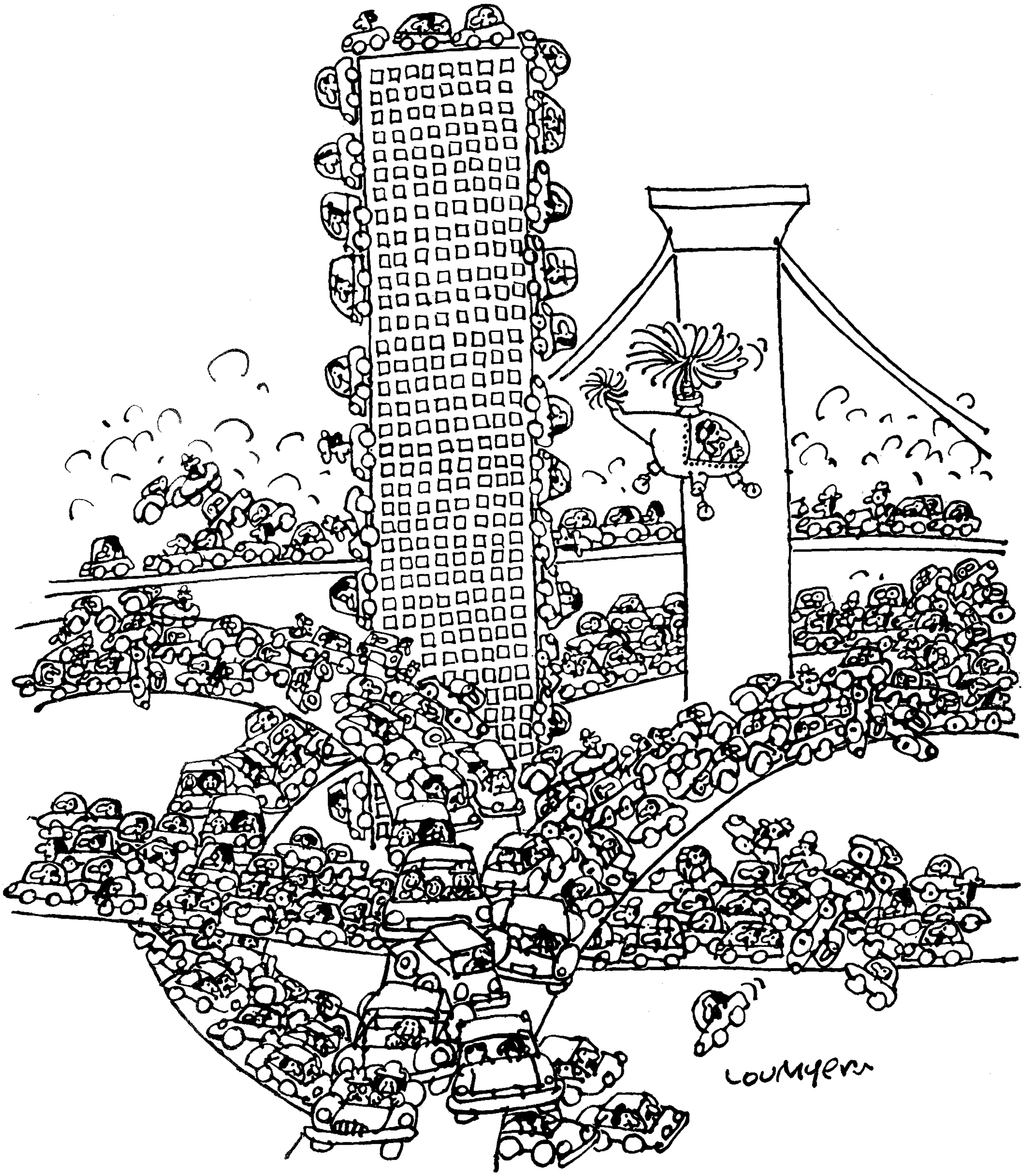
Toroidal black hole passing in front of bagel

IT is difficult to believe that just a few years ago it took an eight-man team from Cornell most of a summer to produce one inverted black hole. An inverted black hole is a black hole that pierces the fabric of time. Suppose, for example, you are a suburban matron who has just written two letters, one reminding your in-laws that they are expected for Memorial Day weekend, and the other to your son's college roommate to change the site of your forthcoming assignation from the Copley Plaza to the Sheraton Boston. Suppose further that, having dropped the letters in the mailbox at 3 P.M., you suddenly realize that you have put them in the wrong envelopes. With an inverted black hole, you can slip back to 2:30 P.M., when you were just signing the letter to your son's roommate, and put it in the *right* envelope, or even write two new letters cancelling both of these unpromising engagements.

Not everyone is equipped to handle an inverted black hole successfully. Mr. Sidney Platelet, a retired closed-end-fund consultant, of Red Wing, Minnesota, recently purchased an inverted black hole in order to obtain newspapers one day in advance—a scheme he thought would help him in making personal investment decisions. Unfortunately, when he eagerly opened the front door of his split-level ranch at seven-fifty the following morning, it turned out to be seven-fifty-one the *previous* morning, and he ran into himself entering the house with the previous day's Minneapolis *Tribune* (which he had already read) and the milk. This was upsetting to Mr. Platelet, who was in the habit of breakfasting alone. Finding himself admitting an additional duplicate of himself with each passing day, Mr. Platelet soon ran out of beds and, unable to stand the squabbling over coffee and oatmeal and who would get first crack at the paper, had to resettle himself in Phoenix, Arizona.

Black holes never wear out or become obsolete. A black hole has no moving parts and keeps itself clean. A black hole is extremely useful in dealing with contemporary crises like the power crunch and environmental pollution. Sam Epping, the owner of Pete's Diner in Summit, New Jersey, has recently been using an oval black hole for waste disposal and to light up his neon sign, thus saving on electric bills as well as on garbage service. Of course, after five months of silently disposing of potato peelings, coffee dregs, eggshells, cans, jars, and old copies of the Sunday New York *Times*, Epping's black hole has somewhat increased in size. At the time of delivery, it fitted in a shoebox. Now it is bigger than four trailer trucks, and Epping's customers can no longer park in the lot behind the diner. All deliveries have to be made at the front door, and Fred, the night short-order cook, is getting nervous about the way chicken bones are being snatched out of his hand.

Once a black hole is installed, it is probably there for good, and home repairs are inadvisable. If, for example, that householder in Roslyn now tried to adjust his faulty black hole, his screwdriver wouldn't be the only thing affected. Before he knew it, he might be two miles long and thin as a needle, or one hundred and forty-six acres in area and flat as a coat of paint, or part of a clump of poison sumac—depending on whether one follows the Schmeltzer hypothesis or the most recent Meazley or Flintleach theories. It



"They're bumper to bumper on the B.Q.E. The approaches to the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels are stalled, and there are rubbernecking delays on the Major Deegan."

• •

is impossible to see inside a black hole, so you can take your pick.

Figure 3

Famous black hole of Calcutta

This brings us back to Dr. Meazley. Meazley says that black holes are ushering in a new industrial revolution. "Families will pass their black holes on to their children," Dr. Meazley said recently. "Or to their friends, if the children have been careless." He predicts that black holes will become heirlooms and that each year more black holes will be produced to satisfy an ever-expanding market finding new uses for these versatile gadgets. Asked if the number of black holes might increase to the point where there was little room left for things, Dr. Meazley replied that one can either be forward-looking and contemplate what is gained or a stick-in-the-mud and dwell on what is lost. No progress, he said, comes without some inconvenience.

—James Munves

THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS

EDWARD found May on the last cold day of winter. He spotted her in his neighborhood bar, and noticed first that she was comfortable there. She sat with one iceless drink, an ashtray, and cigarettes in front of her—an organized person. The bar, at the end of the afternoon, filled with smoke, and Edward could see himself and May reflected dimly in the mirror. Christmas decorations hung over the mirror and would probably remain there until next Christmas.

Though he had been fine when he came into the bar, Edward began to feel shaky. The smell of steak from the grill was getting to him. He leaned on one elbow and decided that as soon as he could move he'd go back to his apartment, take some Valium, and sleep. He was wondering how he could meet the woman down the bar, when he thought he saw her look at him and move her fingers in a quick salute. The basketball game on the TV above his head grew louder, then softer, and Edward thought he'd better do something about getting home before he fell off the stool. He stood, and while he was fumbling in his pocket for money she was beside him. They left the bar together.

She told him her name was May—a name Edward associated with prints of women in long dresses and floppy hats. May carried a cowboy hat and wore an Army jacket that was too large for her. In the street light her hair and eyes were a faded khaki color. "You look sick," she said. "That's why I followed you out. I thought I'd be sure you got home all right."

"That's not far," said Edward. She sounded Southern or Western to him, and he felt as if he'd left Manhattan without knowing it. Now that they were out on the street, she seemed less than a good idea. All he wanted to do was fall asleep and wake up feeling better. "It's nice of you to worry, but I live right over there," he said, and he pointed to the large apartment building across Broadway. "I can just about make it."

"Of course you can," May said. "But you sure look green." Together they turned and walked the half block to the corner. "Is there anyone to take care of you once you get there?" May asked.

Edward thought of lying, but he said, "No."

"Then come with me." And when he shook his head, she said, "Goodness. You looked easy to me."

"That's me," Edward said. "Sick and easy. A wonderful way to be."

He didn't feel easy; he felt unemployed and difficult, and he wanted to be left alone. Still, this was the first adventure to offer itself in he couldn't remember how long. He thought of his empty apartment and the fact that it was Friday, and he said, "I have always relied on the kindness of strangers."

He followed May's lead and they crossed Broadway. As they walked by his house, Edward wondered if the night doorman noticed him passing. Halfway between Amsterdam and Columbus, May said. "Here's where I live." The building, a renovated brownstone, was more high-toned than he'd expected. More than ever, Edward felt that he wanted to be sick in private.

"I must have a fever," he said. "Maybe I'd better go home."

"Don't be silly," May said. She led him down three steps and opened an iron gate. She let him in the apartment door, and went back outside again. He heard the gate slam and then the door. "Go right in," she said. "I'll open the couch for you."

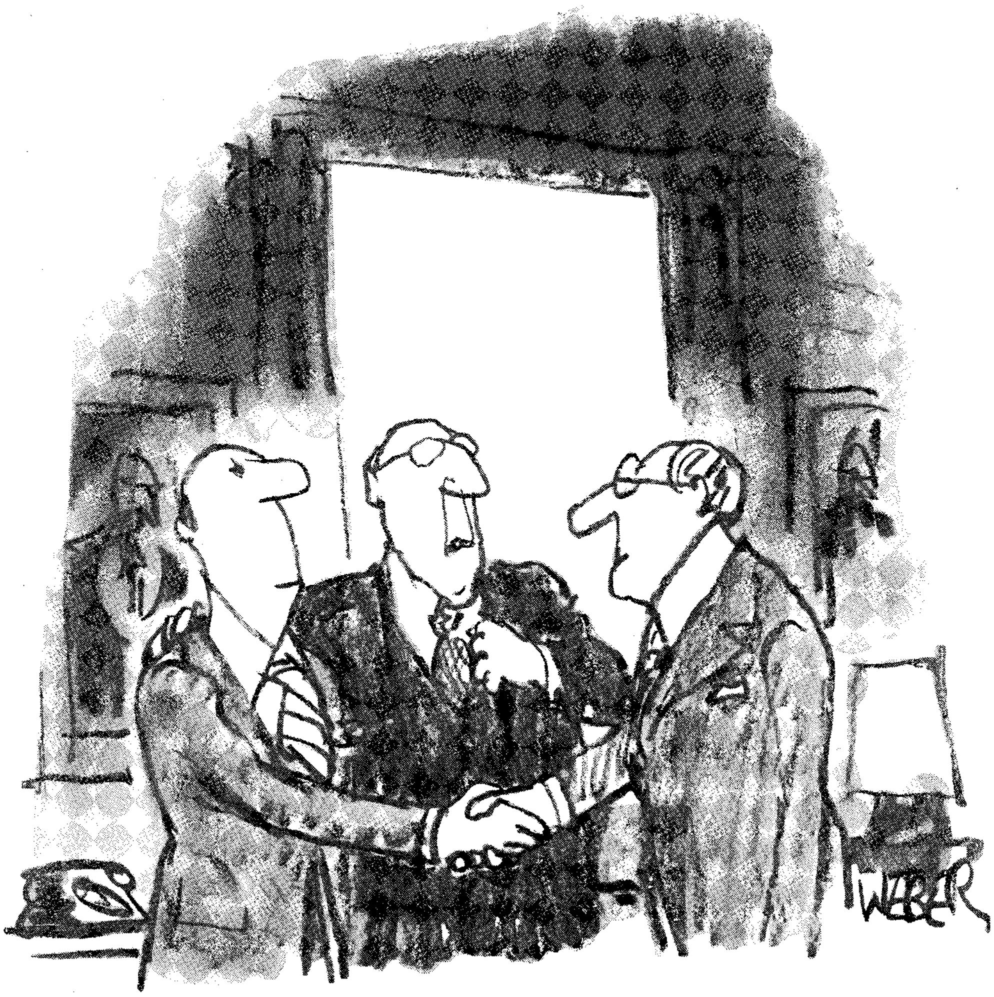
A long hall led past a closetlike kitchen into the living room. In the widest part of the hall was a table, one side against the wall. One wall of the living room was brick, two were painted gray. The fourth wall was glass and opened to a dark garden. The couch May had spoken of was blue and there was a double bed in the room covered with a piece of blue-and-white homespun and pillows of red and blue. "This is a nice place," Edward said. Expensive, he thought. He walked to the end of the living room and looked through the glass doors. He could make out pots stacked upside down. When he turned back to the room, he saw that May had the couch open and white sheets spread over it. There was a pair of striped flannel pajamas laid out.

"I haven't worn pajamas since I was twelve," he said.

"Well, wear them or not. I always like to wear pajamas when I'm sick."

"Will they fit me?" he asked, picking them up and holding them to his chest.

"They're my brother's," May said. "They fit me and him. They fit every-



"Tully here is considered our model executive, or executive model, or some damn thing."

one. Go brush your teeth. I'll make some tea for you."

Edward reflected as he obeyed her instructions that she must be an exceptionally nice person to take in a sick stranger. He wondered if she always picked up strange men from bars, then thought he wasn't so strange, though a look in the bathroom mirror—pajamas, hair sticking up, toothbrush protruding from his mouth—showed he wasn't exactly a prize peach. She'd picked him, though, and that made it a benign act. He wouldn't hurt anyone and she must have seen that.

Wm Hamilton

"I tell you, the book has everything—sex, history, consciousness, and cats!"

• •

EDWARD had a terrible night. May settled him in his bed, gave him tea and club soda, used the bathroom herself, and then disappeared into a room he hadn't noticed at the street end of the apartment. When he found a comfortable spot on the bed, he would sink into it too far and feel sick again. He'd probably picked up a bug in the Szechwan place where he'd had lunch. He could taste the Garlic Eggplant.

Edward fell asleep at dawn. When he woke, it was three o'clock and he was alone in the apartment. There was a glass of club soda next to the couch—the ice cubes were half melted—and a fresh pot of tea, still warm to his touch. He could see a piece of paper—a note from May—propped up on the table across the room. He was probably not sick anymore, he thought, but when he stood he became dizzy. The note read, "Went to store. Back at four." He was stuck there. He had no keys, and it wouldn't be right to leave without double-locking the door.

There was a time in his life when Edward would have searched the apartment, quick, before May returned. He would have liked to read her letters and diaries, but he decided against that course. There were no bookshelves and he didn't see even one magazine in the kitchen, living room, or bathroom. A look through the half-open door of her bedroom startled him—there was someone asleep in the bed—but it was only tangled sheets and covers.

Edward returned to the couch. He should get dressed, he should be ready to go home when she returned, but he didn't move. Instead, he lay there and waited for May. He thought about the office where he used to work, the long boring afternoons. He didn't have high hopes for another job. In three months, he'd sent out one hundred and twenty-five letters, and planned to send out more. He thought about a morning the summer before when he'd woken up next to a woman and couldn't remember her name.

At five, he decided May was not a punctual person. He saw his clothes folded neatly on a rocking chair. He got out of bed and looked in the wallet, but his thirty dollars was still there. It wouldn't make sense for her to take money from him and leave him in her apartment. He heard her key in the lock and wondered how he could have been suspicious of her.

"Sorry I'm so late," he heard her call out. Lights came on in the hallway, above the table. May carried two large grocery bags.

"I thought I'd make soup for you," she said as she set the bags down and took off her Army jacket. "You feel better, don't you?"

"I feel a lot better than last night," Edward said. "It must have been the Chinese food I ate."

"It could have been anything, in this city," May said.

"You're not from New York, are you?" he asked.

"Maybe nobody's from New York," May said. She walked back to the hall and Edward could just see her hanging up her jacket. "It's warm out," she said. "Sixty degrees." She was wearing a white turtleneck and jeans and cowboy boots.

"I'm from New York," Edward said. "Right here in the neighborhood. We lived on Eighty-first and Central Park. Two down from the Beresford." He saw that May was interested, and he asked again where she was from.

"The Midwest," she said. "No place you've ever been."

"I went to graduate school in Chicago."

"That's not the Midwest. That's Chicago."

Edward wondered if he should get dressed and go. The pajamas were wrinkled, and the bed bore the imprint of his body in several places. But it was already Saturday night, and he was getting through the weekend almost without noticing it. Since he'd stopped working, weekends were longer than ever.

May told him she wanted to change the sheets. She gave him another set of pajamas, baby blue with darker blue piping. When Edward returned from the bathroom dressed in the blue pajamas, he felt almost well. He saw that May had closed up the couch. He thought that perhaps this meant that they would sleep together in her dark bedroom or in the double bed in the living room, but May said, "I closed the couch until you go back to sleep. I thought you would feel less sick that way," so he knew nothing was expected of him. She gave him a fresh glass of club soda, and while she made dinner he sat and watched the six-o'clock news. He saw an Arab leader and a fire in Brooklyn, and had a sip of soda.

"The weather's turned," May called out from the kitchen. "I won't need to wear a jacket tomorrow, I'll bet."

Edward was sorry winter was gone, but he called back, "That's good. It's been cold long enough."

He could look for a job forever and not find one, and in the spring it would be worse. He thought of the Green Mountains, where he'd spent his last two vacations, and wanted to crawl back into bed. He flicked off the TV and reached for a book he noticed on the floor. It had been hidden by the couch in its open state. The book was an atlas; it was well worn and had the marks of a favorite book.

Edward let the book open where it wanted to and saw, circled on a map of the United States, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, and Boston. Boston was circled in blue and the other cities in black. There was no mark farther west than Indiana. He felt May watching him from the kitchen door. When he looked up, he couldn't tell from her expression if she was displeased with him. "Are these places you've been?" he asked.

"Some of them. I didn't mark the towns below a hundred thousand population on the big map. Only on the state maps. And I mark where I want to go next in blue. My route. I want to go everywhere."

"This is your diary, then," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it. I left it there on the floor."

"It's your floor," he said. "And you didn't know I was going to be here."

"It's not my floor," she said. "It's the apartment's floor," and she returned to the kitchen.

WHEN May was ready, they sat at the table with a certain formality. She had set straw placemats beneath blue glass bowls. The soup in the bowls was clear; Edward could see the pattern of the mat through his soup. A round of carrot and a sprig of parsley skimmed the surface.

"Have you ever been sailing?" he asked.

"No," May said, "but I love the water. I grew up landlocked."

"All that corn," he said.

"Corn and wheat. But I wasn't on a farm. My mom grew up on a farm, but it had to be sold when my grandfather died."

"How old were you?" Edward asked. He took a taste of his soup. The flavor was a little bland to suit him, so he added salt and pepper and tried it again.

"Seven, maybe. I forget exactly. We went down there to close the place up. We had an auction for the furniture—I had an orange soda at that auction, I remember. Then we sold the cows and gave away the goats and the geese. It was mostly a chicken farm and the chickens were pretty worn out. My dad and I must have killed a hundred and fifty chickens. My mom cleaned them and froze them."

"Why didn't your brother help your father?" Edward asked.

"I forget where he was. I don't remember everything about it. It wasn't the Slaughter of the Innocents or anything. It was just chickens."

Edward put down his soup spoon. He'd eaten too much too quickly.

"Maybe you should lie down again," May said. She was looking at him as if she were measuring him, and he wondered how she'd looked at the chickens.

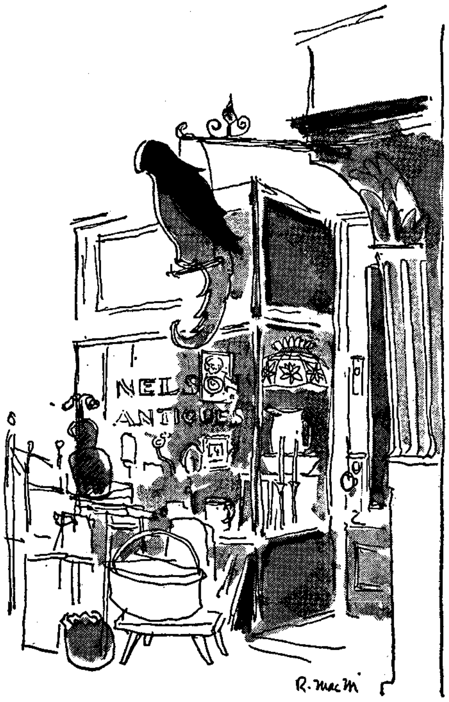
"I'll be all right," he said.

"There's no reason to keep sitting up. I can see you from here if you go lie down. We could keep talking if you wanted."

He obeyed. He lay on the couch and pulled a blanket over himself. He did feel better lying down.

"Where do you work?" Edward asked, as May cleared the table.

"In a shop off Broadway. In the Eighties. I make clothes for people, and I sell candles and rolling papers and pottery."



"How long have you had it?"

"I just work there. The owners are away for a few more months and they let me take it over."

"Do you work Sundays?" Edward asked. If he was better the next day, the least he could do was take her out to dinner—if he could eat by then.

"Monday's my day off."

They watched TV until eleven o'clock. Edward kept changing the channels, but it didn't seem to matter to May if they watched a detective series or a game show. They watched fifteen minutes of a beauty pageant, and she told him she'd been in a Miss Indiana contest when she was seventeen and hadn't won. Her skin was so smooth it reminded Edward of a doll. Only her hair looked real to him—not curled, not smooth or shining, but hair like grass.

IN the morning, Edward felt better but still weak. He was awake before May and lay staring at the closed door of her bedroom, thinking about making love to her. He didn't think he felt much desire for her. Still, making love would seal the accident of their meeting—though he wasn't sure he wanted that, either.

When May finally got up, she went straight for the bathroom and didn't look his way. He dressed quickly, and by the time she was out of the bathroom he'd closed the couch and was sitting at the table, unwashed and waiting for water to boil in the kitchen.

"I'm making tea for you," he said.

"You don't know where anything is," May said. "You go wash and I'll do it."

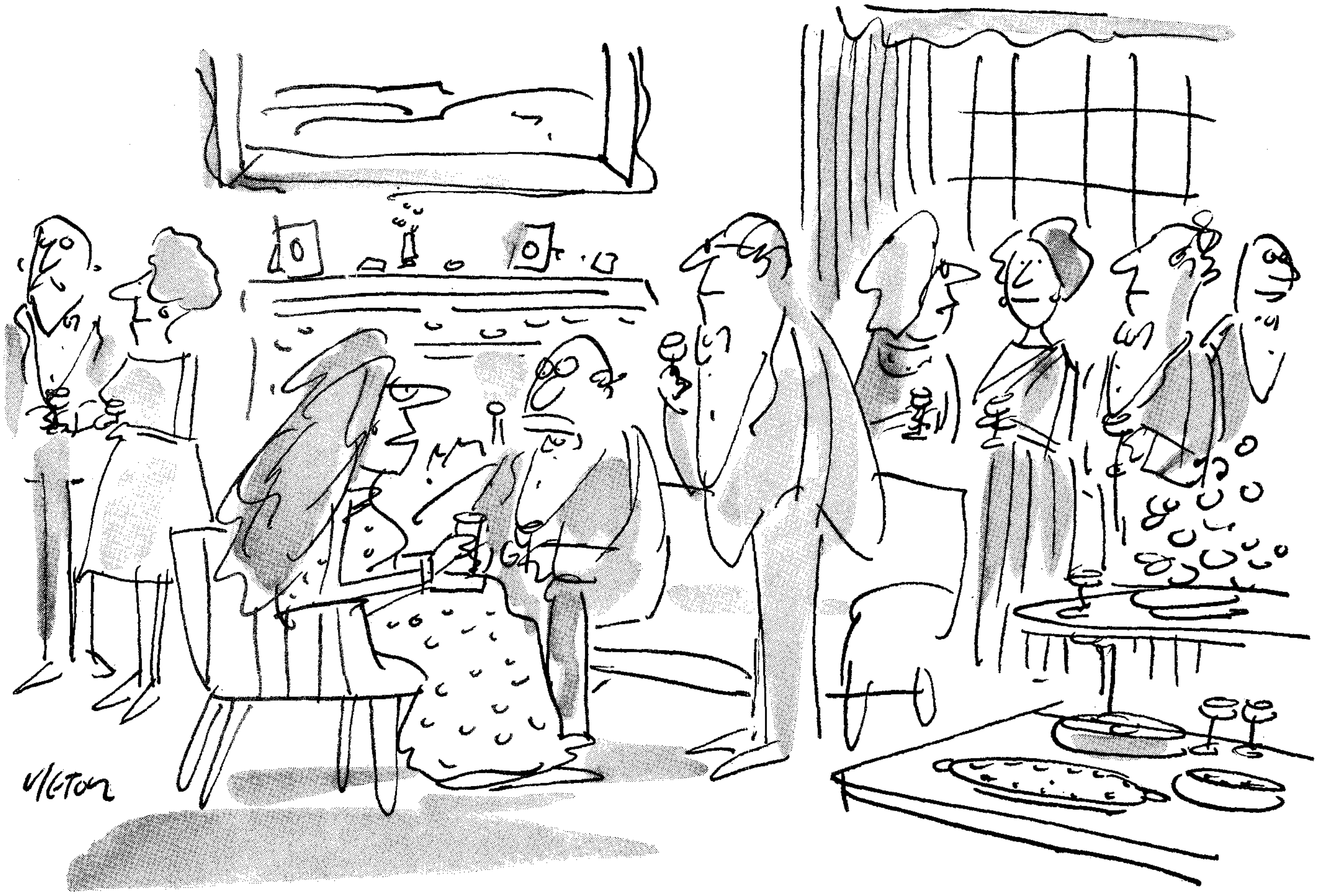
"I'll go home this morning," he announced later, while she made breakfast. Again the table was set; she'd put red napkins next to the blue glass bowls and cups.

She said, "O.K."

He waited for a sign from her that she expected something else from him, or that she wanted him to stay, but she only asked how many minutes he liked his eggs boiled.

"Three minutes if you're starting with boiling water," he said. "Six if you're starting from scratch."

He stood at the kitchen door and watched her prepare the eggs, toast, and another pot of tea. "Shall I take you to dinner tonight?" he asked. May looked at him quickly, then down to the eggs again. Edward thought he'd seen enthusiasm in her eyes, and he said, "The Russian Tea Room. Have you



"The market remained sluggish. Industrials drifted lower, while commodities rose slightly, with hogs and soybeans leading the way. The weather outlook is for a slow warming trend, with a high Saturday of sixty-five. Winds will continue northwesterly, ten to twenty miles an hour. And now, a pause while I freshen my drink, and then I'll be back with the sports."

• •

been there?" He hoped that she would accept so that he could impress or excite her, and he hoped that she would refuse. Dinner there would be a good half of his unemployment check.

"I've never been there," May said. "Do you think we could get in? Sunday night?"

"I'll try," he said. "Give me your number and I'll call if I get a reservation."

"I'll call you," she said. "Or maybe we could just meet back here. Six or seven. I don't like talking on the phone."

At the table, while they were finishing their eggs, Edward felt a breeze hit him. May had left her bedroom door open and from where he sat Edward could see curtains billowing by an open window. "I knew a girl in college who was allergic to winter," he said. "She reacted very strongly to the cold. Her skin cracked at the joints."

"Don't tell me about her disease. Please," May said. "I can't stand hearing about sickness."

"You don't seem to mind that I'm sick."

"That's different," she said.

"How different?"

"I took you in for reasons of my own."

This sounded flirtatious to Edward and he started to smile, but she wasn't flirting. Her face was the same as ever, she wasn't asking anything of him. "What reasons?" he asked. "What possible reasons?"

"My own. And what you said the other day about the kindness of strangers. That's how I live. I believe in that."

Later, as they left the apartment together, Edward thought that he should tell her that line was a quote, so she wouldn't give him credit for it, but he didn't. May locked the door and the gate. The sun was shining. It was warm. Spring had come in two days. "Everything happens so fast in New York," he said to May, and pointed to the sky.

"Some things do," she said, and he wondered what she meant by that. They walked west together to Broadway, and she left him there. Edward picked up a Sunday *Times* from the New Yorker Book Shop and a Danish from Party Cake across Broadway, and then he went home.

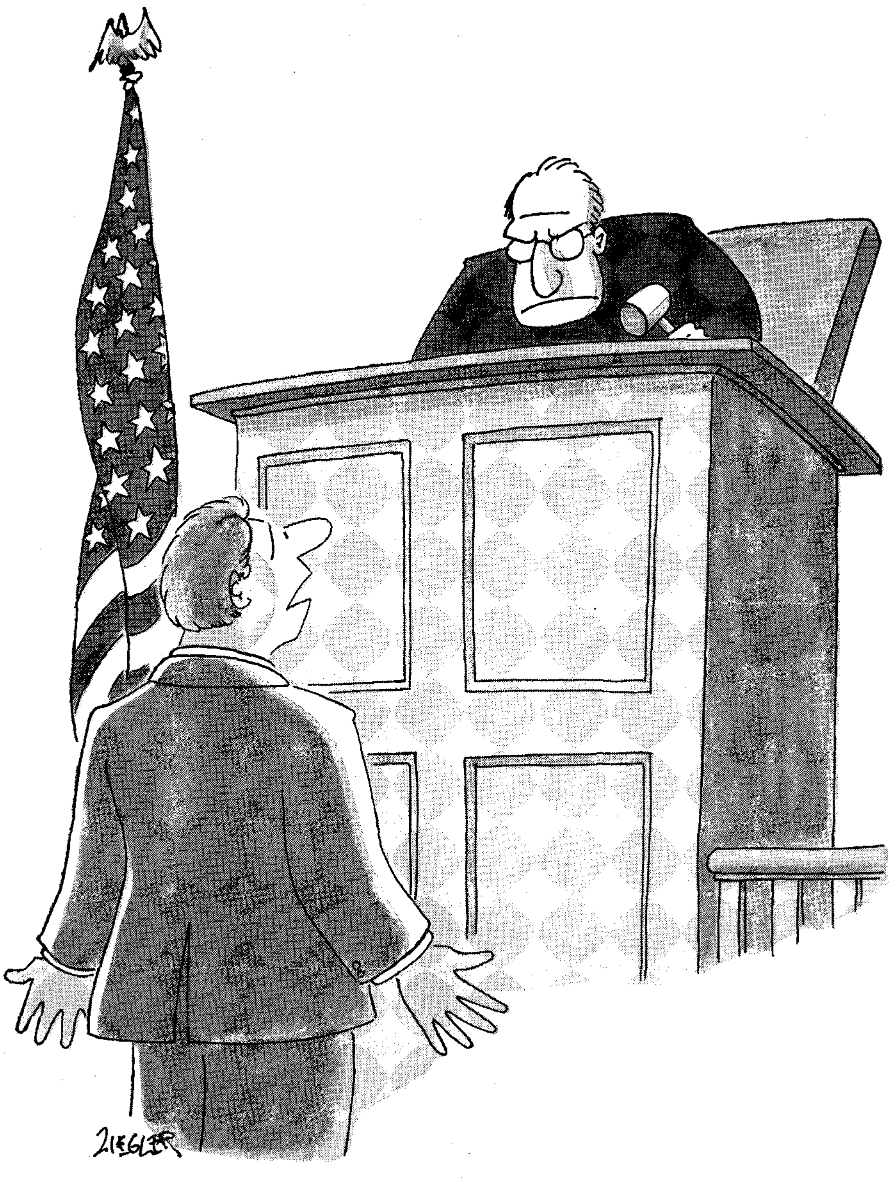
ALL Sunday afternoon, it seemed to Edward his life had passed him by. He had missed the big events of his generation—when Woodstock occurred he was visiting his parents at the Jersey shore; he was in Chicago when the peace marches were in Washington and New York, and in New York when the riots were in Chicago; and this afternoon he could get no one on the phone. He had lived in New York for years, worked for the same company from college on, suffered economic reverses, and he could find no one to have dinner with later in the week, to ask for advice about a job, or even to tell that he'd been sick and now felt a little better. He reached two answering machines in seven calls. One machine played Bach.

After a shower, Edward still felt weak. He opened the windows in his bedroom and living room, and the fresh April air reminded him of the sadness of spring. He looked down ten flights to the courtyard, and he saw a boy shooting a basketball at the space between the lobby door and the second-story window. The boy was red-headed and skinny. His blue ski jacket lay on the ground. Every third basket or so, the kid would trample on his jacket. Why was the boy alone, Edward wondered, and why wasn't he in a playground where there were real baskets to shoot at.

It seemed to Edward he had done everything right all his life, straight down the line, with the best of intentions, and it hadn't come out as he'd expected. He tried to picture May as he'd seen her in the bar. She came from a world Edward didn't know. He couldn't tell what she expected from her life; she was foreign to his experience. He thought about her and, not having read the paper or eaten the Danish, Edward went into his bedroom and slept.

When he awoke, he felt hung over and had a taste in his mouth he didn't like. He looked on the table next to the bed and found some sugarless gum—tutti-frutti—and stuck a piece in his mouth. The powder on the gum tasted like insecticide, but he chewed away, his arms in back of his head, hoping the gum would give him a reason to get up. He thought of the circles in May's atlas. No one could want to go everywhere. He could probably have offered to take her to the Cuban-Chinese place on Amsterdam and she would have enjoyed it just as much as the Russian Tea Room. He took the gum out of his mouth and put it in the ashtray on the table.

He arrived at May's door a little late. On the way over, he'd thought about her name. Perhaps she'd been sent into his life to be an omen of other differences to come. If he could get over feeling sick, perhaps he could get interested in her. He wondered what she thought about spring. He could remember little she'd said except that she had her own reasons for taking him in and that she wanted to travel. He must be getting better, he decided, to take an interest in another person.



"Give me a break, Your Honor. I had a great résumé until you came along."

He rang the bell outside May's gate and waited. Then he rang again. It was almost seven, but perhaps she wasn't home yet. Then he listened and thought he heard music and voices. He made out the strains of "Queen of the Silver Dollar" and a man's voice, insistent, droning, repeating a phrase over and over. He rang the bell again and this time heard footsteps. The door opened, and the gate.

"The music was so loud," May said, "but Roy thought he heard something." The music was still loud, and when Edward said, "I only rang twice," he had to raise his voice and repeat it. The second time, his words sounded demanding, almost whining. He didn't feel as jaunty as he had walking over. May's face looked different to him, more open, and her eyes looked brighter. It was possible that she was glad to see him but he didn't think that was it.

He followed her through the long hall into the apartment and saw a man sitting at the table where they'd eaten breakfast. The straw mats and red napkins had been shoved toward the wall. An ashtray filled with butts was on the table, as well as a worn address book, a passport molded into the form of a back pocket, coins of different sizes, greasy papers, and piles of beads. The man rose to greet Edward and stood half bent over, bobbing back and forth. He was dark, and his eyebrows grew all the way across his forehead.

He turned from Edward to May. "It's foolproof," he said. "Inside, you understand. You roll it up inside the newspaper. Mail it third class. Fourth class."

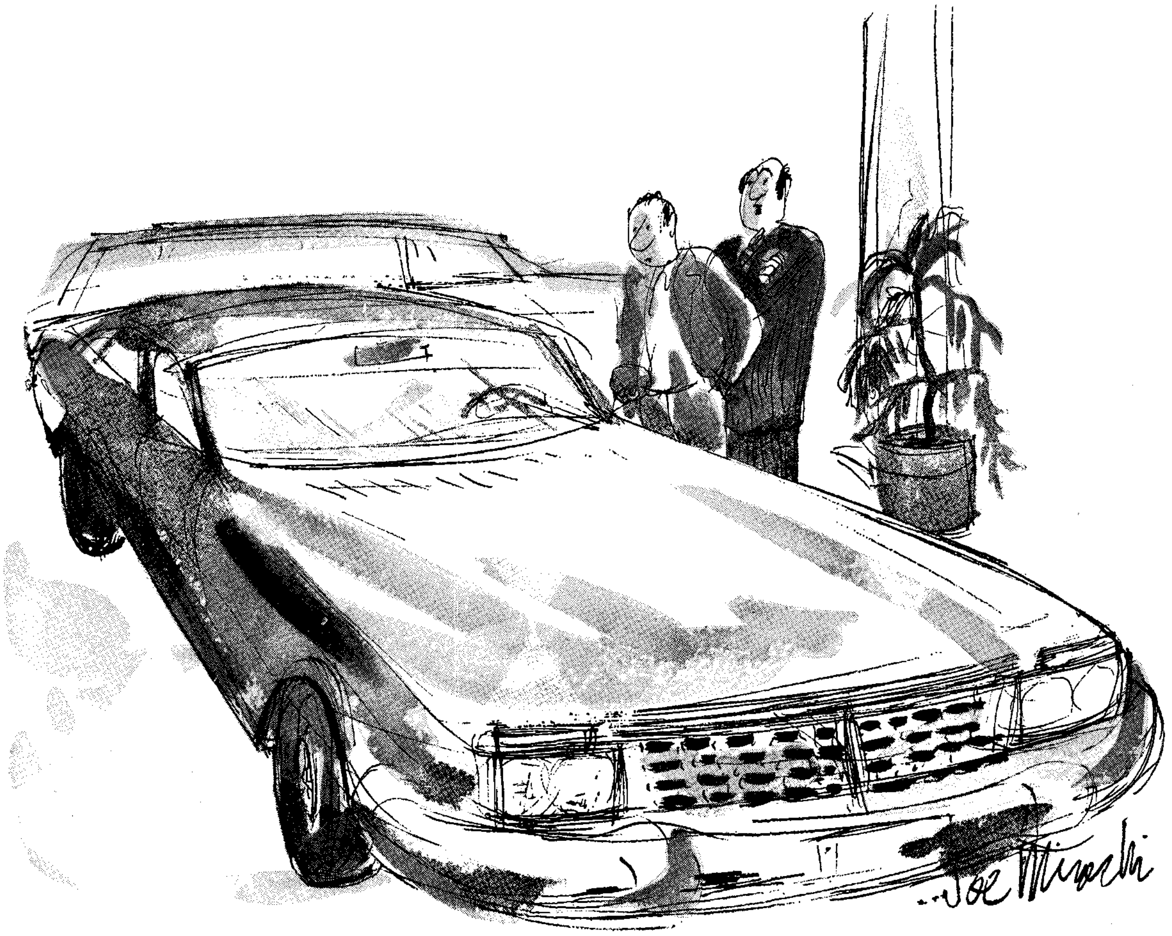
"Never mind," May said. "Nothing's that foolproof. This is Edward. Edward, this is my brother, Roy."

"The one with the pajamas," Edward said.

"What pajamas?" said Roy. "I never wear pajamas. I hate pajamas."

Before Edward could pursue the subject, May said, "Have a seat."

He sat and looked at Roy. Probably they weren't brother and sister the way he'd thought she meant, though why anyone would want to pretend to be Roy's sister Edward couldn't see. "How are you feeling?" May asked, and explained to Roy, "Edward's been



"This may be your last chance to acquire a superpowered, oversized, hyper-polluting gas guzzler. Don't blow it."

• •

a little sick for the last few days."

"That's right," Edward said. "She took me in."

Roy nodded.

"I don't know what I would have done. It was a piece of luck that she came along."

Roy nodded again, as if in profound agreement, and said, "I know, man."

Edward watched Roy bend over the pile of beads on the table. Roy began sorting them into piles of different sizes, shapes, and textures. Edward thought about the Russian Tea Room, and pictured himself, May, and Roy showing up there. He thought, No, we'd better skip it.

"You still don't look too good," May said. She squinted to see him better. "You'd better not eat any fancy food tonight." She spoke in her neutral way, as if she'd done her part and he was on his own again, as if the food didn't matter to her either way.

"I guess not," Edward said.

May selected a bead from a pile on the table and held it in her hand, palm up. "Look at this bead," she said. "Roy brought it back for me from Peru." The bead she showed Edward was clay, shaped like a yo-yo and incised with small signs he couldn't make out. It occurred to him then that—brother or not—Roy was a scavenger, a grave robber. He was sure of it. He looked around the apartment. The possessions there told him nothing about May, nothing that would prepare him for the brother with the beads. "How long have you had this apartment, May?" he asked.

"I don't know. A couple of months. The owners come back in another two months." She put the bead on the table and lit a cigarette. She was bored with him, Edward thought. She wanted to get rid of him so she could be with her Roy, who was also looking bored, staring at the table, moving his hands now and then to separate a bead from the herd. Edward could stay just to annoy them, but probably after a while they wouldn't notice if he was there or gone.

He stood and said, "I think I'll have a glass of water and go home." He waited for May to say something. The only thing he wanted from her was to find out why she had bothered to take him in at all, but probably the reason was that May did rely on the kindness of strangers—for apartments, for jobs, to take her home from bars if she looked sick.

In the kitchen, he opened one cabinet and then another, looking for a glass. He noticed on the shelf, around the glasses, a layer of pale-yellow powder. He saw a tin of cockroach poison and thought how the tin had probably been put in the cabinet by one stranger, knocked over later by another. Around the rim of the glass he held in his hand was a film of powder, like salt on a Margarita.

He put the glass in the sink and turned back to May and Roy. He should tell them about the poison, but maybe they knew. If they knew, maybe it was better not to say anything. They were talking softly, planning what they'd do once he was gone. He looked at them sitting across the table from one another. One second they looked benign, then mean; foolish, then calculating. If he could get to the door, everything would be fine. He said, "I guess I'll go now," and moved toward the hall.

They both looked at him, and May raised her hand to wave to him. "Bye," she said.

"Bye," he said. "Thanks for taking care of me."

"You weren't any trouble," she said, getting up from her chair. "Here. I'll let you out."

On the sidewalk, Edward listened to May locking the gate and the door, and he could hear footsteps returning to Roy and the table. It was nothing. She'd had no schemes or plans for him and the adventure was over, except that he still felt sick. As he started down the block toward Broadway, Edward thought he could see the first Monday of spring coming toward him.

—LAURA FURMAN

•

The utility's decision to route the line in unpopulated areas provoked the ire of some residents of those unpopulated areas.—*Ashland (Ore.) Daily Tidings.*

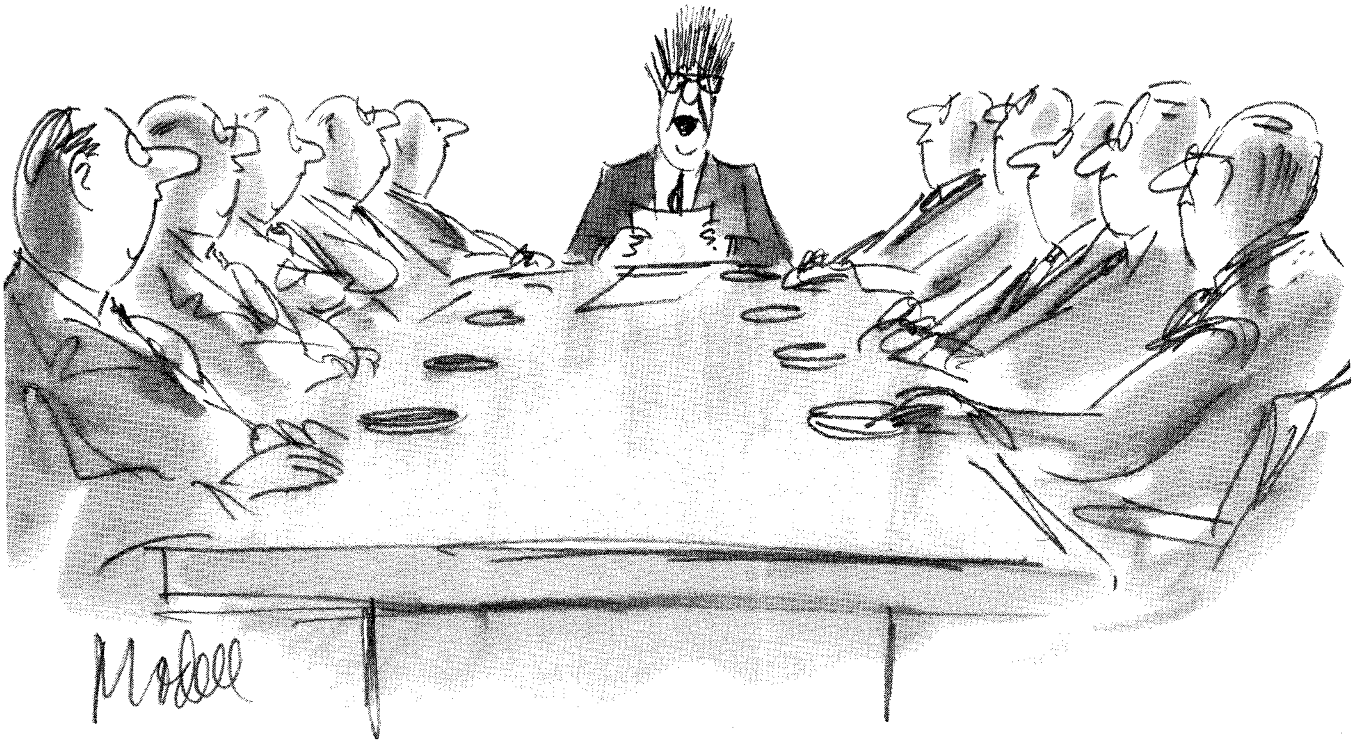
Bunch of crazy non-people, full of ire.

Feeling all at once imprisoned, I stalk for the door,
as I go closing my coat up. Three gin-and-tonics—
no, I never should have allowed myself to have them.
But the hell with it.
Go!—get out!—get through the blunt glass
and off into the incalculable darkness.
Sure enough: as I burst out, there it is—
freedom! freedom! freedom!

It seems I am going to explode out of my skin,
to shout! By some miracle, I keep my silence.
The lights are amazing and flashing—Fifth Avenue!
The cold is like being struck by a soprano bell:
clear, fine, trembling, penetrating.
An Irish policeman outside Canada House supports the dusk
like a dark column or pedestal.
Shuffling his slow black feet he looks at me warily.
Am I too happy, too feverish? Might I be the camouflage
for our next I.R.A. bomber? Shaking with careless excess,
I push my bike across the south corner
toward 53rd Street, past St. Thomas Church.
This morning three young French artists
had drawn in chalk near the staircase Delacroix's
portrait of a peasant girl. It is almost half walked-off now,
ragged in the sodium-vapor light mixed with late sun,
but somehow still thumping with life, like an angry heart.
Suddenly I look up and have
stepped into a furious cockpit of battling cacophonous music.
A bagpiper on the church steps is squawling "Scotland the Brave."
The clanless Highland vestment is Macspinningmill tartan.
"Help me get hame" says his sign. A boon he's been asking six months.
There's talk he lives on East 76th Street with a Neapolitan mother.
Tonight he will not have the street to himself.
Six yellow trucks across the way—
pasted prow to taffrail with signs—squall, screech,
swarmed about by crowds of little men in beards,
tieless shirts, black coats. The speakers jitter and skid,
throwing away horas between the Chassidic hymns.
It is the Lubavitcher bringing us messages from the Rebbe.
They inquire of every soul who passes,
"Are you Jewish?" They shout after us, "Wear phylacteries!
Observe dietary laws!" Shy little men with burning eyes,
they pop like skyrockets showering down on us with
flashing religious courage.
And straight ahead on the corner by the Tishman Building
the steel band won't give up: it hammers wildly, dexterously,
mellifluously, pouring out, over the already earthquake-torn ears
of our intersection, "Yellow Bird."
It is battered to fragments by horas,
diced in the knives of the pipe chanters,
shot down over the crossway by up-to-date piety.
Enough! I run to the corner, almost throw the bike
ahead of me into the street,
fling myself on it like a demon.
A taxi klaxons by, coughing in my ear. Get out!
Fly! from the hell of this music! fly! fly!
At the end of such a day, give me a wonderful gift!
It is given. It's as though a door closes—
silence—all the madness trapped in the intersection
turns in upon itself. Only a hundred feet away
a single violinist scratches at Bach arpeggios
under the beggar's arcade at the back of the church,
uninterrupted, watched over by one serious girl.
And the Museum of Modern Art on the right gleams and billows
like a wave of quiet illumination. Through the ground-floor window
Marilyn Monroe's enormous lips poise to eat
a nameless art student looking somewhere else in a timid beret.
And now up the left of the street advances that old beggar
who looks like Khrushchev. He bangs his vicious
steel cane upon the sidewalk like a shoe.
He pierces you with malevolent eyes, snarls.
"Hee!" he whines. "Hee!," jabbing his hand like a threat.
Now I'm gathering speed; everything begins to hurry into a blur,
the people in red, purple, yellow-green, violet
sew themselves along the quilt-strip of the sidewalk like checks.
My time of day! Excitement and events
bob in and out of windows like winking eyes!

Ahead, Sixth Avenue, and the hour
and the kind of weather that make me take a fierce breath.
The sky is full of clouds weighing hundreds of millions of tons,
overwhelming us like a wonderful painting.
Down southwest, vast new buildings glow with strange colors
like ice-colored blocks of honeycomb candy riddled with yellow bees.
Now they fall over toward me under the weight
of enormous lilac and puce cotton cumuli streaked with smoke,
and salmon edges sliding along between upper surfaces of hazy blue.
I put my hands up to protect my head.
I look out and nothing has moved—
and yet—don't I know absolutely everything has moved?

So it's all right. On! On! Across the street
fresh kitchen odors from the Hilton:
shrimp and cinnamon from this imitation New Orleans,
bay and thyme, garlic and parsley from that pretension of Paris,
and a smoky broiled steak from a mock Kansas City.
The kitchen ducts snuffle over the marquees like wet commercial noses.
I glare at the animal doctor's office across the way.
My wife stood there the other day shouting at the nurse,
who would not ask her boss to look at Peter's gerbil.
Poor thing, with a paw swollen the size of a raisin,
all the local blood stopped by a tangled thread.
What kind of vicious snobbery chooses pet cats over pet mice?
On the second floor above is a sign,
"Stairway to the Stars Bellydance Studio."
I imagine them practicing their Phrygian birth dances,
palpitating from shaking diaphragm to the splay of the groin,
bent over backwards like some antique climax,
an ancient Busby Berkeley musical improvidence
with thousands of finger gongs tingle-ringing,
thousands of stars in galaxies ascending
out of silver quiverings up into the black empyrean.
Where are they now?



"I have before me, gentlemen, some figures that may shock you, as they did me."

• •

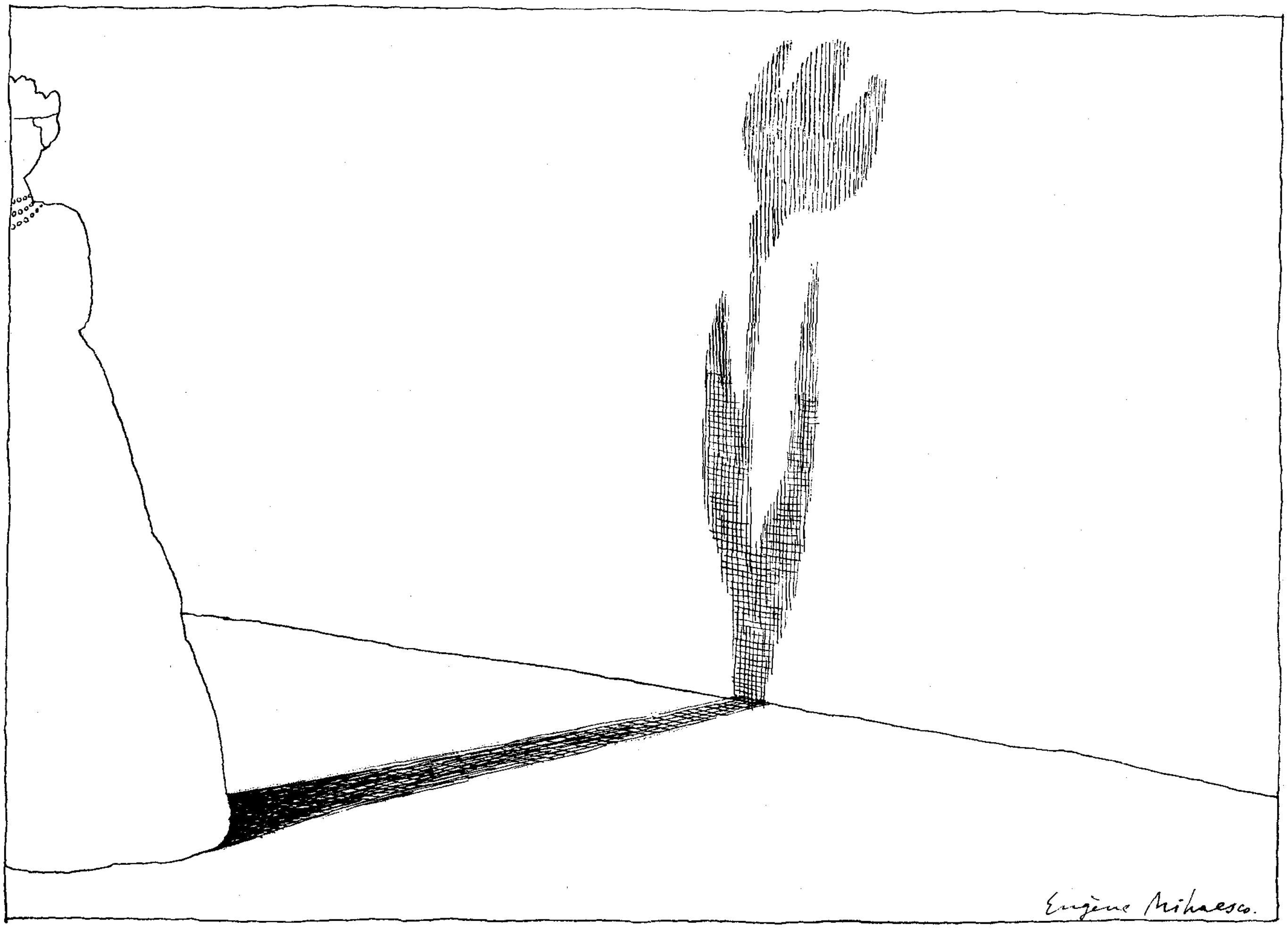
I am buffeted by the wind past the Americana Hotel.
I wave to the doorman of the old CBS building.
Proving his manhood, he sneers back.
Why is it I am slowly encroached upon by I don't know
what?
The immense trenches of something going to happen
are about to swallow me.
It's after six, I go home like this every day, but still
my heart pounds like a riot policeman's feet, rapidly,
gloomily.
By the side of Roseland stands the old black man
I see here often slapping his tennis ball
off the back of the Dance Palace,
catching it again on his worn racquet through the weft of
traffic.
His T-shirt says "Old Men Need Love Too."
He holds back his arm till I've passed by.
Thank you! I shake my head to drive away the fear
that relentlessly extends its wires.
Eighth Avenue at 6:15, and traffic like Ney's final
cavalry charge at Waterloo. Stupid, enormous, brutal,
meaningless—you can almost see the empty-headed marshal
whacking the brass guns with the furious butt of his sword.
And now I know something *is* happening. From across the
boulevard
it catches my ear and eye.
Underneath bilious street lights some vast mob
is pouring out of the church in the center of the block,
each carrying a vespers candle.
And over them the sky has poured closer
as the buildings droop, against a half-darkness
of invisible sunset in front of which the clouds
dip and rise, stately, like great black-and-orange whales
spuming with anger.
Beyond the choir and the escort of police cars
I hear a flapping torn screaming,
a red banner of fire sirens and police cars
pasting together toward me across the extremities of sound.
What's happening? Is the Last Judgment arriving?
On a ragged spring evening when we know it's impossible
to put up with one more day of the old winter's ugliness?
No! No!—I get down, I hurry my bicycle
along past the army of illuminated penitents.
I drift beside them watching, presided over
by a sky full of brooding, distant, frightened wails.
Their soft faces over the candles are peaceful,
even earnestly fatuous, overborne with importance and
duty.
"What we are doing"—they shine—"is so
very urgently necessary for this city—for us!"

But now I hurry past them
to the place where there are sounds of everything burning up
and thieves coming through all the windows.
Vast rivers of candles are turning north.
I wait, biting my lip as they pass by to the last baby.
I catapult my imagination
to the front of the Bodega Garcia,
where twenty-five of my neighbors wait quietly
standing on the sidewalk with beer cans.
It's cocktail hour.
Frantically I urge them, Look up at the windows of my
house!
Find out what's happening!
Is everyone there broken on the floor?
Is my kitchen crammed with policemen
looking at cut throats? Or are they— Is everyone gone?
Snatched away to Little Neck or Patchogue?
"Wait! Wait! Christ, don't go, even if you are dying,
wait for me! I'm coming, I want to go, too!"
My heart crowded with catastrophes, I vault across,
half running, half riding,
thick with foreboding and excitement,
pick up my bicycle and stumble up the stairs,
face full of tears.

—ANDREW GLAZE

PROFILES

THE ELDER DAUGHTER—I

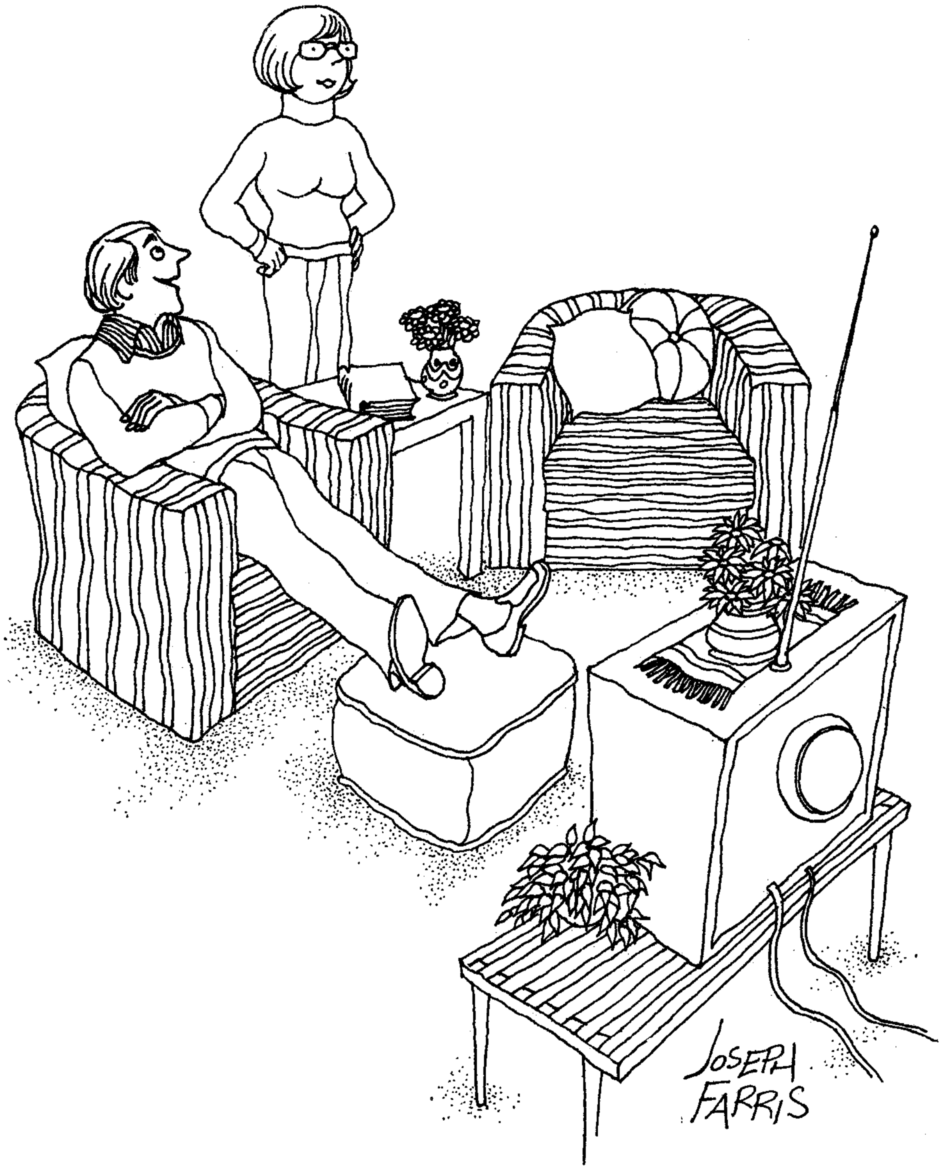


GREEN and pleasant downland, high in Berkshire, on a frosty spring morning. Long grass tinged with white, and white clouds of breath pulsing from the horses' nostrils as they come fast down the practice gallops, a pair of yearlings, one black, one chestnut, their jockeys urging but not particularly pressing them, soon letting them ease up and turn back, pace gently toward the three people who have been standing attentively by a Land-Rover: the trainer, Major Dick Hern; the racing manager, Lord Porchester; and the owner of the horses, a small woman of fifty, with bright, almost sapphire-blue eyes, wearing a sheepskin jacket, tweed skirt, and muddy boots, her cheeks glowing from good health and pleasure. She says, "The chestnut's got a good action, hasn't he?" and her companions agree, not so much out of deference (she is the Queen of England) as because she is an accurate observer and a knowledgeable breeder of race horses, and in the last few years has risen to the top of the British list of winning owner-breeders. She looks around, as if to hang on to the scene a little longer, before she gets into the Land-Rover to go back via Windsor to London—back to work.

"A lovely complexion," her grandmother Queen Mary wrote in her diary on the day her son Bertie's first child was born, by the Caesarean method, in 1926. Her grandfather George V approved of the name Elizabeth, which hadn't been used in the British Royal Family for many years. Just then, there was not much thought that the baby—who cried normally as the Archbishop of York, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, christened her Elizabeth Alexandra Mary—would become the sixth Queen Regnant of England (that is, ruling in her own right, not a queen who is merely the consort of a king), and the second to bear the name Elizabeth. Her father's elder brother, David, was first in line of succession to the throne. Although not as yet displaying much inclination for it, he, the Prince of Wales, would presumably one day settle down, marry, and have an heir. Besides, her father and mother might well have other children, among them a son. But as it turned out they had only one other child, a second daughter. And Uncle David, who preferred already married women, went to a country weekend where Lady Furness, whom he was courting, introduced him to Wallis Simpson, a twice-divorced American, with whom he fell in love. For her he gave up the throne, which he had held, uncrowned, for a year as Edward VIII—leaving it to his brother Bertie, who gave up that name and much else when he succeeded as George VI. Uncle David lived on, as Duke of Windsor, until 1972. George VI died, worn out, in 1952, aged fifty-six.

Thus she was twenty-five when she became Elizabeth II, sixty-third monarch of the British line—a list that can be traced back to Egbert of Wessex, the regional warlord who brought the whole of England under his rule in 827, and that has included all sorts: weaklings and heroes, saints and murderers, dunderheads and people of genius. It is the oldest reigning royal house in Europe. (Of such houses, only seven remain. The First World War accounted for four emperors and six kings. The Second World War eliminated four more kings; Constantine of Greece has gone since.) The monarchy is the oldest secular institution in Britain—founded before Parliament or the law courts—and it provides British schoolchildren with a splendid framework for remembering their history. However, it hasn't been a direct run. Relatives have arrived from overseas, invitation in one hand, sword in the other—like Williams I and III. The monarchy was abolished for eleven years in the seventeenth century, during Cromwell's republic, and was restored first to the Stuarts and then to the Hanoverians. One constitutional authority, Sir Ivor Jennings, says that there are probably living descendants of James I more directly connected to that king than is the present Queen. Another expert in the field, Sir Charles Petrie, says, "The Stuart blood in her veins is so thin . . . it can be ignored." As for the blood of Hanover, what Sir Charles calls its "dull, sadistic" characteristics seem to have worked themselves out. Yet she has plenty of Coburg genes—the scions of that house, according to Petrie, tend to be "unimaginative but extremely conscientious" and late in maturing. Genealogists delight in making other, less blue-blooded connections for George III's great-great-great-great granddaughter. She is said to be the closest living relative—sixth cousin twice removed—of George Washington. She is descended from commoners named Mary Browne, Joseph Grimstead, and John Bowes, owner of four Derby winners. Robert Graves, visiting Buckingham Palace, her London home, in 1968 to receive the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry, told her that both he and she were descended from the Prophet Muhammad. The fact is that she is head of the Church of England, and as queen she is not allowed to belong to, or marry anyone belonging to, a non-Protestant religion. Defender of the Faith is one of her long list of titles, which also includes Lord High Admiral, Head of the Commonwealth, Colonel-in-Chief of some forty regiments and Army corps, Duke of Lancaster, Lord of Man, and Master of the British Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets. (Long before women's lib, the monarchy decided there was no need to change the style of such titles if their holder happened to be a woman.) Being the sovereign, she has two birthdays: an actual anniversary, on April 21st, and an official one—this year on June 11th—when the color is trooped and guns are fired, rattling windows and sending pigeons into the air all over central London.

The Queen does not have a passport, though all British passports are issued in her name. She cannot personally be sued; British justice is dispensed in her name. She does not pay taxes or death duties. The dark-maroon Rolls-Royces in which she rides on official occasions do not have license plates. In the nineteenth century, coal for the engine of the royal train was sometimes whitewashed, and now, when she flies, special flight paths called purple airways are marked out, and other planes are kept ten miles away from them. Every Sunday, congregations in British churches pray for her well-being. From Buckingham Palace, she can look out over Green Park and the even more vivid green of St. James's Park; she can see the skyline from the Hilton in Park Lane to Big Ben, at her Palace of Westminster, where Parliament sits. Yet she has no vote and is not allowed to enter the House of Commons when it is in session. She hears a great deal of band music, including "Men of Harlech," the "Colonel Bogey March," and the "British Grenadiers," as the guard is changed, daily in summer and nowadays, for manpower reasons, every other day in winter, in the Palace forecourt, while the Palace staff members whistle the same tunes or tap their feet in time. Ceremonial of all kinds tends to summon up her name—elderly members toast her at club dinners—but she is already in the back of people's minds more, perhaps, than anyone else outside their families. The thought of her is prompted by numerous occasions and functions, and by allusions in anthems, hymns, and nursery rhymes. A. A. Milne got the mixture (wonder at the ceremony, sympathy for the person) just about right in his rhyme "They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—/ Christopher Robin went down with Alice./ They've

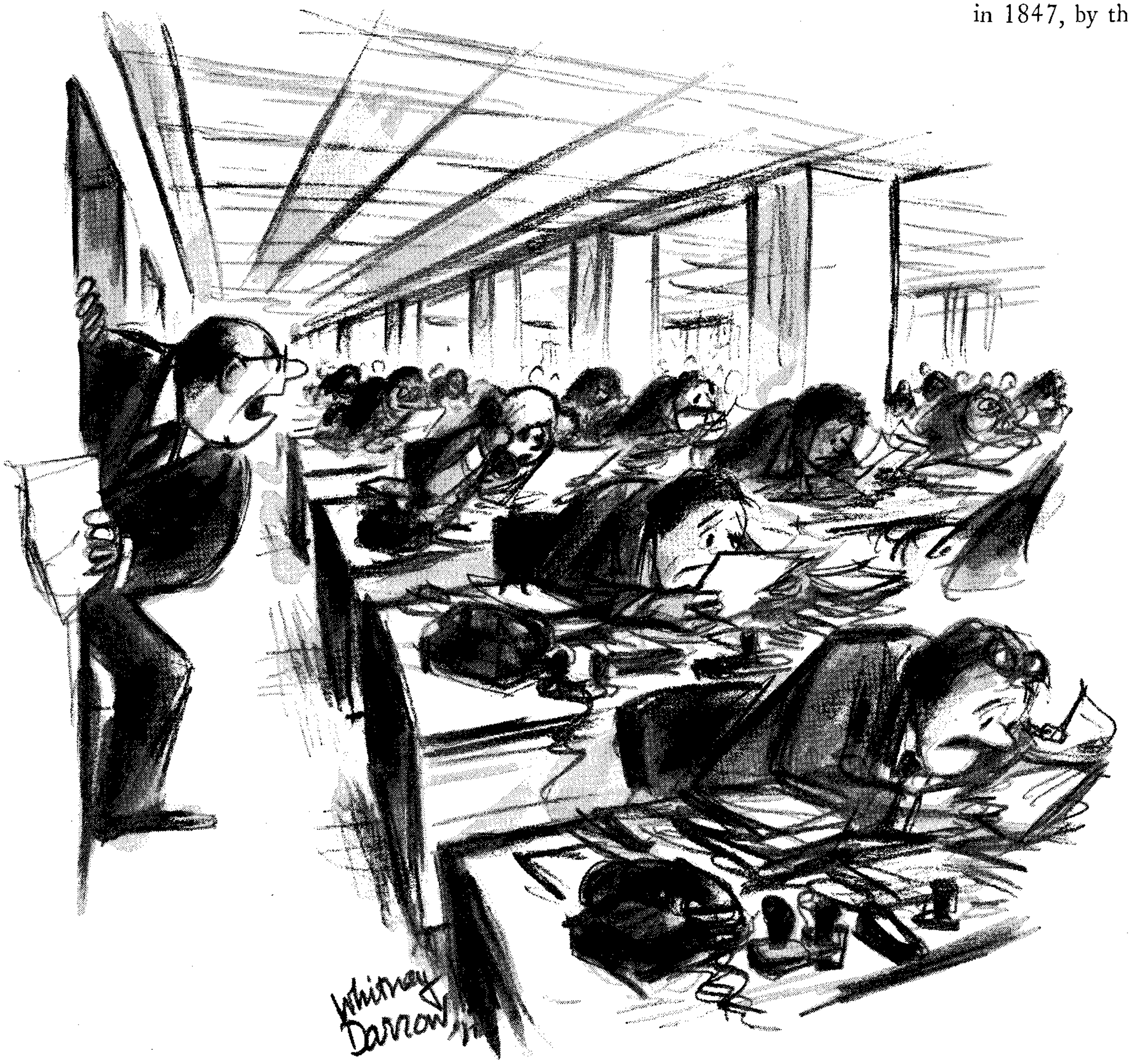


"Do you realize I've watched all fifteen thousand three hundred and sixty minutes of 'Sixty Minutes'?"

great big parties inside the grounds./ 'I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,'/ Says Alice"—doubtless daunted by the idea that the job would be hard work. As it is. The Queen smiles at, shakes hands with, and speaks to more strangers than anyone else in the world.

EVERY morning, a crowd stretches along the thick black iron railings with gilded tops that surround the huge forecourt of Buckingham Palace. People are there in all weathers, and even when the Queen is not in residence (the red, blue, and gold Royal Standard not flying from the flagpole above the Palace East Front), looking at every vehicle going through the gates in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. She, in turn, often glimpses them from the upstairs windows as they stand peering through the railings. She recognizes old familiars, who are often there at the same time daily, and when they don't turn up she wonders if something has happened to them. It took her a while to get used to living in Buckingham Palace. It is the largest house in Britain, with roughly six hundred rooms. (Those counting tend to disagree about whether or not some smaller rooms should be called closets.) As a child, she lived mostly at 145 Piccadilly, a tall, unostentatious town house on one of the busiest streets in London, with her parents, then the Duke and Duchess of York. But sometimes her grandmother Queen Mary would take her around the Palace state apartments, showing her objects like the chest of drawers from Louis XVI's study at Versailles or an occasional table that belonged to Napoleon. When—aged ten—she heard that she was going to live in this vast museum now that her father had become King, she said, "Do you mean forever?" She asked if a tunnel could be dug under Green Park, from the Palace to 145 Piccadilly, so that she could go home at night. The private quarters in the Palace North Front struck the new arrivals as grand and sunless; wind moaned in a hundred chimneys; it was a long walk to anywhere in the building, arranged as four sides, or "fronts," around a quadrangle. She lived there until her marriage, eleven years later. In 1952, when her father died and she suddenly had to assume what people sometimes call, accurately, the burden of the Crown, she wanted to go on living with her husband, Philip, in Clarence House, a few hundred yards down the Mall, and come daily to the Palace to work. But the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, gave no encouragement to this idea. It was back to life behind the railings.

In time, of course, those who live in it may acquire an admiration, if not a fondness, for this great ugly pile—which John Nash planned for George IV as a pied-à-terre, and which nearly received the more jaunty name of Pimlico Palace, after the neighboring area of London. The Palace replaced an early-eighteenth-century mansion, built for the Duke of Buckingham, and later used as a family home by George III. Nash enlarged the Duke's old house, while retaining its shell and some of its ground plan. It was expanded again for Queen Victoria, in 1847, by the addition of the massive East Front, which in 1913 was forbiddingly corseted with gray Portland stone. Somewhere under the East Front flows the Tyburn, one of London's many buried rivers. The forty-acre garden, on the west side, behind the Palace, is the largest in London, with a chamomile lawn, an avenue of Indian chestnuts, a lake with flamingos, and a black-mulberry tree planted in 1609—a survivor of James I's attempt to start silk cultivation in England. Within the Palace, grandeur has been laid on thickly with the plasterer's trowel and the gilder's brush, and with mirrored doors, velvet draperies, red carpets, marble staircases, and bronze balustrades. "Supremely English," says the architectural historian Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, though these heights of vulgar splendor have rarely been attained elsewhere in England—at least in


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

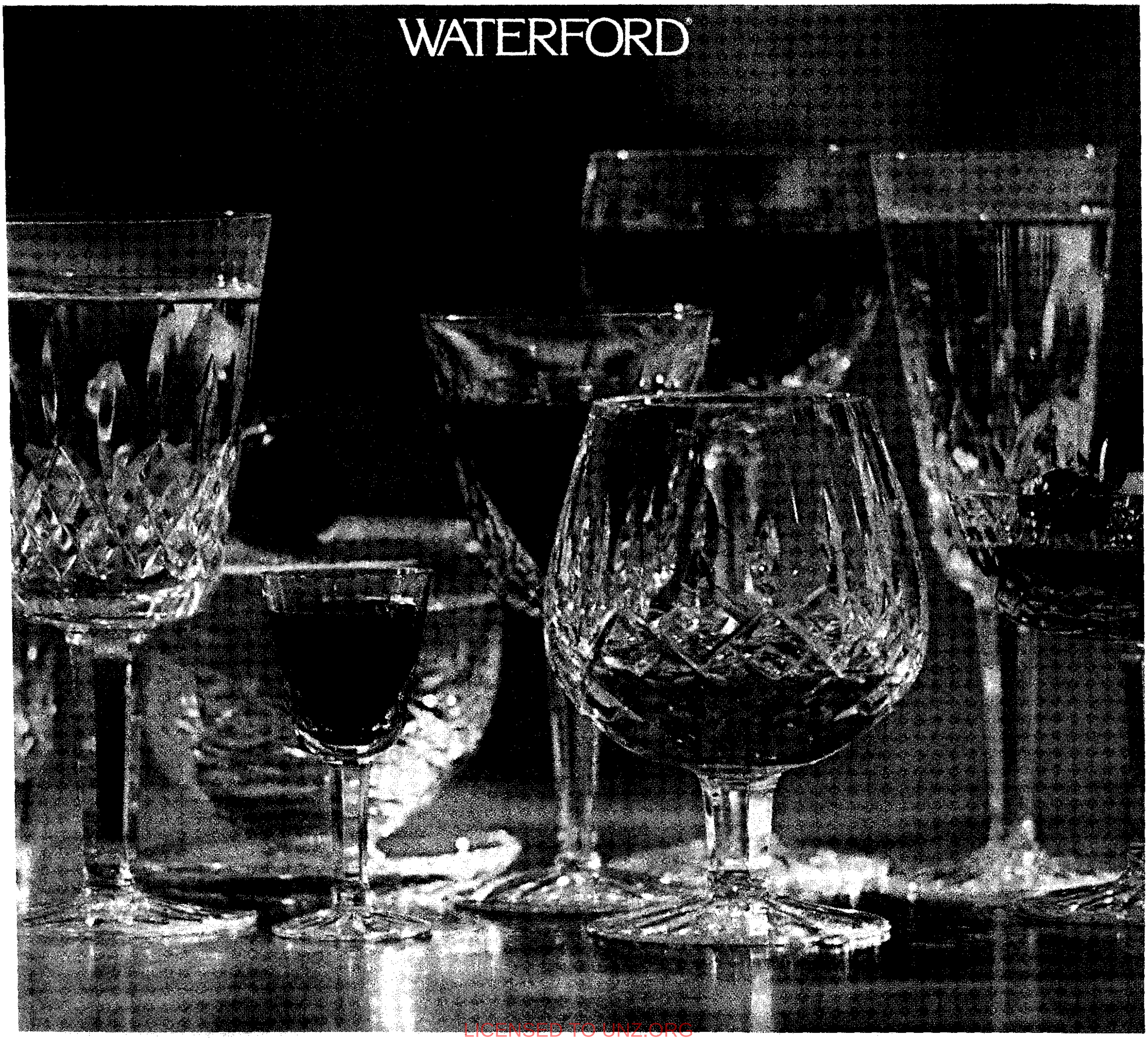
"Faster!"

MAN LIVES
NOT BY WATER
ALONE.

What would you pour into this legendary Waterford crystal? Think of a drink. To the hundred most interesting ideas that arrive before June 1, 1977, we'll send 4 Waterford goblets. Write to: Waterford Drink Ideas, P.O. Drawer 350, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067

(We reserve the right to publish all entries.)

Photo: Pesin



IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 52 PROOF

Vandermint isn't good because it's imported.
It's imported because it's good.

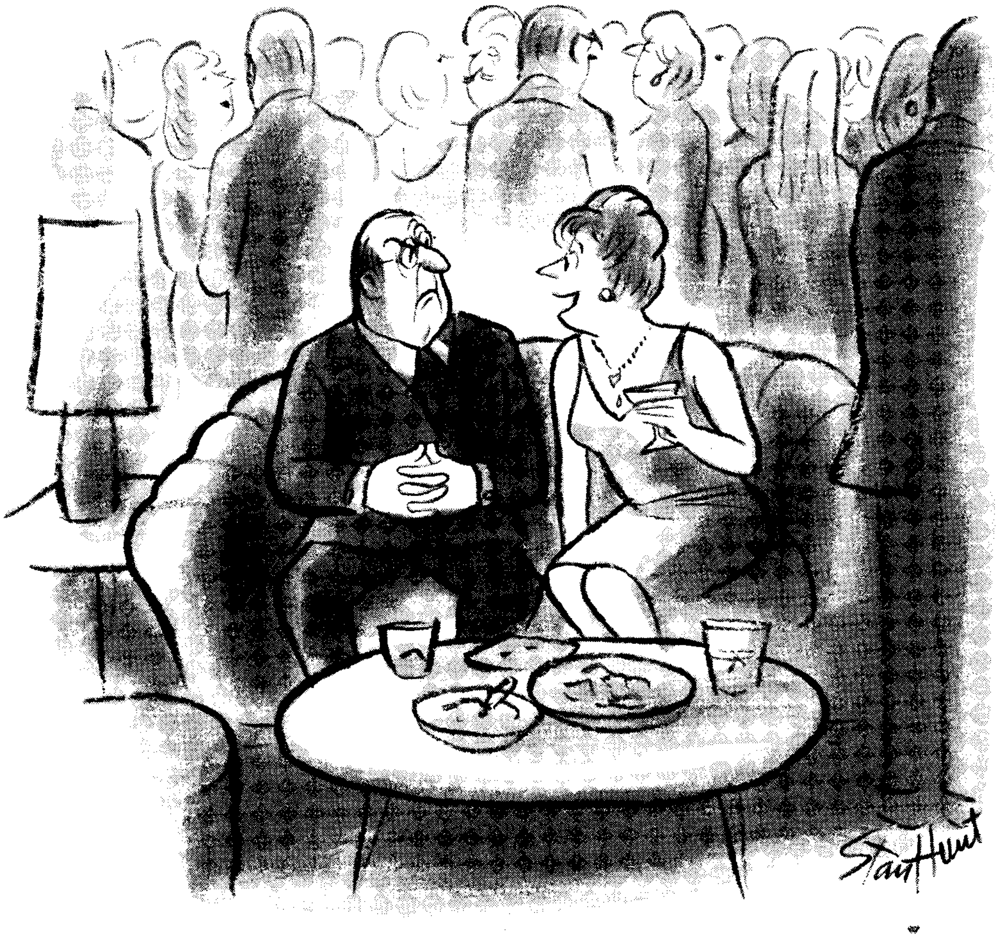
The minted chocolate liqueur from Holland.

this more timid century. The Palace contains built-in curiosities, like the secret door, disguised as an ebony cabinet and mirror, that connects the White Drawing Room with the Royal Closet (a small chamber where the Royal Family are likely to gather on state occasions before joining their guests), and some recent improvements, like the squash court and the swimming pool. Until his death, a room was kept as a London office for the Duke of Windsor. There is now one main kitchen (there used to be two—one staff, one royal), and it is a quarter of a mile by corridor and dumbwaiter from the royal private table. A kitchenette has been installed next to the family dining room for heating things up and making omelettes and soufflés. The Queen and her family (who enjoy very good health despite this diet of warmed-up food) inhabit twenty rooms in the North Front, first floor, facing Constitution Hill—a road that is just about flat—beyond the Palace garden wall. Anyone walking along Constitution Hill at 9 A.M. on a morning when the Queen is in residence may hear the affecting strain of bagpipes. Following the practice begun by Queen Victoria, the Queen has a pipe major squeeze the pipes each morning while she breakfasts.

Eleanor Roosevelt, visiting in 1942, was impressed by the fact that the Palace, like the rest of Britain, was without heat, and the food, though served on gold plate, betrayed its heavily rationed origins. Now the Palace is centrally heated with gas from Britain's fields in the North Sea, and, though last winter the thermostats were turned down there, as elsewhere in Britain, Palace hospitality was sumptuous; British ambassadors abroad are frequently nudged for invitations to come and stay. Thirty-eight foreign heads of state have made state visits since the Queen has been on the throne, and have lodged either in the Palace or in Windsor Castle, which has been a royal home since the eleventh century. At the Palace, they are usually installed in the Belgian Suite, a ground-floor set of five rooms facing the garden, named after King Leopold I of the Belgians, Queen Victoria's uncle. A recent guest in the Belgian Suite was President Mobutu, of Zaïre, once the Belgian Congo and before that King Leopold II's private domain. For President de Gaulle, who couldn't be expected to take great pleasure in these Belgian connections, the suite was hung with French paintings from the royal collection, which owes much to the acquisitive talents of the Stuarts and Georges III and IV, and could provide masterpieces for the delight of most European heads of state. When President Theodor Heuss, of West Germany, wondered why no Holbeins were to be seen at the Palace, twenty or so were brought up from Windsor the next day, along with an assortment of Dürers and Cranachs.

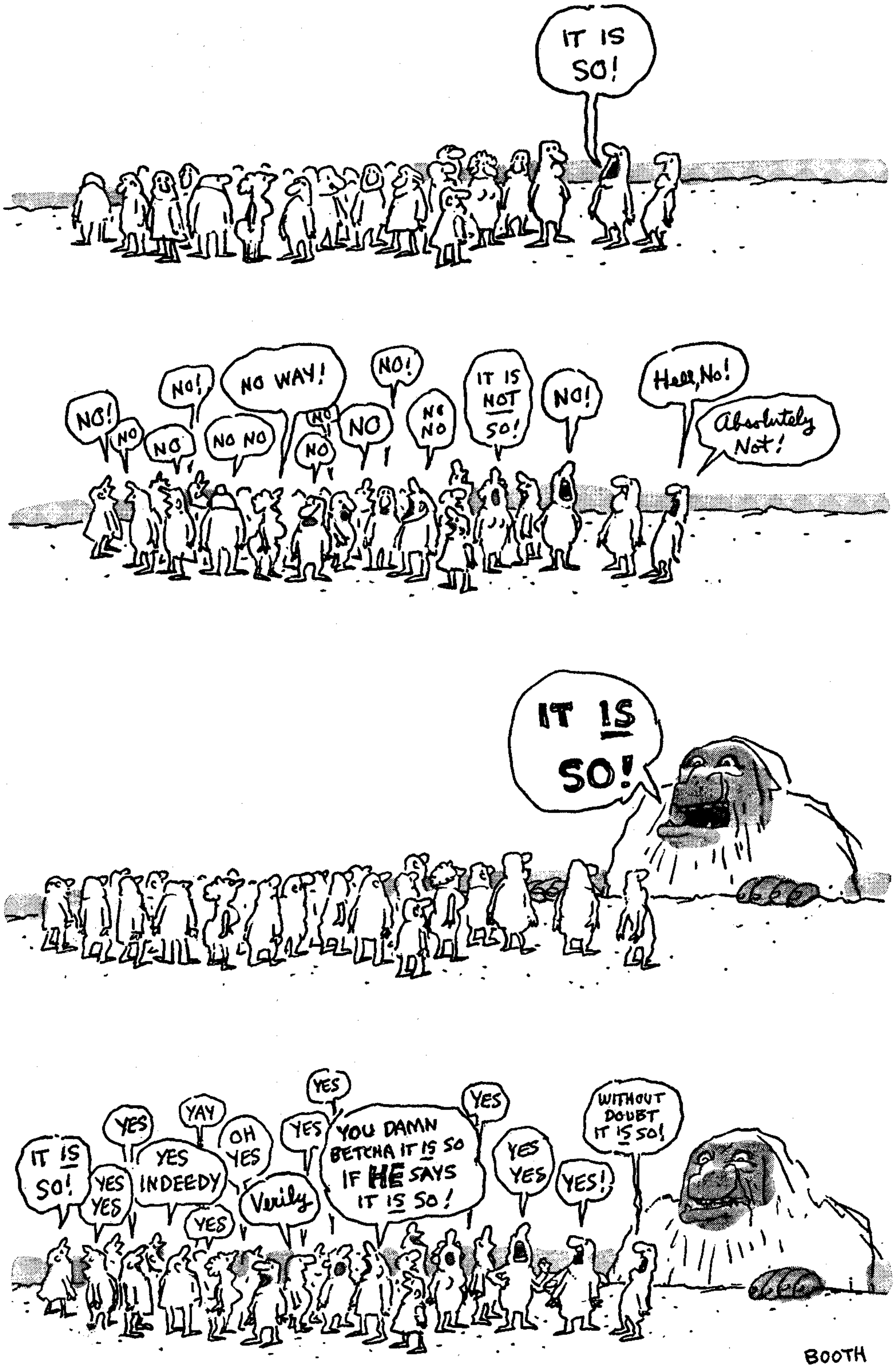
In running her household, the Queen is kept busy making choices. The silver pantry occupies seven basement rooms, where polishers in baize aprons keep a shine on cutlery and plate. There are eighteen dozen teaspoons in the fiddle-and-shell pattern alone, with four dozen egg spoons and thirty eggcups to match. The gold dinner service is actually silver gilt (solid silver plated with gold), because solid gold doesn't stand up in use and lacks, believe it or not, glitter. The Queen has one of the world's finest collections of Sèvres porcelain and is particularly fond of a 1768 blue-and-gold tea service some of the Rothschilds gave her for a wedding present. Among other Palace collections are three hundred clocks; an immensely valuable collection of stamps, which her father and grandfather used to spend one afternoon a week with; and a poignant assortment of cigarette cases given to her father, a heavy smoker, by municipalities and organizations he visited—a collection that can only remind those who look at it of his lung operation and his relatively early death. However, visitors to the Palace, wandering along a grandiose corridor, have often been cheered by hearing children yell, or by seeing, at the foot of the stairs by the family's garden door, a collection of footballs, bicycles, Frisbees, and Wellington boots.

Still, a palace is not a home. Prince Philip says, "It's like living over the shop." The shop in this case is, in most respects, a busy government department housed in a grand hotel. Upstairs, rooms are full of clerks and typists, and much of the ground floor is occupied by the ornate offices of Household officials—such as Private Secretaries, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, and the Lord Chamberlain and his men—who manage the Queen's business, arrange royal functions, look after royal finance, and preserve her privacy. "Downstairs"—partly on the ground floor and partly in the basement—is a world apart, the sphere of Staff rather than Household (although members of the two forces might on occasion swim alongside one another in the Palace in-



"You're an instant charmer, Mr. Bremerton."

door pool), and is looked after by the Palace Steward and the Chief Housekeeper. They supervise roughly two hundred footmen, pages, housemaids, linen maids, basement maids, chefs, kitchen help, messengers, and the nicely named "daily ladies." The Staff is unionized and elects shop stewards. Many of the Palace telephone operators are late-middle-aged men who don't need to think twice when the Queen Mother phones and wants to speak to the Queen. Putting the call through, they say, "Your Majesty, Her Majesty's calling." (The Assistant Keeper of the Queen's Archives, a responsible historian stationed at Windsor, is referred to when people ring up to ask, as they often do, such questions as "What did George III die of?") In the Royal Mews, at the southwest corner of the Palace, men look after the horses (ten grays and twenty bays) and carriages, and polish the George-and-the-Dragon mascots that screw on top of the Rolls-Royce radiators. Members of the Household and Staff sign, when they are taken on, an agreement not to divulge private information they may come by because of the nature of their jobs—thereby, it is hoped, lessening the temptations that may be put in their way by women's magazines and the notorious British Sunday papers. Those members of the Staff who serve discreetly for twenty years are eligible to receive a Long and Faithful Service Medal.



Apart from those who work at the Palace every day, the Household includes many who are retained for occasional ceremonial, but sometimes exacting, duties. Job satisfaction is perhaps increased by such splendid titles as Gold Stick, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Mistress of the Robes, and Master of the Horse. Nine Ladies-in-Waiting serve on a rota, taking turns to write letters for the Queen, do her shopping, and accompany her on official trips. Various clerics are honored with the title of Chaplain to the Queen but rarely have to preach a sermon in front of her. Her medical household includes dentists, gynecologists, oculists, homeopathic physicians, apothecaries, and a coroner. Sir John Peel, formerly the Queen's gynecologist, said not long ago that women should have their babies in hospitals rather than—a current fashion—at home; the Queen had all four of hers at the Palace. (Some doctors say that the Royal Family, traditionally honoring senior medical men with its patronage, doesn't necessarily get the keenest, most up-to-date attention.) The Queen owns all unmarked and unpinioned mute swans in the British Isles, and the Keeper of the Queen's Swans supervises an annual roundup, or swan-upping, on the River Thames. (This somewhat random reckoning suggests that the number of her swans is increasing.) The Poet Laureate is paid seventy pounds per annum plus many half bottles of Bollinger in lieu of the ancient stipend of a tierce of canary wine—a fee that doesn't inhibit the incumbent, Sir John Betjeman, from writing marvellous non-royal verse, making excellent television films, and being himself. His last kit of laureate work was writing the rather ordinary words for a Jubilee hymn in February.

The Laureate's post has fortunately not been threatened by two recent management studies on the running of the Queen's Household—one conducted by government Treasury officials, the other by Sir Basil Smallpeice, an industrialist and administrative adviser to the Queen. The total number employed at the Palace is smaller than when she came to the throne—reduced from four hundred and twenty-one full-time workers to three hundred and

A WAGON BUILT TO CARRY CARGO MORE PRECIOUS THAN GROCERIES.

Any station wagon can take a load of stuff from one place to another.

The Volvo wagon, on the other hand, was designed to take a load off your mind as a parent.

Volvo realizes, for example, that it's impossible to keep both eyes on the road if you have to keep one eye on the back seat.

So to keep the kids in place, we provide you with things like child-proof door locks on *all* the rear doors. Including the back one.

And to virtually guarantee that you can focus your attention on the road at all times, we give you defrosters for the front side windows, and the rear window comes with its own wiper, washer, and defroster.

On the road, the first thing you'll notice is how quickly our overhead cam engine can put trouble behind you. Should trouble appear ahead, you'll appreciate the way our rack and pinion steering can help you steer clear of it. And the way our four-wheel power disc brakes can stop you short of it.

In spite of all these precautions, we realize that accidents do happen. So we've planned for the unplanned.

Where many wagons may feature a front end designed to impress the neighbors, the Volvo wagon features a front end designed to help absorb the impact of a collision.

Our passenger compartment is surrounded by a protective steel cage.

Our doors have steel tubes running through their insides for added protection, instead of imitation wood running down their outsides for frivolous decoration.

There's also a padded dashboard. A collapsible steering wheel. A gas tank designed not to rupture in a rear end collision.

Look at it this way.

There's finally a wagon that shows as much concern for your children as you do.

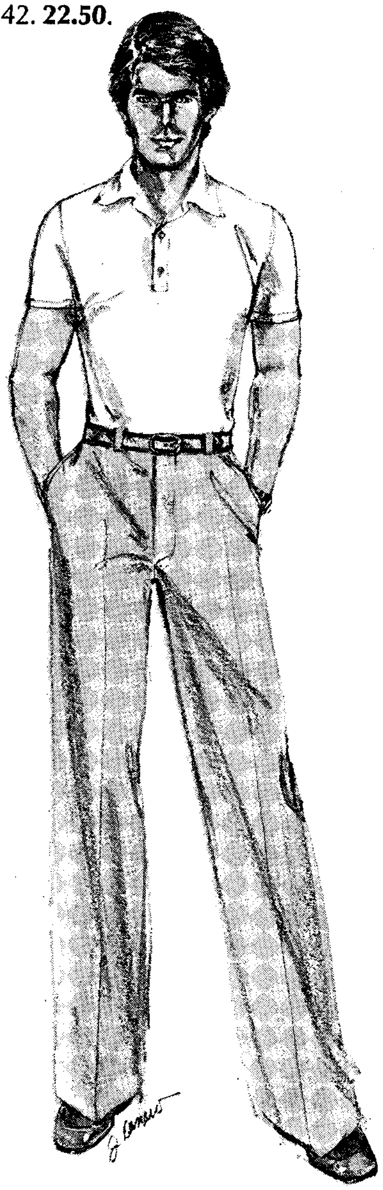
VOLVO

The car for people who think.

ROOF RACK OPTIONAL. © 1977 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

the sports slack

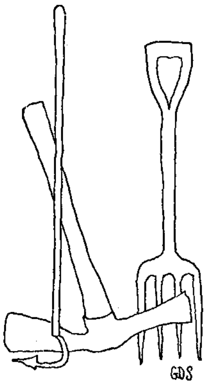
Styled for "the Abercrombie man" in six great colors and ready for golf or travel in carefree polyester/cotton. Bright green, maize, denim blue, denim rose, navy or tan. Sizes 32-42. **22.50.**



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

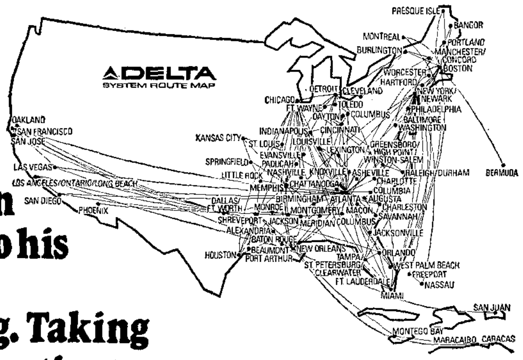
Add sales tax, add 1.50 ($2 beyond UPS). Call anytime (212) 682-0900. Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York; Chicago; Oakbrook, Ill.; Short Hills, N.J.; San Francisco; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Troy, Mich.; Colorado Springs.

seventy-five, with the number of part-time employees running fairly constant at around a hundred. Some observers in Britain complain about the type of men ("tweedy, toffee-nosed courtiers" was one description) who manage the Queen's affairs—men of upright bearing, with firm gazes, trim mustaches, and a background of Eton, Sandhurst, and a fashionable regiment. But apart from the fact that in recent years this sort of chap has been joined by men who have been educated at grammar schools and universities, have come from Commonwealth countries, and previously worked in the Civil Service or for the BBC, there seems to be little doubt that her courtiers run a very tight ship. Sir Basil Smallpeice concluded that the cost of cleaning the Palace had been kept far below the cost of cleaning an equivalent floor space of office or factory. The Palace has to pay customs and excise duties, like any other British consumer of wines and spirits, and the cost of Palace drinking has doubled in the last ten years. However, the expense of the Royal Cellars in 1965 (six thousand two hundred and seventy-five pounds) was less than it was in the fiscal year November, 1299, to November, 1300, when the King's Butler to the Court of Edward I spent six thousand nine hundred and thirty-four pounds. That year perhaps encouraged end-of-the-century feelings of doom, which had to be drowned, but the pound then was worth a whopping amount more.



The Queen is hostess to a great number and variety of people at the Palace in the course of a year. Every summer, she gives three huge garden parties, to each of which come roughly eight thousand guests—including welfare workers, librarians, company managers, trade unionists, magistrates, doctors, civil servants, athletes. Most of them may not even see the Queen, although there is a good deal of polite shoving and pushing to get into a position to do so. A few are chosen for a chat with her or other members of the Royal Family. Guests munch sandwiches provided by J. Lyons, the London Horn & Hardart, and are given the hint that it is time to go home when the bands, at 6 P.M., play the national anthem, "God Save the Queen." She also gives an annual reception for the diplomatic corps, who turn up fifteen hundred strong, and throws large parties for the likes of show-business people, at which some of the supposedly fusty members of her Household may unbend and have even been known to get somewhat unbuckled. The Queen's glass often contains water. She presides not only at state dinners for statesmen but at less formal meals. A Methodist church leader who criticized her racegoing was invited to lunch not long afterward. Major Yuri Gagarin, the Soviet astronaut, also came to lunch, Billy Graham to tea, and Henry Moore, the sculptor, to dinner. Dame Flora Robson, the actress, said afterward that conversation at the Palace lunch table the day she was there touched on beards, hypnotism, and how one adjusted to being blind. The Queen Mother says that her daughter—a capable hostess—can carry on a sparkling conversation about changing sparkplugs, if need be.

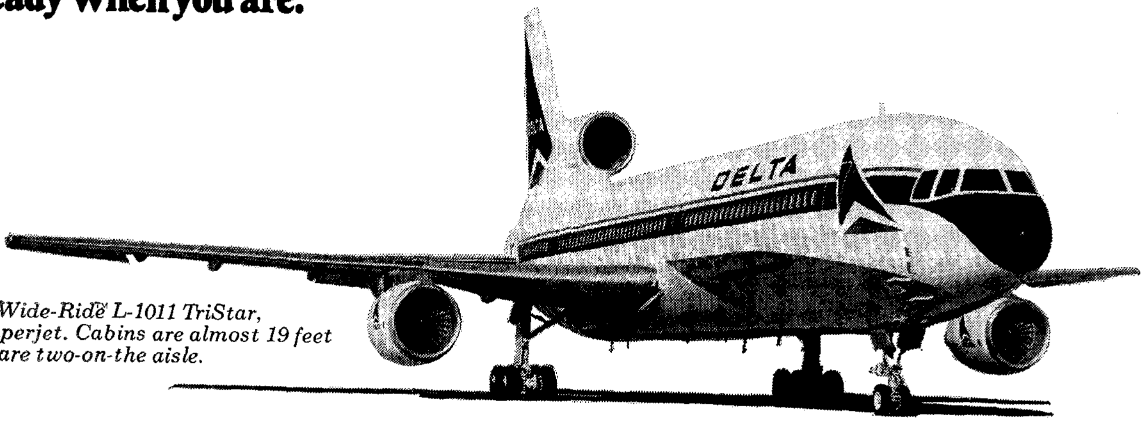
It isn't just to eat and drink that people come to the Palace. The Queen gives several audiences almost every day to ambassadors arriving and (as tradition has it) presenting their credentials at the Court of St. James's—though the Stuart and Hanoverian headquarters of St. James's Palace, along the Mall, now contains royal offices and apartments for Windsor family relatives. British ministers come to "kiss hands" on their appointment to office, and are sometimes disappointed—as Harold Wilson was when he became Prime Minister for the first time, in 1964—to find that no actual kissing takes place. A Palace official recently totted up the number of people who come to the Palace every year and found the figure to be roughly a hundred thousand. This included several thousand who come to investitures to receive honors and decorations, and one or two thousand who come on such informal errands as studying the flora and fauna in the Palace garden. (A clergyman who was also an amateur lepidopterist came to a garden party armed with a butterfly net not long ago and put the afternoon to good use.) At the beginning of the war, Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, was given the key to a gate in the wall so that he could walk through the garden on the shortest route from his flat, in Eaton Square, to the Foreign Office, in Whitehall. Such favors are rare. Apart from two American students who climbed over the wall in 1947 and spent the night in their sleeping bags in


DELTA
SYSTEM ROUTE MAP
PRESQUE ISLE
BANGOR
MONTREAL
PORTLAND
BURLINGTON
MANCHESTER/
CONCORD
BOSTON
WORCESTER
HARTFORD
DETROIT
CLEVELAND
NEW YORK/
NEWARK
CHICAGO
FT. WAYNE
TOLEDO
PHILADELPHIA
DAYTON
COLUMBUS
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN JOSE
KANSAS CITY
INDIANAPOLIS
CINCINNATI
ST. LOUIS
LOUISVILLE
GREENSBORO/
HIGH POINT/
WINSTON-SALEM
LEXINGTON
EVANSVILLE
SPRINGFIELD
PADUCAH
LAS VEGAS
LITTLE ROCK
NASHVILLE
KNOXVILLE
ASHEVILLE
RALEIGH/DURHAM
BERMUDA
LOS ANGELES/ONTARIO/LONG BEACH
MEMPHIS
CHATTANOOGA
CHARLOTTE
COLUMBIA
SAN DIEGO
BIRMINGHAM
ATLANTA
AUGUSTA
PHOENIX
DALLAS/
FT. WORTH
MONROE
MONTGOMERY
MACON
CHARLESTON
SHREVEPORT
JACKSON
MERIDIAN
COLUMBUS
SAVANNAH
ALEXANDRIA
JACKSONVILLE
BATON ROUGE
BEAUMONT
NEW ORLEANS
ORLANDO
HOUSTON
PORT ARTHUR
TAMPA
ST. PETERSBURG/
CLEARWATER
WEST PALM BEACH
FREEPORT
NASSAU
FT. LAUDERDALE
MIAMI
SAN JUAN
MONTEGO BAY
MARACAIBO
CARACAS

Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Captain John Richards. John, who has been with Delta for 17 years, has flown just about every airliner from the DC-3 up. He spent 9 years in Delta's Training Department, where he helped train about a third of Delta's 3,200 pilots. Now he's back to his first love, flying full-time as a 727 captain.

John's job is getting people where they're going. Taking a family to a vacation resort. Whisking a busy executive to an important meeting. Bringing a college student home for a visit. When it comes to people, John Richards couldn't care more. And that goes for all 28,000 Delta professionals.

Delta is ready when you are.®



This is Delta's Wide-Ride® L-1011 TriStar, a $21 million superjet. Cabins are almost 19 feet wide. All seats are two-on-the aisle.

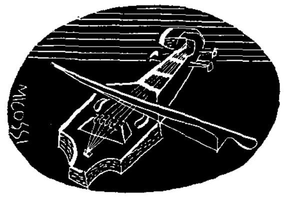
SLIP INTO SOMETHING STRAPLESS. This Antron and Spandex bra, with a cling-free Antron III slip, disappears under clothes in a smooth shade of Cafe au Lait. Long version $15. Not shown: short version $13. 32-36. At Bonwit Teller, Cain-Sloan, The Broadway, Marshall Field, Nordstrom's, Goldwater's, or write Formfit Rogers, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

Be Somebody with Formfit Rogers.

a division of Genesco

We recommend washing in Woolite® For Fine Fabric Care

the shrubbery, no uninvited guests have managed in recent years to emulate the boy Jones, who in Queen Victoria's day had a thing about breaking into the Palace, was found under beds or behind curtains, and finally had to be shipped off to sea. The guards at the Palace are there not only for ceremonial reasons. The Palace also has its own police lodge, with a squad of metropolitan constabulary—some highly visible at the gates, others less so. The Queen has a senior officer who is always with her, but the order of the day is unobtrusive security. One country landowner who was her weekend host not long ago noticed the difference between precautions taken for her—an attendant policeman, a notifying call to the local police station, and a scrambler to insure privacy for her telephone conversations—and those needed for another guest of his, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, who turned up with twenty-four aides and guards, a two-way radio link, a helicopter, and a demand for three special telephones. At the Palace, anyone over seventeen may ask to sign the visitors' book in a little anteroom to the right of the Privy Purse entrance—the right-hand front door of the Palace. But to do this one has to brave the no-nonsense police sergeant (one of several officers at the North Gate) who inquires about the nature of one's errand, and then walk across a wide expanse of noisy gravel, under the eyes of the military guards, and go through the doorway, where a footman will receive one and a plainclothesman will not let one out of sight. For the most part, the visitors' book is signed by diplomats, service officers, elderly noblemen and their wives up from the country, and visitors in town from such places as Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and Canton, Ohio. A regular and well-known visitor at the Palace is Mr. Michael Potter, a bearded watchmaker, who comes every week and spends a day going from room to room, winding, cleaning, and adjusting the three hundred clocks.



Visitors who are able to see the Queen in a remarkably private and protracted way are portrait painters. The Queen first sat, for a miniature, at the age of three, and in the years she has been on the throne she has been the subject of more than sixty portraits—no longer the stuff of great contemporary art, perhaps, but necessary reminders of the Queen as head of state, and thus commissioned by regiments, naval establishments, city guilds, clubs, embassies, town halls, and Commonwealth governments. The Queen has also sat for artists working on designs for coins, banknotes, and British postage stamps, which, snootily, have no other indication of their origin. She coöperates with Madame Tussaud's in keeping the waxworks up to date. The sittings for painters are usually in one of the high-ceilinged first-floor rooms in the East Front, and painters who have been so honored tend to vie with one another in saying how helpful the Queen is. For Alfred Thomson, who was deaf and dumb, and Simon Elwes, who was learning how to paint again with his left hand after paralysis struck his right, she went to their studios for sittings. She sent a lock of her hair to one artist, who was having trouble getting the color right. (It is chestnut brown.) David Poole, who recently painted her portrait for the Royal Artillery Officers' Mess, at Woolwich, had six sittings with her, nominally of an hour each, though she often told him at the end of the hour to continue for ten minutes or so if he had a particular section to finish. She readily adopted the pose Poole wanted, and wore the blue-black regimental cloak he suggested. However, when he said that he would like to paint her not wearing her tiara, she told him firmly that in that case she would have to take off the sash of the Order of the Garter; one couldn't be worn without the other.

Poole tried to get across in his portrait what he thought other artists had failed to catch: her small size but considerable presence. "She's surprisingly petite," he says, "but you know she's there." Poole was also taken by her complexion ("what used to be called English rose or peaches-and-cream") and by the shape of her head, which he found structurally interesting to paint. She gave him at first the impression of apprehension and seriousness she generally conveys to strangers, but this soon changed to a warmer, easier manner. While he painted, they talked about the state visit to Japan she had made (she told him of some of the difficulties of having lively question-and-answer talks with people—in factories, say—delegated to meet her), and they exchanged thoughts on the pleasures and problems of old houses. She described some of the decorating she and Philip were doing at Wood Farm, on the Sandringham estate, in Norfolk, where they were seeing how

© American Express Company, 1977

Bring a friend to Nordstrom. The American Express Card.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712 3456 78 95006

What a marvelous idea. Now that dazzling selection at Nordstrom is even more accessible for the whole family with the American Express® Card.

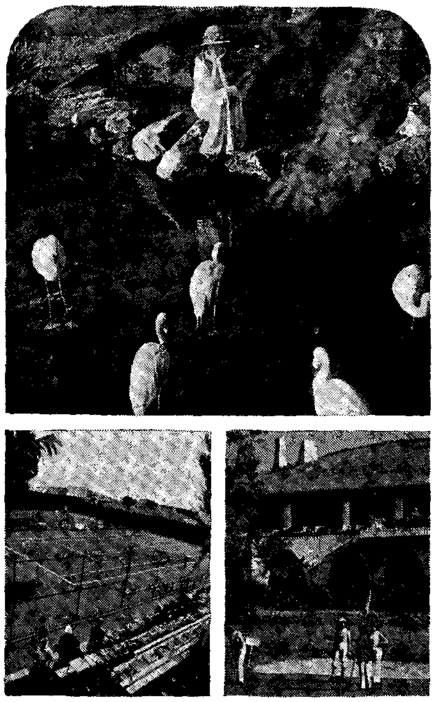
Fine fashions for all the ways you live. Shoes from the world's finest craftsmen. Accessories that pull it all together. And friendly, knowledgeable salespeople to help with your selections. It's all even more convenient now with American Express.

Of course. What else would you expect from a company that has built its reputation on exceptional customer service since 1901.

So the next time you come into Nordstrom, bring the American Express Card. It's welcome at all Nordstrom stores in Washington, Oregon and Alaska. And feel free to bring a friend along too.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

AMERICAN EXPRESS®



For pure luxury and elegance...where else but Hotel "Los Monteros".

... the world of Los Monteros, in Marbella and in the most exclusive residential area on the Mediterranean. Hotel Los Monteros: something special... exclusively for people like you.

Exclusive
Only individual reservations. No groups accepted.

Accommodation
Quiet elegance and superior decoration is reflected in all our rooms, suites and apartments; fully air conditioned, set amongst beautiful sub-tropical gardens. A really distinguished world of comfort.

Gastronomy
Gregorio Camarero our Chef, is responsible for the four gourmet restaurants of Los Monteros. Finest French and Spanish specialities. And our restaurant staff is famous for its service.

Golf
Los Monteros has a private 18 hole (par 72) Golf Course, a luxurious Club House and resident pro., the world famous Angel Miguel.

Tennis
10 all weather courts (two floodlit), Club House, 5 squash courts, and tennis «ace» Lew Hoad as its manager.

Beach Club
La Cabane, a private beach, swimming pools (one indoor temperature controlled) and fabulous gourmet buffet. An exclusive «in» place to enjoy «our» sun.

Riding
Private stables and Club House. Ride our Andalusian thoroughbreds in the foothills of the Sierra Blanca.

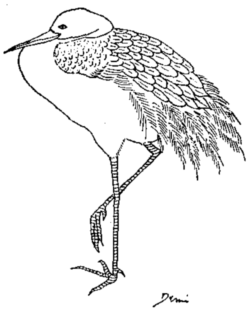
The Hotel Los Monteros is for people just like you.

marbella (spain) ★★★★★
los monteros
Tel. (52) 77 17 00 - Telex: 77059

Representatives:
● Robert F. Warner. Inc Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020. Tel. (212) 586 45 00
● John A. Tetley, 3075 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 601. Los Angeles, Cal. 90010. Tel. (213) 388 11 51

professional a finish they could get painting window sashes. He told her about a dilapidated Elizabethan farmhouse in Kent he was thinking of buying. At the next sitting, several weeks later, she asked him, "Did you buy that old farmhouse?" He was impressed by the fact that she had remembered, and also by the heartfelt reasons she gave for approving his decision not to buy it—the cost of fixing, maintaining, and heating old properties. Sometimes one of her children comes in and talks to her for a minute while she's sitting, but she is left undisturbed by the staff. Poole got the impression that a portrait gave her a welcome chance to sit down and relax for an hour.

When the children were younger, she tried to reserve an hour after breakfast and another hour in the late afternoon for being with them, but two are now grown up and two are away at school. As head of state, she has a job that is just about unceasing. She is the first person people ask to unveil a monument or take the salute; her presence gives them a feeling of extra purpose—convinces them that their efforts have been especially worthwhile. Her husband, her sister, her oldest son and daughter, and other close relatives help out a great deal, but the big occasions demand her. She goes (often accompanied by Prince Philip) to open the new National Exhibition Center at Birmingham, to open the new National Theatre on London's South Bank, to push the button inaugurating British oil production in the North Sea, and to swing the bottle that launches ships—recently, a lifeboat. She makes short speeches opening church synods and government research centers; she has lunch with the staff of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, which runs commercial television in Britain, and with that of Trinity House, which looks after buoys and lighthouses. She attends poetry readings and theatrical-benefit performances. She has to listen to tedious jokes and boring speeches, watch all sorts of prancing and dancing, and taste all kinds of food, including lamprey pie, made from a gruesome-looking fish caught in the River Severn and traditionally eaten during Lent by English kings. (Henry I is said to have died of a surfeit of lampreys.) Her own tastes in food are simple. At important dinners, at home or abroad, she sometimes catches her husband's eye across the table and gives him a shy, slightly conspiratorial half smile.



What her Uncle David called, rather deprecatingly, "the Royal Show" requires that she make herself conspicuous on such occasions as opening Parliament, meeting visiting heads of state, and laying a wreath on the Cenotaph each November to honor the dead of two world wars. But much also happens inconspicuously back at the shop. She receives daily more than a hundred letters, some beginning "Your Majesty," some "Dear Queen." Some are from cranks and some from people who feel that only she can help—wives of prisoners, families being evicted. The letter baskets are placed on the Chippendale desk at which she works, already fairly crowded in a tidy sort of way with framed photos, paper knife, paste pot, hourglass, gold fountain pen, and Anglepoise lamp. She is a good shot at getting things first time into the wastebasket. The Queen opens many of the letters herself and then, when they have all been sifted by secretaries, some of them are sent on to ministries or authorities who can give proper advice, and some (including all the letters from children) are answered by Ladies-in-Waiting. A request for royal intervention from a woman who believes that she has been deprived of a large football-pool win by post-office delays gets short shrift, but real needs, including assistance in cutting through red tape, are promptly answered. The Queen once arranged for a London surgeon to see a farm worker's six-month-old son, said to be doomed by a rare disease; an operation was performed, and the child lived. A woman who couldn't get definite word whether her missing soldier son was alive or dead in Malaysia received—after Palace intervention brought about, within a day, a radio call to his base—confirmation of his death. She signs letters of congratulation to all British couples celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary, to all citizens celebrating their hundredth birthday, and to the parents of triplets. Formerly, the Queen sent a so-called Bounty for Triplets of one pound per head, but the parents would proudly frame the royal checks instead of cashing them, and the Palace accounts were left in disarray. Royal mail goes out on notepaper with the Lion-and-Unicorn coat of arms and "Buckingham Palace" as a red

Come see the Spain the Greeks, Romans and Moors missed.

Spain's Atlantic coast is a very different side of Spain.

It's the Spain of proud Iberian people with hearty appetites for food, sports and song. (They invented Jai Alai.) Of lordly castles guarding ancient fishing ports. And a coastline marked with firths and fjords.

It's the Spain of Santiago de Compostela with its spectacular shrine. Of luxury spas like San Sebastian. Where you'll find some of Europe's best beaches. And you could make a meal of *tapas* in the sidewalk cafes for about $1.00.

It's the Spain the Greeks, Romans and Moors couldn't conquer. A very special side of Spain you shouldn't miss.

Your travel agent can tell you more. Or mail us the coupon.

Spain
Come to the real Spain.

© 1977 Spanish National Tourist Office

Spanish National Tourist Office, P.O. Box 291, Bellmore, N.Y. 11710 NR2
Please send information on vacations in Spain.
Name
Address
City
State
Zip

Less is Enough

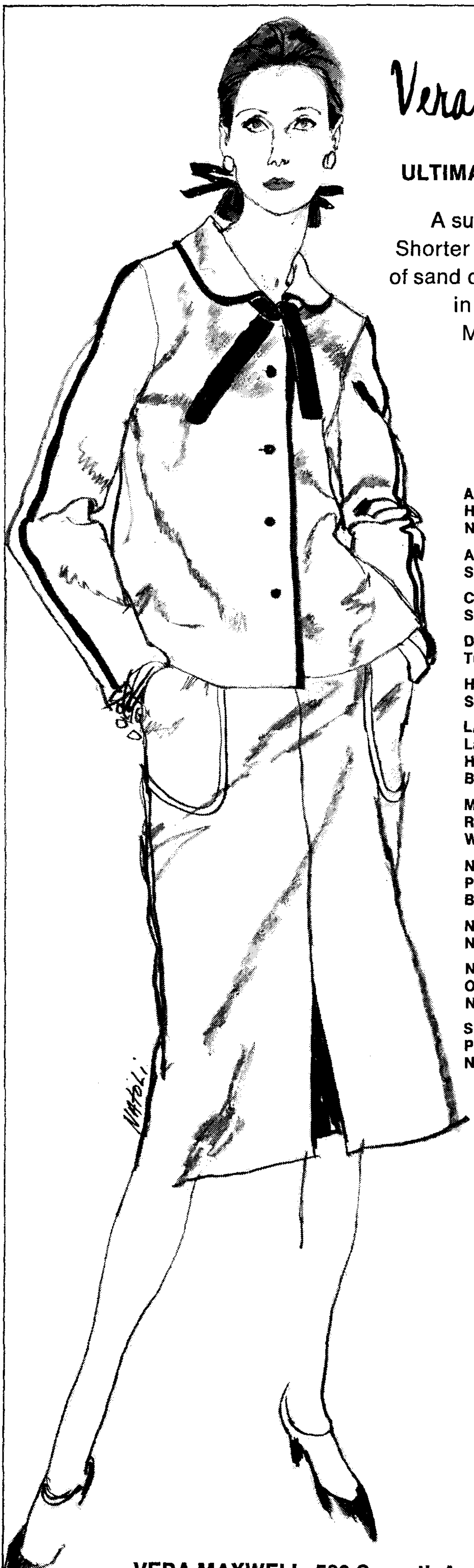
A plate, a bowl, and an oversized cup. We call it BLT. For today's living, that's all you really need. And Niels Refsgaard has brought a way of living to life. The Dansk way. With beauty, simplicity and style. It's good eating, morning, noon or night—all tied up in this neat package from Dansk. Where else do neat tabletop ideas come from? If you'd like to see 534 more ideas send for our brochures. Write:

DANSK INTERNATIONAL DESIGNS
Department EB, Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.

DANSK PRESENTS A NEW CONCEPT IN DINNERWARE THAT PROVES 'LESS IS ENOUGH'.
BLT
BREAKFAST
LUNCH
TEA

printed letterhead, and instead of a stamp on the envelope an official postmark in one corner and EIIR in another. Heads of state get letters from her signed "Your good friend, Elizabeth" and people she knows well get letters signed "Affectionately, Elizabeth"—the signature strong and remarkably like Elizabeth I's, though in the present Elizabeth's case with the name only briefly underlined. (Her great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria, a great letter writer, had the habit of underlining nearly every other phrase.) When Sir Winston Churchill retired as Prime Minister, in 1955, the Queen wrote him eight handwritten pages; it was, he said, "a lovely letter."

Thanks and encouragement are what she means to give, on behalf of the nation, to several thousand people when she holds an investiture at the Palace, as she does a dozen times a year. On such occasions, most of those honored have been nominated by government ministers or departments, and one finds on the list of those receiving knighthoods and honors like Memberships, Commanderships, and Officerships of the Order of the British Empire a preponderance of politicians, civil servants, party benefactors, and local-government officers. Nowadays, few hereditary peerages are created. The House of Lords is partly restocked by life peerages, which last only as long as the eminent citizens who accept them. (Prime Ministers are usually offered an earldom when they retire from active life in the House of Commons, but, like Churchill and Harold Macmillan, they don't always accept.) Knighthoods tend to go not only to leading politicians but also to captains of industry, senior lawyers, art historians, medical men, and well-known actors. Writers—perhaps influenced by the low standing with posterity of those who have been dubbed, such as Sir Hugh Walpole—often decline knighthoods and accept later offers to be made a Companion of Honor or a member of the Order of Merit, which has only twenty-four British members at one time. Besides the Order of Merit, the Queen herself gives without ministerial advice three orders of knighthood: the Royal Victorian; the Thistle; and the Garter, which in the rheumy eyes of heralds is Britain's premier honor. First presented as a reward for jousting by Edward III, in 1348, the garter is a piece of dark-blue velvet inscribed "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and is worn buckled below the left knee (or, for ladies, above the left elbow). George VI granted it with religious



Vera Maxwell's

ULTIMATE ULTRA-SUEDE®

A suit with presence.
Shorter proportioned jacket
of sand color, seams outlined
in navy or black.
Matching skirt.

ANNA LISA
Harbour Springs, Michigan
North Palm Beach, Florida

AUDREY JONES
Santa Barbara, California

CHARLOTTE GREEN APPAREL
Sacramento, California

DOROTHY'S
Tulsa, Oklahoma

HESS APPAREL
Salisbury, Maryland

LAKE FOREST SPORTS SHOP
Lake Forest
Hubbard Woods
Barrington, Illinois

MAC HUGH
Ridgewood, New Jersey
Woodstock, Vermont

NETTIE MILGRIM
Pompano Beach
Boca Raton, Florida

NICHOLSON AND MARKS
Norfolk, Virginia

NORA ZANDRE
Orange
New Canaan, Connecticut

STINCHFIELD'S
Palm Beach, Florida
Nantucket, Massachusetts

VERA MAXWELL, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, 10018

We'll show you how to live beyond your means.

It is not irresponsible.

It is one of the most practical things you can do.

The rate of exchange now between our lire and your dollar is all in your favor. So now for surprisingly little money you can experience the best of Europe. In fact, much of the best that life itself has to offer. Italy.

And if the rate of exchange is so favorable, what we at Alitalia can do for you can be even more favorable.

We can show you the best planned escorted tours, led by Italians who know Italy best. We can show you fly-drive packages at the lowest GIT rates. We can give you a choice of low-priced charters. We can give you a wide-bodied 747 or DC-10, direct to Italy from Philadelphia or Boston or New York.

We will start by giving you our beautiful 80-page book. Send the coupon or ask a travel agent for it. It is called "We'll Show You the Best of Europe in One Country. Italy." No one can show you better. Or help you more to live beyond your means. If only for a couple of weeks.

TO: ALITALIA Tour Department
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10019

I411

Please rush me your 80-page illustrated book, "We'll Show You the Best of Europe in One Country. Italy." I'm especially interested in (check which):

- ☐ Escorted Tours & Low GIT Airfare
- ☐ Air & Land Charters (OTC,* ITC) (*Requires 30 days pre-purchase)
- ☐ Fly-Drive Tours & Low GIT Airfare
- ☐ Airfare Only Charters (ABC) (Requires 45 days pre-purchase)

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

Alitalia

We'll show the world.

solemnity (sometimes to fellow-kings) and struck from the roll of its knights King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy when that country declared war on Britain, in 1940. It was the one honor Winston Churchill accepted.

Churchill told the House of Commons on March 22, 1944, "The object of giving medals, stars, and ribbons is to give pride and pleasure to those who have deserved them." However, it is also a part of the monarchical system in Britain which gives great displeasure. Members of both Labour and Conservative Parties have for some time attacked the practice of giving honors to bureaucrats, who—the feeling is—receive relatively high salaries and extraordinary job security; honors, if given, should go to those who take risks. John Grigg, a journalist and biographer who gave up the hereditary title of Lord Altrincham, says, "We see a ludicrous blend of very great and very average, with the latter predominating." Some feel that through her part in the honors system the Queen is associated with a slightly corrupting, class-emphasizing influence on British society. Titles and honors serve to give prestige to boards of directors of companies that are sometimes of dubious financial stability, and to get those honored better prices for secondhand cars. (Advertisements mention "one titled owner" but neglect to give the mileage.) There are ironic pleasures in seeing former radicals becoming respectable in this way—wild leftists aging into solemn lordships. Most people who are offered an honor seem to find it irresistible. In recent years, Mary Quant, the designer, received the O.B.E. The actress Vanessa Redgrave, now one of the leaders of the Workers' Revolutionary Party, accepted, perhaps absentmindedly, a C.B.E. The Beatles were given M.B.E.s. At their investiture, the Queen asked the group how long they had been working together, and Ringo broke out of the seizure of shyness and stiffness that had uncharacteristically struck them to say, hamming up the lines of the music-hall song "My Old Dutch," "We've been together now for forty years, and it don't seem a day too much." Paul McCartney afterward said, bemused, "She was just like a mum." Later still, John Lennon sent his medal back as a political protest.

No Beatles music was being played at an investiture the Queen held recently. A Guards orchestra on the Ball Room balcony strummed instead a batch of tunes—"The Teddy Bears' Picnic," "We'll Gather Lilacs in the Spring Again," and bits of a Mozart string quartet—that reminded one of the music in planes before takeoff but was here designed to entertain the relatives of those to be honored while they waited nervously for the ceremony to begin. Those who were receiving the honors—men in morning suits, women in formal dresses—were marshalled in anterooms by immensely courteous equerries, who advised them on bows and curtsies, and gave them small brass hooks to pin on jackets and dresses, so that the Queen would have no more to do than slip their medal on the hook. Along with the numerous civil servants, male and female, were a husband-and-wife pair of athletes, a priest, a stooped scholar, a comedian, and several policemen from Belfast. A few seconds before 11 A.M., five Yeomen of the Guard, bearing pikes, marched into the Ball Room; with red hose covering spindly calves, they looked very D'Oyly Carte. Then, on the dot of eleven, the band played the national anthem, all stood to attention, and the Queen came in, at the head of a procession of courtiers and two Gurkhas, her guards of the day, who gave the impression they would kung-fu anyone who stepped out of line. The Queen was wearing a pretty blue-and-white flowered frock with a wide white collar, and a diamond necklace. As the Lord Chamberlain read out their names, she proceeded to dub several knights, tapping their shoulders with her father's very light Scots Guards sword as they knelt before her on one knee on a little footstool. (She does not say, "Arise, Sir So-and-So.") Following this, she presented medals and decorations to several hundred persons. She said a few words to each, smiled gently, shook hands, and then made a slight disengaging motion that seemed to send that person several paces backward, so that the next in the long line could step forward. She averaged one honor every eighteen seconds. The men bowed, the ladies curtsied, and the eyes of relatives watching grew misty. The Lord Chamberlain sipped from a glass of water to hold off hoarseness. The efficiency didn't seem to bother anyone but prompted admiring remarks. One

GORDON® OF PHILADELPHIA

B. ALTMAN & CO., all stores;
WALLACHS, all stores;
THE TALBOTS, all stores;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

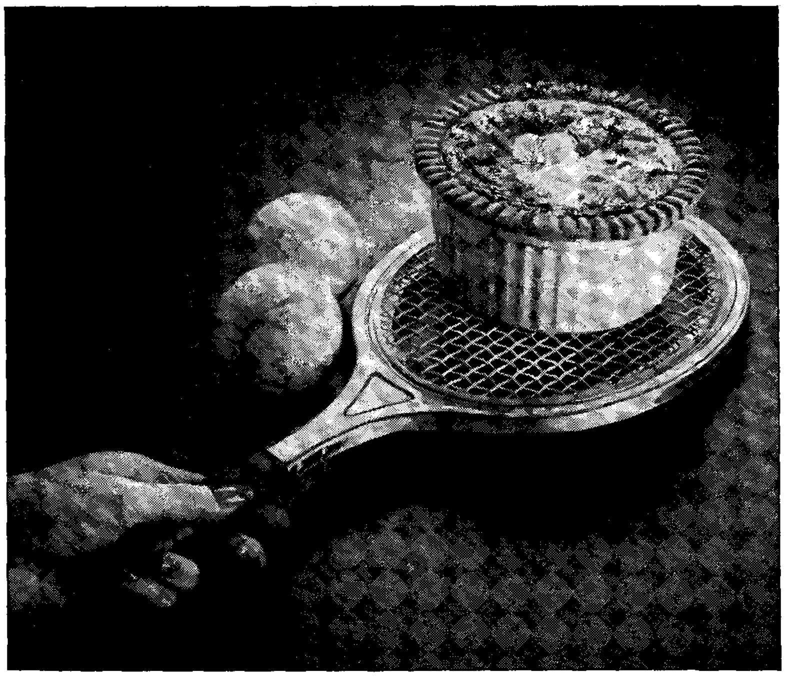
Fresh as a field of flowers! Daisies blossoming on a clever turnabout skirt that wraps front or back, about $26. Its easy little top . . . a knit open collar shirt, about $16. Both 50% polyester/50% cotton and washable.

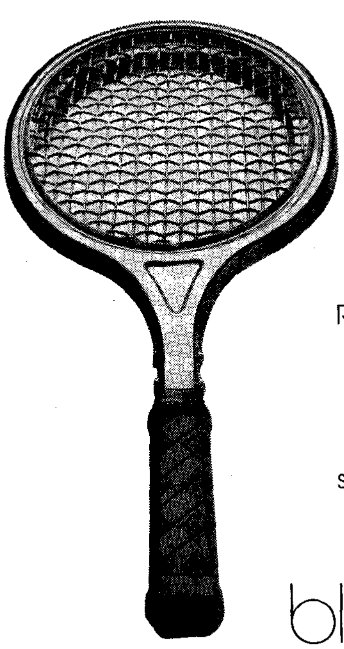
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

spectator murmured to another, "Don't they do it well."

The Queen not only gives but receives. Presents for her arrive constantly, and particularly on birthdays and anniversaries. Their usefulness varies. After the birth of one of her children, the people of the state of Virginia sent her a Government Printing Office pamphlet, "Infant Care." Books come from authors, boats from sailing clubs, pictures from painters. (President Eisenhower sent a portrait he had done of young Prince Charles.) Some presents—a sloth sent by a Brazilian admirer, a crocodile from Gambia, a kangaroo—go straight to the zoo. But she often wears a sapphire-and-diamond brooch given her by the builders and owners of British Princess, a tanker she launched in 1946.

ROYAL power is not what it was. Slowly diminishing over the centuries, it has taken visible leaps downward on occasions when the monarch had to go to his barons for military help or to his parliaments for money. Queen Anne, in 1707, was the last British sovereign to refuse her assent to a bill passed by Parliament. She didn't do this by saying no but, more subtly, by commenting, "*La Reine s'avisera*" ("The Queen will think it over"). She used to sit sometimes by a warm fireplace in the House of Lords, not quite out of sight, and listen to debates. But the Victorian Gothic House of Lords was built without a fireplace, making royal involvement less comfortable. It was, in any event, less likely at that date. William IV was the last monarch to dismiss a minister. (He dismissed Lord Melbourne in 1834.) Yet government is conducted in Britain in the Queen's name: laws are made, and judges, bishops, ministers appointed, as if by the Queen. It is Regina who for the state prosecutes malefactors in the courts. A million brown shabby envelopes are posted daily containing such things as tax demands, child-benefit forms, and driver's licenses, all bearing the superscription "On Her Majesty's Service." The royal prerogative to make war, recognize governments, make treaties, charter corporations, and issue passports is very much in the hands of her government rather than in her own hands. However, a few politically useful powers still cling to the monarchy. At the beginning of the Second World War, the government turned to George VI to get in touch with and try to influence his brother-monarch King Boris II of Bulgaria to remain neutral. In November of 1975, before any suggestions on the subject





your serve

And it's a smash. Our tennis racquet trivet in gleaming silverplate to deliver hot pots to your table. Authentic design right down to the heat-resistant regulation handle, it measures a compact 16½" long. Removable inset for easy cleaning. Silver-cloth racquet cover monogrammed with three letters. From Taunton Silversmiths, 25.00. Silver, 4th Floor, New York and all stores. Mail and phone orders filled. We regret, no phone orders on monogramming; no C.O.D.'s.

bloomingdale's

1000 Third Avenue, New York. 355-5900. Open late Monday and Thursday evenings.

BRANDING IRON

MAKE YOUR MARK! Send us your initials (maximum 2-letters) and our blacksmith will forge an authentic branding iron expressly for you. Use it as a candlestick. Impress your friends. Approx. 17" high.

$40.00 each. Mail orders add $1.50—allow 3 weeks for delivery. N.Y.C. residents add Sales Tax. American Express, Master Charge honored.

AN EXCLUSIVE FROM
GORDON FOSTER
ACCESSORIES
1326A THIRD AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10021

A fine location for the finer things in life.

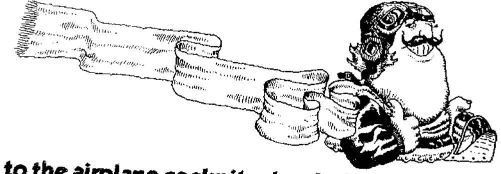
Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.

The Westbury

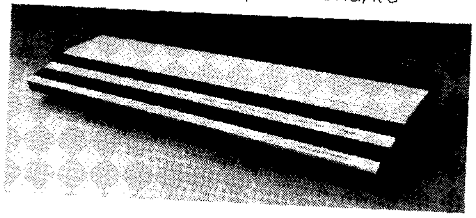
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.

The Bang & Olufsen Beosystem 1900. It's so simple, most people don't get it.

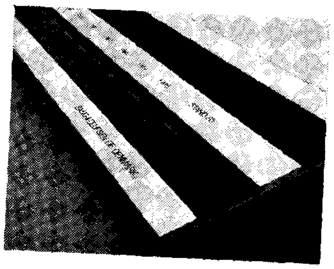


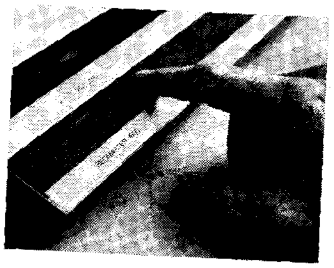
An alternative to the airplane cockpit school of audio design. It's not knobs and dials that make superb sound, it's superb engineering. In the Beosystem 1900, there is almost none of the former, and a great deal of the latter.



A few cases in point:

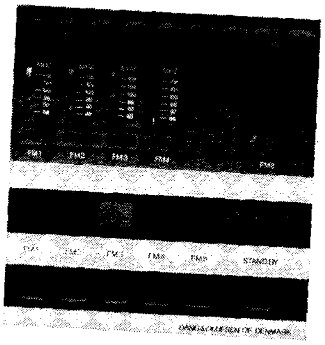
Your finger, the component. With the Beomaster® 1900, you become part of the system. All major controls are electronically activated by a light touch of your finger on the front control panel. The instant you touch it, an illuminated indicator appears for each function, you always know the operational status of the 1900, even in the dark.





For details, look inside. Secondary controls, for bass, treble, and FM tuning, are out of sight, literally—concealed behind an aluminum door that opens and closes in a manner reminiscent of the Starship "Enterprise."

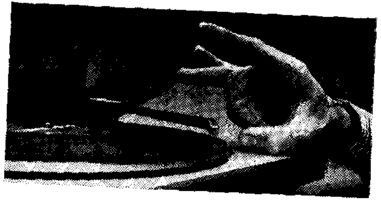
Thanks for the memory. The Beomaster 1900 also allows you one unforgettable convenience. You may pre-set the volume level and pre-tune up to five FM stations. Then, at the instant you want it, you have the station you want, at the level you want. Why clutter your memory when the system has one?

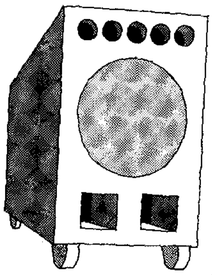


The turntable, taken to its logical conclusion. The Beogram® 1900 turntable's very low mass tone arm and MMC 4000 cartridge work magnificently with each other, because they are *made* to work with each other, by engineers who talk to each other, listen to each other, and design for each other. If that strikes you as overwhelmingly logical, you'd be surprised how other turntables are put together.

A scratched record is forever. (How to protect your investment.) No matter how little you've spent on your record collection, chances are some of it is irreplaceable, which makes it priceless. It makes sense to protect it—the way our MMC 4000 cartridge does with an effective tip mass of only 0.4 milligrams. (A tiny square of this page, this big ☐ weighs 1.0 milligram.) This results in a touch so delicate that it's almost impossible to scratch your records while playing them. It also reduces wear considerably enabling your records to continue working well past normal retirement age.

We don't recommend this, but with the MMC 4000 cartridge, it won't hurt.





It's not size that counts. It's performance. Can a speaker small enough to fit on an eight-inch shelf (or unobtrusive enough to hang on a wall) impress your audiophile friends? Yes, if they keep their eyes closed ...and their ears open.

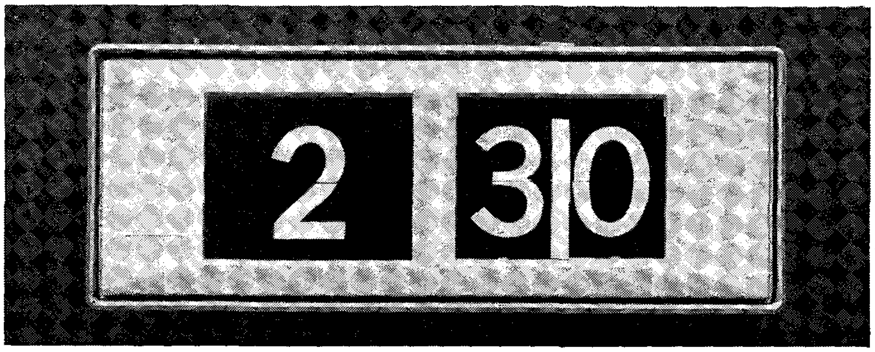
The missing link: Our 100% solution. Phase distortion—a principal villain in speaker performance—was identified in 1973 by Bang & Olufsen engineers. The first practical solution to the problem was presented in London in 1975 to the international organization, the Audio Engineering Society, by Bang & Olufsen engineers.

Today that solution is an integral part of our Beovox® Phase-Link® Loudspeakers (Pat. Pend.).

If a child can operate it, will an adult buy it? Or at least write for more information? Because *usability* is at the heart of the Beosystem 1900's design, it is true that a child can operate it. But only a very sophisticated adult can truly appreciate it. Write to us at: Bang & Olufsen of America, 515 Busse Road, Dept. 15J, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007, we'll be happy to send you our free brochure and dealer list.

Bang & Olufsen

The Most Convenient Daily Departure Times Of Any Airline To Venezuela



Just Another Star In Our Seven Star Airline

With you business men, it's business before pleasure. With VIASA, it's business *with* pleasure. For starters, we fly at your convenience, not ours. 20 flights a week, all in the afternoon—7 from New York, 11 from Miami, 2 from Washington. No matter where you're coming from you can make leisurely connections. If you live in our gateway cities, you can even spend a few productive hours in your office and after a pleasant 4½ hour trip, reach Caracas in time for an evening of relaxation.

But that alone doesn't earn us our Seven Stars. Another pleasure is the food. It's French, unmistakably influenced by Venezuela.

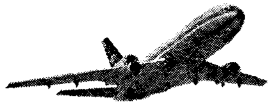
And if a warm Venezuelan greeting helps make your day, your day is assured.

Perhaps, you may forget business long enough to travel South America for pleasure. VIASA specializes in pleasure with all manner of exciting tours all around South America and throughout Venezuela at lower prices than any other airline.

Whether you travel for business or pleasure, you'll enjoy the way we take care of you. But we must confess: our wide-bodied DC-10's and DC-8's stretch get even more attention.

Next time you come to Caracas, fly VIASA. You'll see what we mean by Seven Star Service. You may even add a few of your own.

For colorful brochures and information, contact your Travel Agent or your nearest VIASA office.



THE SEVEN STAR AIRLINE OF VENEZUELA

VIASA
VENEZUELAN INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS

Boston • Chicago • Detroit • Houston • Miami Beach • New York • Philadelphia • San Juan, P.R. • Toronto • Washington, D.C.

Three Initial Pendant

A Sterling Gift Idea

From America's largest collection of Sterling and Gold Jewelry and Gift items. At fine stores everywhere.

Write for free brochure and nearest store

Leonore Doskow INC.
Montrose, New York 10548

Smart Coverups

SUMMER SMOCKS.

Brief summer coverups in cotton-blend patterns of red or navy gingham check, red or navy bandana print and red or black multi-floral. Shirt yoke and collar, patch pockets, fingertip length. Gently machine wash. State patterns and colors.

Sizes S-M-L $14.95 ppd.
Size XL . . . . $16.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Write for color catalog
Dept. N-411, Stockbridge Rd
Great Barrington Mass. 01230

came from her ministers, the Queen decided to send her husband to the accession ceremony of Juan Carlos of Spain and thereby give as much personal support as she could to him and to the chances of peaceful liberalization of his country.

In Britain, the Queen's political power is mostly a safeguard—there in case of an emergency when she might have to uphold the constitution. She isn't allowed to express political views, because she has to remain an impartial umpire. (The late Labour Minister Richard Crossman once asked the Clerk of the Privy Council, Sir Godfrey Agnew, if the Queen in her heart preferred Conservatives. "I don't think so," said Sir Godfrey. "The Queen doesn't make fine distinctions between politicians of different parties. They all roughly belong to the same social category in her view.") Sir Ivor Jennings says, "She does not steer the ship, but she has to make certain that there is a man at the wheel." In principle, she has the right to choose the Prime Minister, and can deny a Prime Minister's request to dissolve Parliament for an election if she feels that another M.P. could reasonably form a government. But in practical terms she can choose a Prime Minister only when the natural selection process has broken down. Nowadays, the job is done for her by the parliamentary parties, which elect their leaders; the Prime Minister is therefore the leader of the majority party in the Commons. As it happens, however, three Prime Ministers have been appointed in this century who weren't party leaders (one was Winston Churchill, in 1940), and some political observers believe that the Queen may have had a say in choosing Harold Macmillan rather than R. A. Butler when Anthony Eden retired suddenly, in 1957, and in deciding which Tory elder statesman to listen to about the succession when Macmillan stepped down, in 1963. The Conservatives now follow Labour Party practice and elect their leaders (formerly, they used the process of "emergence"—a sort of undefined sounding of Party opinion), but Lord Blake, provost of The Queen's College, Oxford, and an eminent constitutional historian, believes that their backwardness in this respect embarrassed the Queen in 1957 and in 1963 by imposing on her a job (of seeking out advice) she shouldn't have had to undertake.

Yet the Queen has—according to men who have worked for her—a keen sense of history and a feeling for the period she is living in; consequently, she disapproved of Prime Minister Eden's

B&G
B&G
1976
SAINT-LOUIS
BEAUJOLAIS
Appellation Beaujolais Contrôlée
BARTON & GUESTIER
BARTON & GUESTIER
NEGOCIANTS

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS, NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO. AD PREPARED BY TT&P INC.

Never buy a Beaujolais by the bottle.
Buy a soft, fruity Beaujolais by the label.

The B&G label.
B&G: 250 years of winemaking history from all the great wine regions of France: Beaujolais, Bordeaux, the Loire Valley, Côtes du Rhone and Burgundy.
Now B&G brings you this exceptional Beaujolais.
Soft, fruity Beaujolais Saint-Louis.
Buy it by the label. **B&G.**

Letters of recommendation from France

TO GET YOUR "FRENCH WINE BASKET" SEND $3.95 TO: B&G-BEAUJOLAIS SAINT-LOUIS, 505 BEACH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94133.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

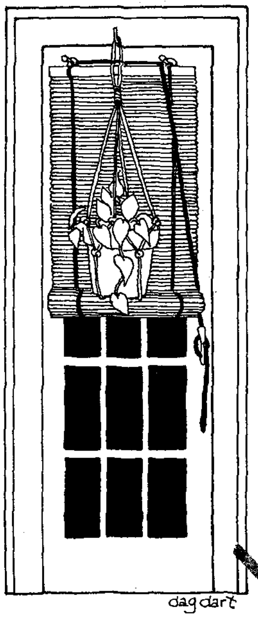
The gentlest georgette.

Malcolm Starr's new shirtdress direction. All gathers and grace. Soft shirred shoulders, soupçon of scarf. Brown and beige dappled polyester georgette, sizes 8 to 14, $140. Fifth Avenue Shop.

Saks Fifth Avenue

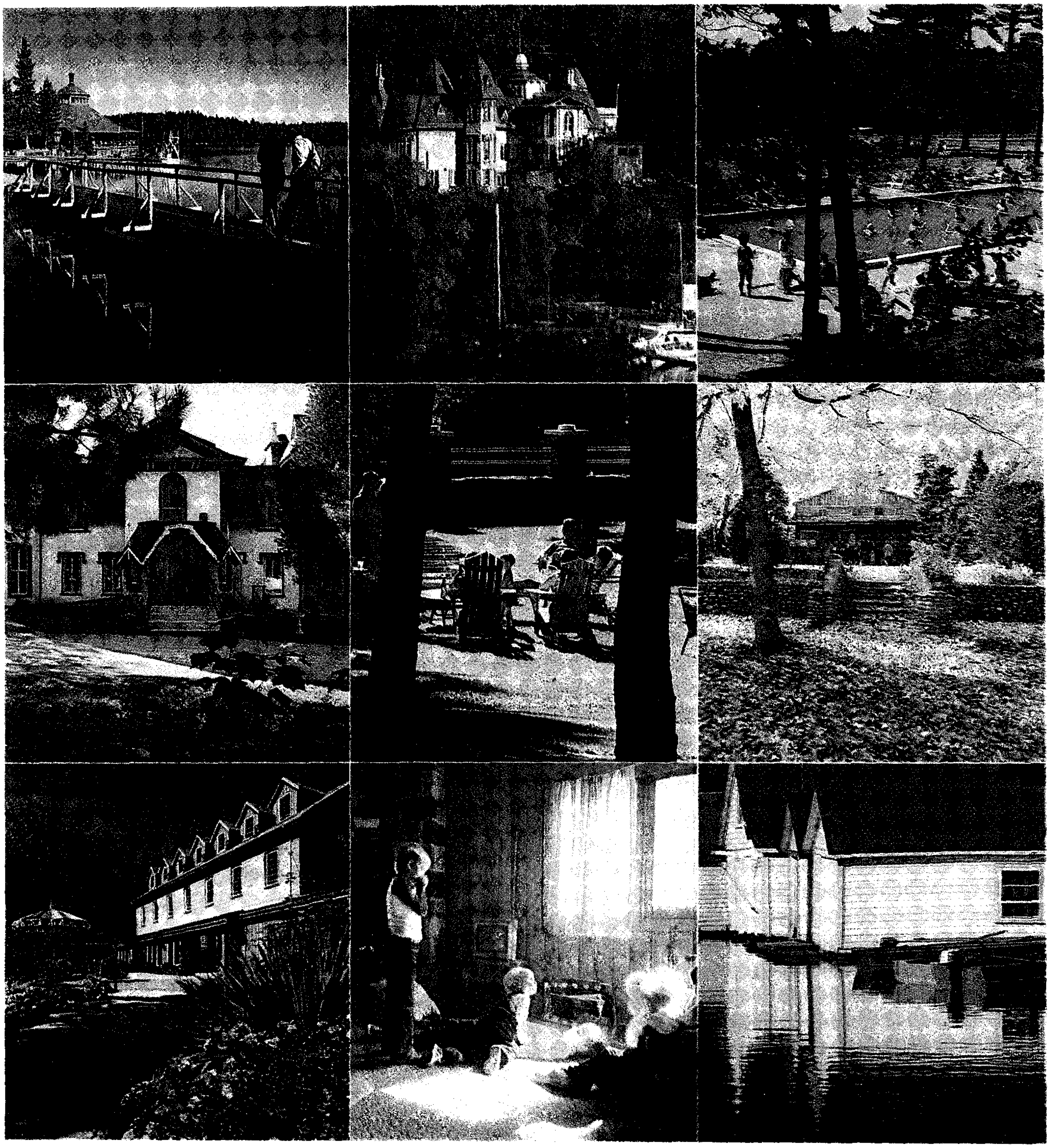
611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores
Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

actions in the Suez invasion of 1956, which now seems to have been Britain's last bad-tempered gesture in its final moment as an independent world power. Since she has been on the throne, seven different Prime Ministers have been in office, and undoubtedly occasions multiply when her knowledge about events is greater than theirs; her influence has grown commensurately. In the words of the Victorian political journalist Walter Bagehot, she has the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn. To give her the basis for warning soundly, she receives a great mass of information. Her children have grown up with the fact that every day Mummy had to spend several hours with her "boxes"—scarlet leather cases with brass handles, marked "The Queen," to which she holds one key and the dispatching minister holds the other, and which, until a few years ago, came to the Palace morning and evening in an elegant horse-drawn dark-maroon brougham from various government offices. Now, for security reasons, they come in a government van, but the brougham is still in daily service for royal business—it keeps the Palace horses accustomed to traffic. The Queen thus receives almost all the documents that go to the Prime Minister: Foreign Office telegrams; Blue Books and White Papers; messages from ambassadors and governors-general; Cabinet memorandums; and a daily six-hundred-word report of Parliament's activities prepared by the Vice-Chamberlain, who is always a serving M.P. of the government party. She receives dozens of daily papers and various magazines, which her Private Secretaries go through and mark for matters that might interest her. They also weed out the government documents, passing on to her what strikes them as essential for her understanding of affairs. They also send on a few things that may amuse her and lighten the load.



The boxes were one aspect of monarchy the Duke of Windsor couldn't stand. "An interminable amount of desk work," he complained. But the Queen gets on with it. "She's regular, like her father," says Sir Edward Ford, a former Private Secretary to them both. Lord Adeane, a retired principal Private Secretary, told a House of Commons committee a few years ago, "If there is anything outstanding at the end of the day, it goes into a red box and goes upstairs, and in nine cases out of ten when I come in the following morning the box has been done. . . . If it is not sitting on my table, I know that the Queen will do it after breakfast." During her last confinement, the boxes were held back on the day she gave birth to Prince Edward, but they were sent in the next. If she is spending a weekend with, say, Lord Mountbatten at his home in Romsey, Hampshire, she will vanish upstairs after an afternoon walk or ride in order to do the boxes. They follow her everywhere.

This knowledge and the judgment arising from it may be put to use in a meeting, properly called an audience, between the Queen and the Prime Minister that generally takes place every Tuesday evening at six-thirty when Parliament is in session, and lasts for at least an hour. In some ways, this meeting is a formality; in others, full of possibility—much depends on the personalities involved and how they get along. Sir Winston Churchill (who sometimes had his weekly meeting with George VI in the Palace air-raid shelter) put the somewhat nervous young Queen at ease by talking about horses and racing—an interest they shared. Now she is the veteran, and novice Prime Ministers are more likely to be abashed; one who arrived at the Palace prepared for a little light conversation said afterward that he intended to do some homework before the next audience. Harold Macmillan worried about being too formal with her; he didn't want to address her as if she were a public meeting (Queen Victoria's complaint about Mr. Gladstone, but perhaps his mode of address was partly her fault, since she kept him standing). Before the audience, Macmillan sent her notes about points he meant to raise—and these notes, together with Cabinet memorandums and letters he sent her from abroad, came in handy when he wrote his memoirs. "As I wrote to the Queen," he says frequently. (Such letters began, "Madam: Mr. Macmillan with his humble duty to the Queen," and might continue, for example,



Still Moments

Absolute tranquility – pausing on a woodland path to listen to the myriad sweet sounds of the forest, paddling over motionless mirrored blue skies, or simply lounging, soaking up the sun, and if you tire of that, the chance to sail, hike, golf, ride, play tennis, shuffleboard, enjoy shore-lunches or barbecues, and, come nightfall, make new friends in the cozy company of a roaring fire, or be one with nature outside, beneath the Borealis, the silence broken only by the loon's lonely cry – still moments, absolute tranquility, the North begins again. For more about resorts and northern adventure vacations, call COLLECT (416) 965-4008, or write:
Ontario Travel, Dept. R., Queen's Park, Toronto M7A 2E5. We'll send you our Traveller's Encyclopaedia.

Ontario Canada

THE BMW COUPE. AS CLOSE TO AN ALL-OUT RACING MACHINE AS A PASSENGER CAR SHOULD EVER COME.

If one peers beneath the sporty facade of even the most expensive luxury coupes, one often finds that the promise of performance far exceeds the reality.

In the case of the new BMW 630CSi, the opposite is true.

Beneath its tastefully restrained exterior, the BMW Coupe is, in fact, the direct evolutionary descendant of the BMW Coupes that have dominated international motor racing since the early 1960's.

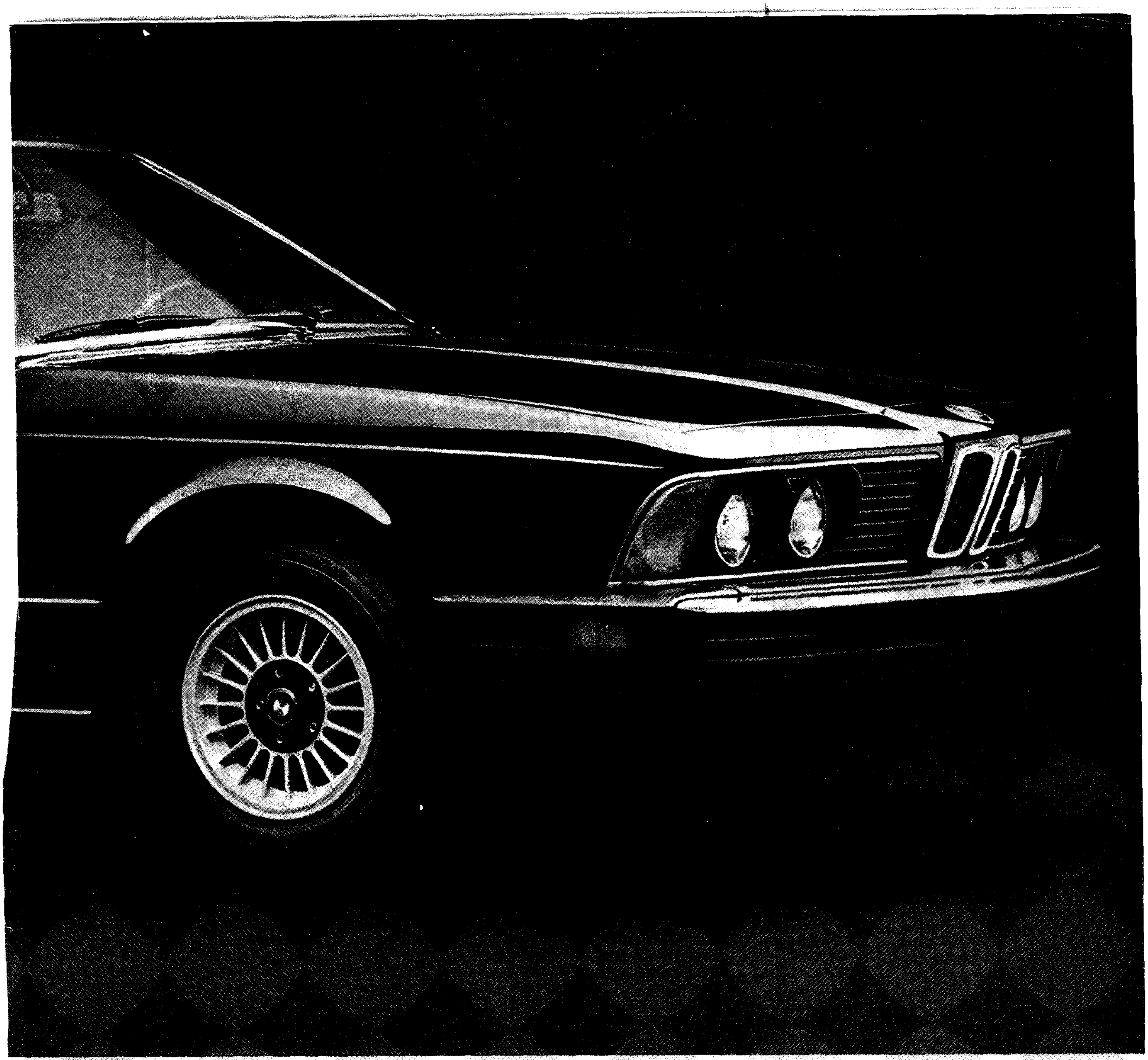
A car that exemplifies our contention that extraordinary performance is the one thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

PERFECTED ON THE RACE TRACK, NOT MERELY THE TEST TRACK.

The majority of the world's automobiles are developed in the relative vacuum of the laboratory and the test track.

The BMW is perfected in places like Le Mans, Monte Carlo and the Nurburgring, where precision is crucial and agility and durability meet their ultimate test.

Under the hood of the BMW 630CSi is the same basic three-liter, fuel-injected masterpiece of engineering that powers the BMW



race cars.

An awesome source of turbine-smooth power that the editors of Road & Track magazine unhesitatingly call "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

Its suspension system is independent on all four wheels (McPherson struts and coil springs in front, semi-trailing arms and coil springs in back). And this, combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, provides a total control, an effortless response to every driving and road condition that will spoil you for any other car.

LOGIC CLEVERLY COUCHED IN LUXURY.

"...once a knowledgeable and experienced driver has driven a BMW, any BMW, nothing else feels quite as good as it did before." So writes Motor Trend magazine.

Part of the explanation for this phenomenon lies inside the car.

Traditionally the domain of the stylist, the interior of the BMW 630CSi—while richly upholstered in supple leathers—is ergonomically engineered to the nth degree.

All seats are orthopedically molded; all individual seats are infinitely adjustable. Controls are within easy reach and all instruments are instantly visible in an innovative three-zone control panel that curves out toward the driver in the manner of an airplane cockpit.

So thorough is the integration of human and machine that the driver literally functions as one of the car's working parts—the human part that completes the mechanical circuit.

Intriguing? "...my feeling goes beyond mere respect...," writes the European automobile journal, Car, of the BMW Coupe.

"This one, for me, is the definitive BMW, the epitome of the character that the Bavarian company set out to develop and to market."

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest that you telephone your BMW dealer and arrange to take a thorough test drive.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

© 1977 BMW of North America, Inc. For the name of the nearest BMW dealer, or for further information, call us anytime, toll-free, at 800-243-6000 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500).

Sip into something Comfort™able...
SOUTHERN COMFORT
100 PROOF
The Grand Old Drink of the South
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION
Liqueur

Very smooth. So easy to sip. And so delicious! Comfort® is unlike any other liquor. It tastes good just poured over ice. That's why it makes mixed drinks taste so much better, too. Sip into something Comfort®able.

You just know it's got to be good... when it's made with—

Southern Comfort®

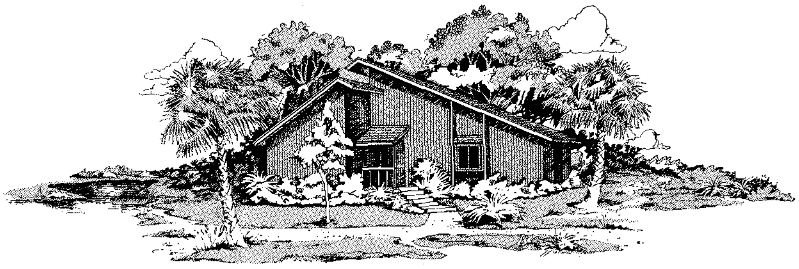
© 1976 SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP.

Send for a Free Recipe Guide: SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP., 86 & 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63132

"Your Majesty will have seen the trouble we got into over the Congo.") Like Prime Ministers who have followed him, Macmillan was soon impressed by "the width and breadth of the Queen's knowledge and the assiduity with which she read and absorbed the vast mass of documents." During the Cuban missile crisis, he found her, "as usual, calm and sympathetic." He also, like others, soon felt protective of her. He was particularly anxious about her safety on a trip to Ghana at a time when violent opposition to Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah was springing up; at one audience they discussed how danger to her might be reduced by reducing the number of times she would ride in the same car as the Ghanaian leader. But he also put her to diplomatic use; he suggested, for instance, that she write now and then about politics or personal matters to President John F. Kennedy, who had spoken to Macmillan of his interest in and affection for the Queen. In August of 1961, Macmillan wrote to her, "I have always thought about American Presidents that the great thing is to get them to do what we want. Praise or blame we can leave to history."

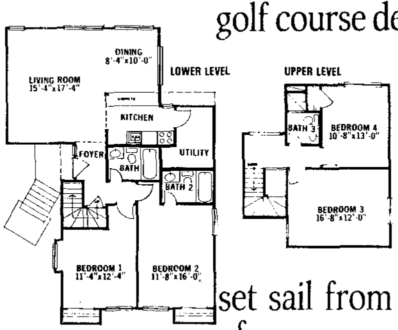
When Harold Wilson was Prime Minister, he was driven over from Downing Street in a black government Rover, with his private secretary—who talked to one of her Private Secretaries while the P.M. was with the Queen. After a brief wait in an anteroom (which perhaps gave him a chance to collect his thoughts, and certainly enabled those who knew about it to reflect what an excellent system it is that keeps even Prime Ministers waiting now and then), an equerry opened the door and said, "Her Majesty will receive you, Prime Minister," and Wilson entered, with his pipe. The Audience Chamber is a fairly small room in the family's private suite, with duck-egg-blue walls, white plaster moldings, a white-and-black marble fireplace, and paintings by Gainsborough and Canaletto. Although the topics for discussion are more or less arranged beforehand, the Queen generally leads the conversation. "Sometimes she brings in other subjects which she has read about or is interested in," Wilson said recently. Sometimes she has read government minutes the Prime Minister hasn't yet got to, and makes him feel like a negligent schoolboy. But Wilson's admiration for the Queen was widely recognized. At a dinner he attended for Liam Cosgrave, the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Cosgrave remarked how popular the Queen was in Ireland,

REMEMBER WHEN YOU WANTED TO BE A BEACHCOMBER AND LIVE IN AN ISLAND COTTAGE?



The dream may be forgotten, but you can bring it to life again at Fripp Island. An unspoiled place, where tranquility abounds. Where the only thing you hear is your imagination.

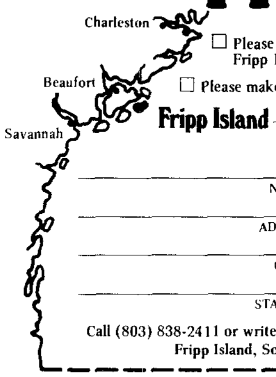
Our contemporary island cottage makes leisure living affordable for families who love the ocean. Affordable, because it's priced at $54,960, which includes landscaped lot, fully equipped kitchen containing range, dishwasher, disposal, refrigerator with icemaker plus total electric central heat and air conditioning system, fully carpeted and an attic fan for the refreshing Gulf breeze. This 1,636 square foot cottage has 4 bedrooms and 3 full baths.



A cottage on Fripp Island could be your retreat, where you can play tennis on excellent facilities. Golf on a Championship 18-hole PGA golf course designed by George Cobb. Dine at the Beach Club in a fine restaurant. Sip on a Pina Colada in our Sandbar Lounge. Or set sail from our Marina. And, of course, you'll have the beautiful Atlantic Ocean with miles of clean, wide beaches to roam.

So if the idea of a cottage on an unspoiled island brings back the beachcomber in you, let it happen. But there's only one place to do it. At Fripp Island.

Fripp Island



☐ Please send me more information about Fripp Island.
☐ Please make Beach Club reservations for me.

(date)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE, ZIP
NY/15/4

Call (803) 838-2411 or write Fripp Island Development Corp.
Fripp Island, South Carolina 29920

Obtain HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering, nor the value, if any, of the property. This offer is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

. . . for your outdoor lives

From the Eddie Bauer seabag . . . handsome, hard-working nautical gear. # B1984 Greek Fisherman's Cap $12.00 ppd. Black 100% wool cap with braid trim and red rayon acetate lining. Sizes 6¾-7¾. # B1728 Oiled Wool Sweater $36.00 ppd. Rust, Bone or Navy. Sizes XS(34), S(36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL (46-48). Order by mail or telephone *206-885-3330.* Master Charge, BankAmericard or American Express accepted. *Send for our free color catalog of unique outdoor products.* Dept. WNE, Third & Virginia, Seattle, WA 98124.

Washington D.C. • Detroit • Chicago • Minneapolis
Denver • San Francisco • Seattle

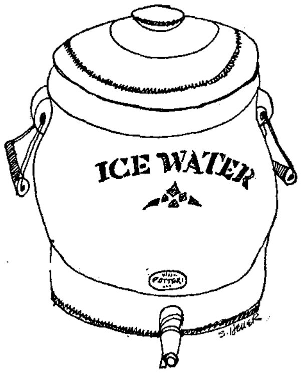
and how much the Irish admired her skill with horses.

Another guest, a relative of the Queen's, said he thought she was also a highly professional head of state.

"You don't really mean it," said the Taoiseach. "A beautiful woman like that!"

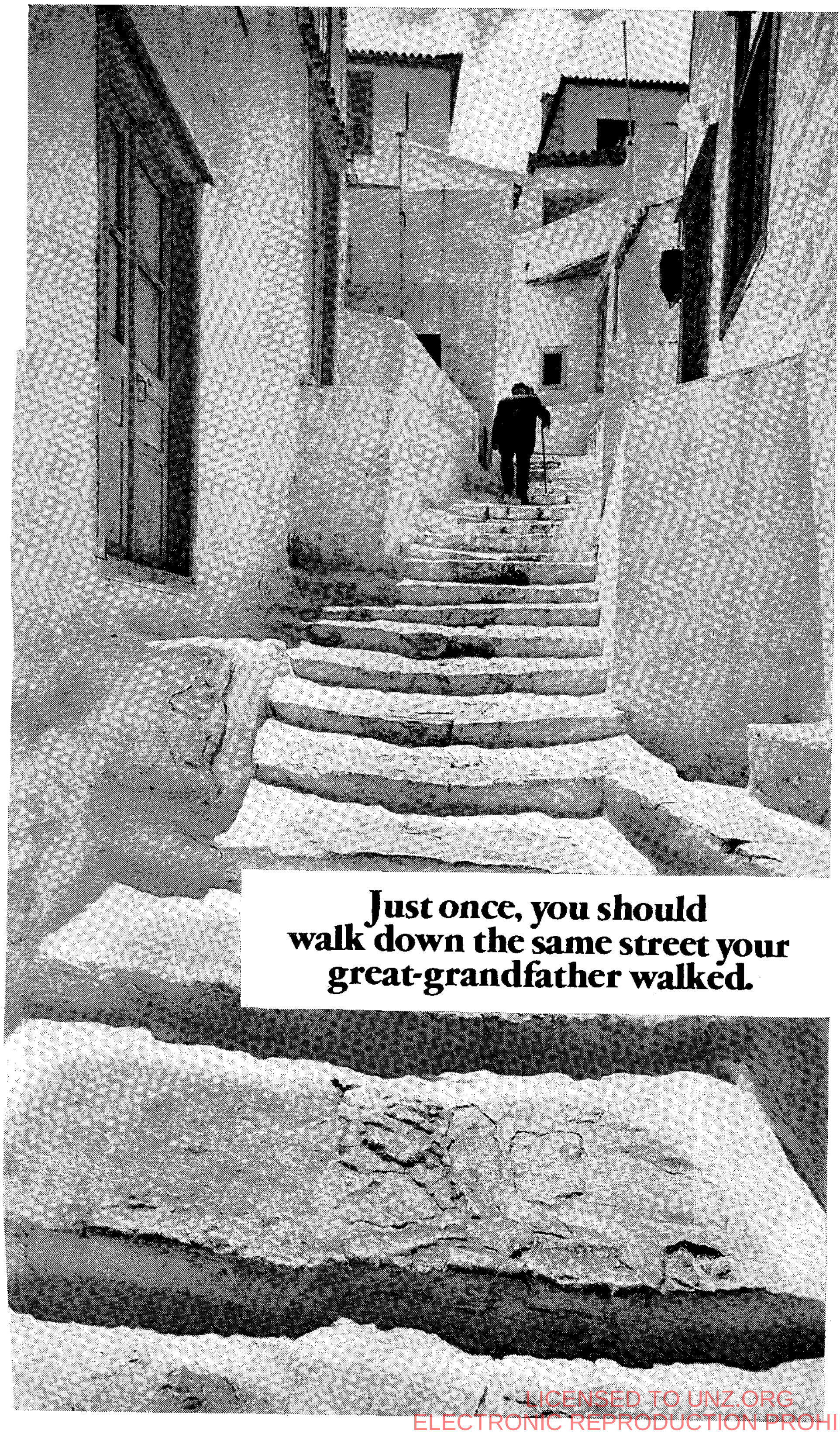
Wilson said that it was indeed the case. The Queen had been the constitutional head of state for more than twenty years and knew her stuff. She was detached from the hurly-burly of politics, and this enabled her to have a calm approach to all sorts of problems. He wouldn't swap his hour a week with her for all the tea in China, he said. He has advised his successor, James Callaghan, to "do his homework" before the weekly audience. Mr. Callaghan—up to his neck in the economic difficulties that he, by Wilson's resignation, has to try to solve—is undoubtedly taking his predecessor's advice on that, if on nothing else.

Some people in Britain believe that for a Prime Minister these sessions serve almost as therapy—though instead of having a Freudian sage sitting there patiently, you have a sensible middle-aged woman whose views are based on long experience. Because the Audience Chamber keeps its secrets, there is freedom to talk about what is currently most worrying. The effect is composing. The Queen, looking back over her reign, can recall similar circumstances and say what actions brought success or failure. Hearing about a problem that has occurred, she might say, "Well, something like that happened when Sir Alec was Prime Minister, and he . . ." (On her part, the audiences provide a chance to bring to the Prime Minister's attention matters of royal finance, say, and how she might be considering taking over the cost of certain members of her family now borne by the state. George VI wasn't too shy to mention the Royal Family's clothing plight in the last, heavily rationed stages of the war. He told Clement Attlee, then Prime Minister, "My family are down to the lowest ebb.") A weekly chat with the Queen may be the Prime Minister's best opportunity to talk with a well-informed nonpolitical person who can express a concerned citizen's doubts and hopes, and perhaps consider longer-term objectives than most politicians. With the passage of time and Prime Ministers, her influence can only increase. There is also the fact that, Tory and Socialist alike, Prime Ministers seem swept off their feet by her. Mr. Callaghan caused a stir when, under pressure during his first weeks in office, he declined an invitation to her fiftieth birthday party; but he was to be seen having dinner with her at Windsor a week later. At an audience with Sir Winston Churchill, she mentioned in passing that she had been to a benefit performance of the film "Beau Brummel" the night before. How was it, asked Sir Winston. Not very good, said the Queen. Next morning, there was a tremendous flap as the great man got hold of the appropriate official and thundered, "The Queen told me about this very shabby film she had to see last night. We must put a stop to this." A stop was put. A selection board was set up for a while to insure that films the Queen had to see, however second-rate, at least weren't those that lampooned her relatives.



Professor Harold Laski, the political theorist, once pointed out that as the monarch's power had been surrendered and his influence had grown, so men striving for political power would try to capture the royal influence and turn it to their own purposes. A neutral ground for the Queen has to be preserved, and the ticklish job of doing this falls to her Private Secretaries, of whom there are three—Principal, Deputy, and Assistant. They advise her and select the material and the people she sees—with the aim of making sure that she is properly informed, that her privacy is protected, and that she is visibly Queen to her people. On the connecting door between the offices of two of them is a map of Britain, which is slowly being covered with pins to denote places she has been on official visits. "The use of the Queen in a dignified capacity is incalculable," wrote Walter Bagehot. The present Queen is aware of her goodwill value, and of the fact that on her trips abroad some of the good will rubs off on her economically beleaguered nation. Since she has been on the throne, she has made an overseas tour every year except 1960, when she had a "quiet" year after Prince Andrew was born. Although the sun may have set on the British Empire, she is, as head of the Commonwealth, the symbolic leader of a quarter of the world's popu-

All of us come from someplace else.



Just once, you should walk down the same street your great-grandfather walked.

Picture this if you will.

A man who's spent all his life in the United States gets on a plane, crosses a great ocean, lands.

He walks the same streets his family walked centuries ago.

He sees his name, which is rare in America, filling three pages in a phone book.

He speaks haltingly the language he wishes he had learned better as a child.

As America's airline to the world, Pan Am does a lot of things.

We help business travelers make meetings on the other side of the world. Our planes take goods to and from six continents. We take vacationers just about anywhere they want to go.

But nothing we do seems to have as much meaning as when we help somebody discover the second heritage that every American has.

PAN AM
America's airline to the world.

See your travel agent.

THERE'S A SEERSUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE.

Let the buyer beware.

Now that the traditional look is back in fashion, seersuckers will be cranked out en masse by nouveau classic manufacturers.

But it takes a company of tradition to tailor traditional clothes properly.

It takes Deansgate, the natural shoulder specialists from New Orleans.

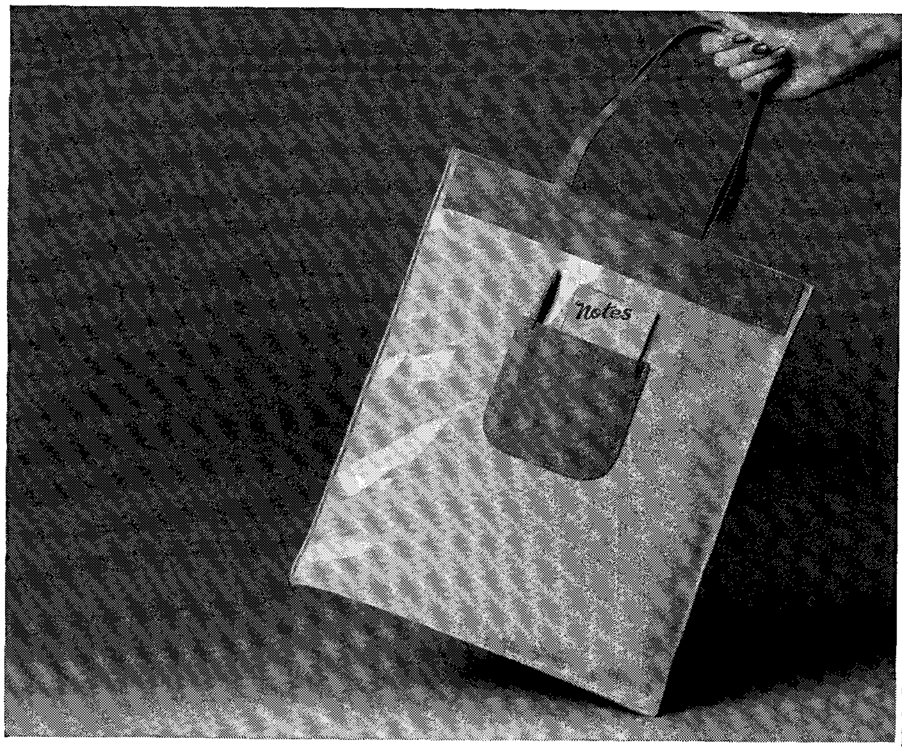
The upstarts have to start up from scratch. Deansgate has been making this authentic styling for generations. The flair is there, the feel is right. The fabrics have been selected with a practiced eye for colours and patterns that work for clothing of this character.

For this seersucker suit, Deansgate wouldn't countenance anything but 100% cotton. The blue, grey or brown stripes are exactly one-sixteenth of an inch. The collar, lapel and flap pockets are welt-stitched. The coat has the traditional high center vent.

The Deansgate seersucker: to give today's consumer an even break. For only $140 you can keep a great fashion tradition alive.

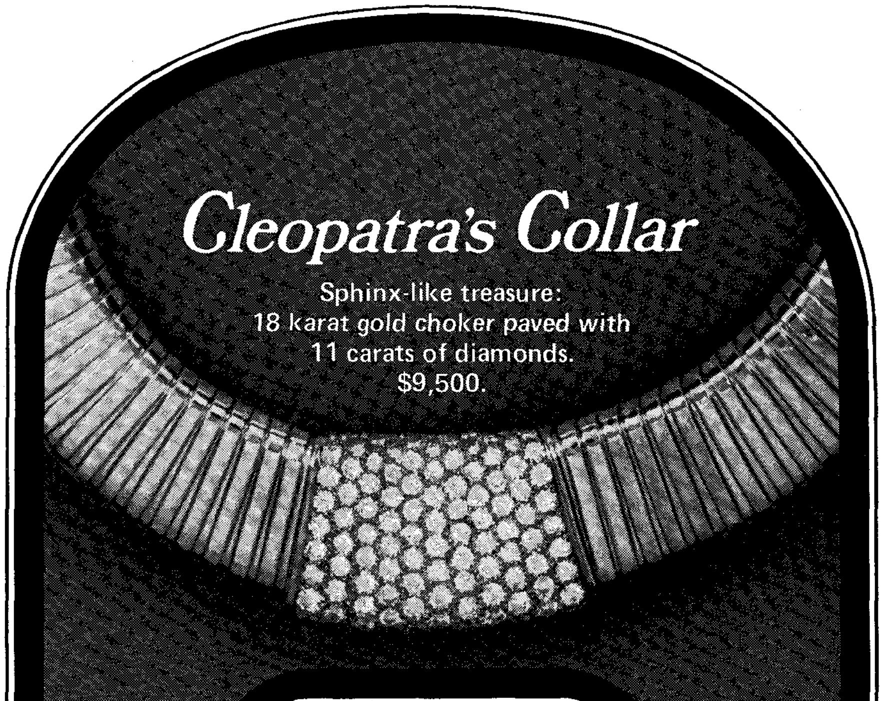
For a store in your area, write Deansgate, Inc.,
950 Poeyfarre Street, New Orleans, La. 70130.

tailored for Paul Stuart
by **DEANSGATE**®


The live-in tote. With room galore for essentials and extras. Soft and shiny for summer–flat enough to pack. In black, white, navy or bone patent vinyl with camel-colored leather trim and outer pocket for notes 'n' stuff, $15. Handbag Collections.

Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

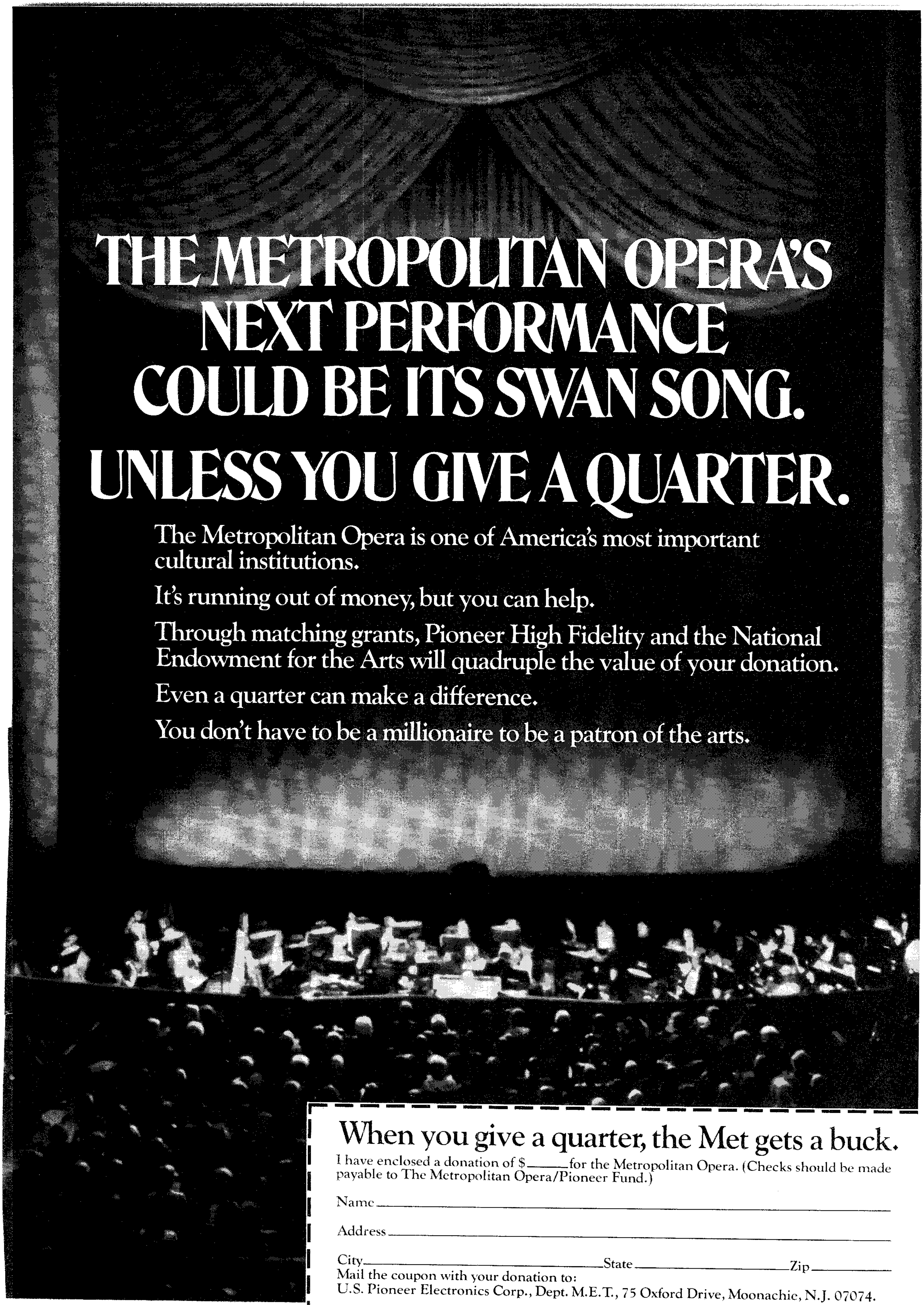

Cleopatra's Collar

Sphinx-like treasure:
18 karat gold choker paved with
11 carats of diamonds.
$9,500.

F. Staal
743 FIFTH AVENUE • PLAZA 8-1821
THE OTHER GREAT JEWELER AT 57th AND FIFTH
We Buy or Take Your Jewelry in Exchange All major credit cards

lation. Countries now actually dependent on Britain are mostly small islands and patches of land, such as Bermuda and Gibraltar, that find some security in the relationship; but she is still Queen of Australia, the Bahamas, Barbados, Canada, Fiji, Grenada, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, and Papua New Guinea, not only, as her full title invariably says, "by the Grace of God" but because it is politically convenient for those countries to regard her as head of state. If full-scale devolution occurred in the United Kingdom, she might well—as Queen of England, Queen of Scotland, Queen of Northern Ireland, and Queen of Wales—be the principal link holding those squabbling relatives together. Many Commonwealth nations, such as Kenya and India, are republics that have their own heads of state but that nevertheless accept the Queen as their symbol of association with other Commonwealth members. She takes this part of her job seriously, meeting, putting up, and wining and dining these nations' leaders when they come to London. She was on a visit to East Africa when her father died, and that trip was cut short, but she has gone on to visit nearly every Commonwealth country and many other countries since then. Like many people, she doesn't particularly enjoy flying, but she has travelled farther than any other head of state. Last summer, a few weeks after a quick trip to Finland, she flew to America to join the Royal Yacht Britannia, from which she landed in Philadelphia a tactful two days after July 4th. After seeing the Bicentennial celebration of the former Colonies' independence there and in Washington, New York, Charlottesville, Newport, and Boston, meeting *inter alia* Muhammad Ali, Philadelphia's Mayor Rizzo, and the governors of thirty-six states, and telling Americans their founding fathers had taught Britain a very valuable lesson, she went on to Canada to open the Olympic Games, in Montreal, despite disobliging noises from Quebec French Separatists that they would rather she didn't.

It is in any case hard to stop her once she has planned to go. When Ghana was having its 1961 crisis—at a time when the United States was thinking of pulling American money out of the Volta Dam project—many ministers and M.P.s were opposed to the Queen's going there on a long-arranged visit; but she went. Macmillan wrote in his diary, "She is impatient of the attitude towards her to treat her as a *woman*, and a film star or mascot." He thought that President



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA'S NEXT PERFORMANCE COULD BE ITS SWAN SONG.

UNLESS YOU GIVE A QUARTER.

The Metropolitan Opera is one of America's most important cultural institutions.

It's running out of money, but you can help.

Through matching grants, Pioneer High Fidelity and the National Endowment for the Arts will quadruple the value of your donation.

Even a quarter can make a difference.

You don't have to be a millionaire to be a patron of the arts.

When you give a quarter, the Met gets a buck.

I have enclosed a donation of $______ for the Metropolitan Opera. (Checks should be made payable to The Metropolitan Opera/Pioneer Fund.)

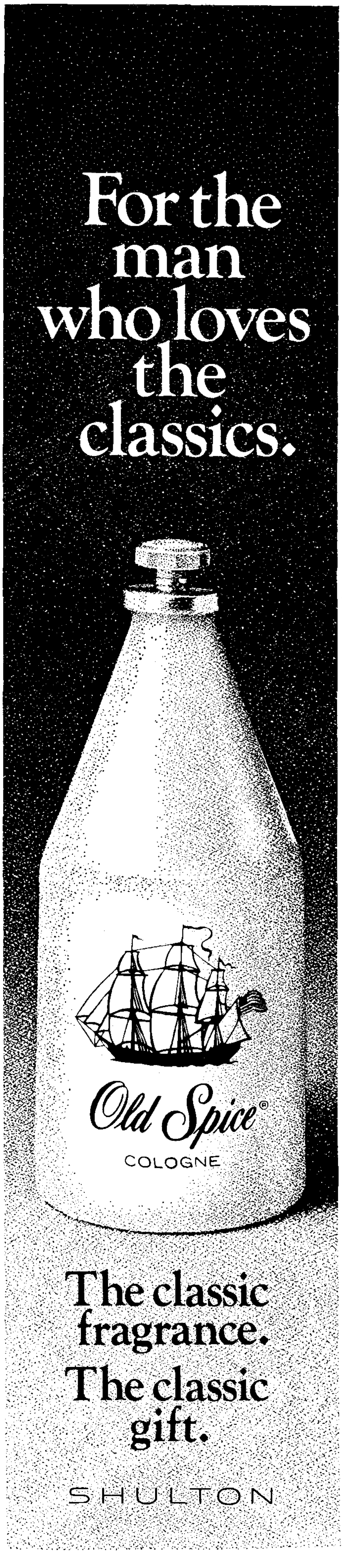
Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________ State __________ Zip ______

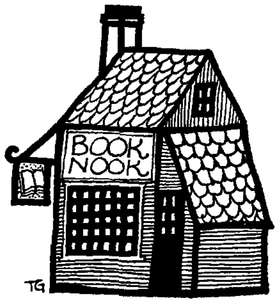
Mail the coupon with your donation to:
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., Dept. M.E.T., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

PIONEER® HIGH FIDELITY We all owe a lot to music.


For the man who loves the classics.
Old Spice®
COLOGNE
The classic fragrance.
The classic gift.
SHULTON

Kennedy's decision, a month after her trip, to go on supporting the Volta Dam project was in part "his chivalrous recognition of the resolution with which this Royal Enterprise had been undertaken and carried through." A correspondent who was in Ghana said, "Nkrumah was never safer than when he was riding with her." In Quebec in 1964, the Separatists were said to be planning violent demonstrations, but she insisted on driving in an open car. Royal plans must be followed and schedules kept—indeed, knowledge of royal fury over arrangements that went awry caused one British Embassy official to have hysterics when local discoördination wrecked the timing of an occasion in South America. She does not enjoy sailing any more than she likes flying, but she insisted on going by sea from North Island to South Island, New Zealand, in a heavy gale, because if she had flown she would have reached her destination too soon. She does what she feels is expected of her: she made an arduous trans-Canadian tour when she was two months pregnant, and she drove on through the streets of Belfast after a twelve-pound brick was thrown from the top of a four-story building onto the hood of her Rolls. Her only comment, at the end of the drive, was "It's a strong car." This stiff-upper-lip behavior is in no way emulated by those who line the streets. People who have accompanied her on trips abroad say how moving it is to see people affected by the sight of her: hard-bitten Australians cheer; tears stream down the faces of small groups gathered at out-of-the-way American railroad stations; Parisians scream "*Vive la Reine!*"

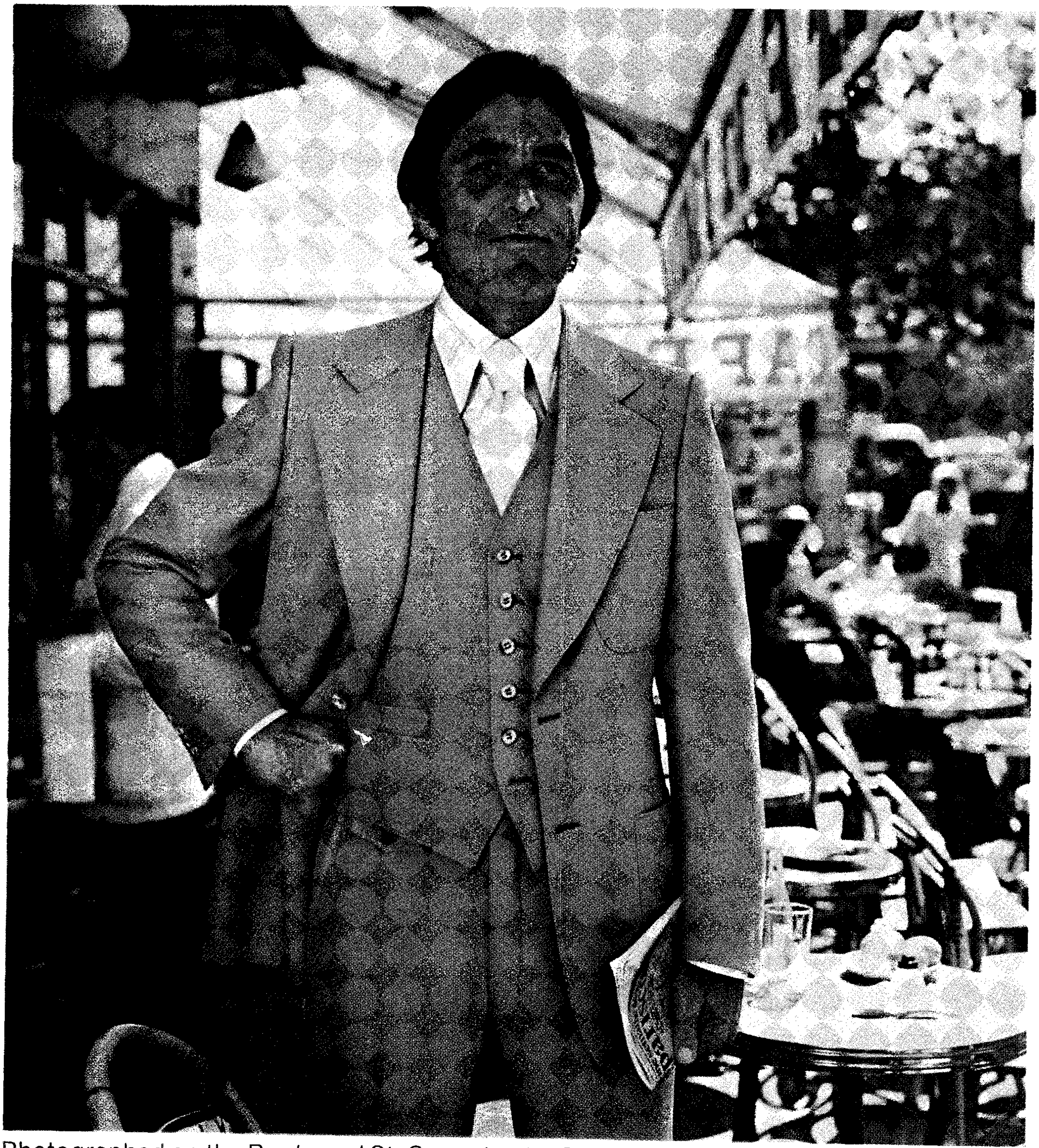
The compensations for her efforts aren't always hers. British companies find their order books expanding after the Queen has made a tour. In 1968, when she visited South America, a British company, Fairey Engineering, had been competing with a French company for a contract to supply Chile with a nuclear reactor. The French company already had a contract, but the Chileans changed their minds, and a director of Fairey said afterward, "We couldn't have unseated the French without the royal visit." Some of the work involved was summed up by a BBC crew that followed her around Brazil and Chile that year: she delivered nine speeches, laid four wreaths, inspected fourteen guards of honor, made twelve air trips and seventy-five road journeys, and went to twenty-three receptions, lunches, dinners, and banquets—all in fourteen days. Before making any visit, she learns a lot about the place she's visiting, and while she's there she manages to take a lot in. In 1961, when Sir Geoffrey de Freitas (now a Labour M.P.) was appointed High Commissioner to Ghana, he made his formal farewell at Buckingham Palace. On his way in to see the Queen, he asked one of her Private Secretaries how long the audience would last and what he ought to talk about. "Don't worry," said the Private Secretary. "She will probably keep you only ten minutes or so." De Freitas came out forty minutes later. He said, "That was extraordinary. I've been walking up and down Whitehall for the last few weeks going from one government office to another trying to find out about Ghana—but this was the place to come."



In Britain, the Queen provides an excellent excuse for celebrations. The twenty-fifth anniversary of her accession to the throne is going to be marked this summer by a jubilee, with all kinds of national and local jollification: flypasts, naval reviews, parties, and tours of her kingdom. These tours will demonstrate that the Queen is also an excellent instrument for getting things done. A few weeks before she visited Greenwich, in May of 1975, to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the Royal Observatory and to celebrate Greenwich's role in the European Architectural Heritage Year, many improvements that had been put off or were going slowly were quickly completed: park railings were installed, storefronts were painted, derelict sites were cleaned up, and shrubbery was planted. A rare *élan vital* gripped Council workmen. Local people declared that she ought to come more often. Before she visits a factory, broken windows are reglazed, toilets are whitewashed, the women who work there have new hairdos, and the directors go through a dress rehearsal of their lunch with her. For her visits, local schools are given the morning or afternoon off, and flag salesmen line the route she will take. A little girl is usually chosen to present an official bouquet, and lots of other little girls pick bunches of flowers from their back gardens to give her, if they have the opportunity and the cour-

Le hâle. Suntan. Christian Dior keys the natural color of the season to this tropic weight suit with deft stitching highlighting its meticulous detailing.

Christian Dior



Photographed on the Boulevard St. Germain, the Christian Dior vested Château Suit.

tailored by **Hart Schaffner & Marx**®

For information, write: 36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606. ©1977 Hart Services, Inc.

Europe without a passport explained.

Until now, there were only two ways to travel Europe. Get a passport and bring a lot of money. Or forget the passport and become a foreign agent.

Now there's a better way. It's called The Old Country—Busch Gardens. And it's 360 acres of England, France and Germany nestled in a centuries-old forest just east of Williamsburg, Virginia.

You'll find our English customs charming.

Welcome to a world of madrigal-singing troubadours, twirling kilted dancers, and armored knights in hot pursuit of not-so-dangerous dragons.

Stop in at our double-size version of Shakespeare's famous Globe Theatre for a contemporary look at timeless tales. Watch mammoth Clydesdales at play in wooded fields. Then settle back for some knee-slapping laughs as Bil Baird's high-stepping puppets dazzle you with their lifelike antics.

For more adventure, hop our live-steam train for an eye-to-eye view of exotic animals roaming the countryside. Then step aboard our Aeronaut Skyride for a 90-foot-high look at what's ahead.

Slip into France for a touch of l'amour.

Sidewalk artists sketch, fresh-flower vendors chat, and wandering fiddlers fill the air with Parisian love songs.

Here you can browse for treasures in an open-air market, sample vintage wines in an outdoor café, even race a compatriot for the checkered flag behind the wheel of a Le Mans-replica motorcar.

For more entertainment, catch the colorful antics of our fine feathered friends at La Jolie Plume bird circus.

And you won't want to miss the musical fun of our very French Follies.

In the settlement of New France, you can zoom headlong into a pool of boiling rapids aboard our famous flume, watch master craftsmen fashion the arts of decades past, even pose for a tintype photo in period garb.

Crossing into Germany couldn't be easier.

Hitch a ride on a cruise ship named *Lorelei* for a journey up the legendary Rhine. Take a turn on our antique carousel. Then cross a fantastic bridge into the nonstop world of Oktoberfest.

Take your pick of two soul-shaking roller coasters. Go head over heels as you challenge the spine-tingling Schwarze Spinne. Then hold on to your hat as our German wave swinger sends you spinning.

Cap off the day with a visit to the biggest festival hall this side of Munich. It's called Das Festhaus. And you'll have to see it to believe it.

Tubas blare, dancers twirl, and everyone has the time of their life. It's gemütlichkeit! It's wunderbar! And it's all on this side of the Atlantic.

Not-so-secret information.

At The Old Country, one low admission price covers an entire day of fun and adventure—$8.00 for ages four and up; three and under, free.

The Old Country is open weekends April 2-May 15 (open daily April 9-17). Open daily May 21-September 6. Open Friday through Tuesday, September 9-30. And all weekends in October.

For reservation information on any of the 4,500 hotel and motel rooms in the Williamsburg area, Virginia residents call (804) 220-3330, out-of-state residents (800) 446-9244 toll free.

Why not plan a visit now? Europe will never be closer. Or easier to afford.

Prices subject to change without notice.

I'm intrigued. Please send me a free color brochure. F-1

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ___________________________

CITY ______________________________

STATE/ZIP _________________________

Send to:
The Old Country—Busch Gardens
P.O. Box 77
Williamsburg, Virginia 23185

The Old Country®
BUSCH GARDENS.
WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Our New Rave-Length. Tune in to the next night look. Young. Fresh. And very, very pretty. All done with mist-sheer Diaphanique® nylon, floated well below the knee, and shining Satin Ravissant® of anti-cling Antron® III nylon. If you've never felt like a ballerina before, you might tonight. In Star White with Heaven Blue, or Powder Puff with Snow Peach. 30 to 36, about $20. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

VANITY FAIR

A company of VF corporation

age. By the end of a visit, the floor of the royal Rolls-Royce is often covered with these impromptu bouquets, handed on to her Lady-in-Waiting and put in the car.

In time past, when the royal court travelled around the countryside, the effect was almost scorched-earth. Manifesting itself to its subjects while billeted in various neighborhoods, the monarchy often bankrupted the great families with whom it chose to stay. Today, if the Queen is going any distance in Britain she usually flies in one of the planes set aside by the Royal Air Force in the Queen's Flight, or for a tour of several days she takes the Royal Train. The Royal Yacht—which in wartime is intended to be converted speedily into a hospital ship—provides for far-flung journeys a private and peaceful mobile base. On board Britannia, the crew wear soft-soled shoes, and orders are given by hand signal to reduce the amount of shouting of commands which goes on on yachts. On board either the yacht or the train, the Queen and Prince Philip can live somewhat in the manner they prefer, which isn't as grand as those who would like to give formal dinners for them think; they enjoy not dressing specially for dinner.

Just before Christmas of 1975, the Queen made what the Palace calls "a low-key, provincial visit." This was to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal British Legion Village for disabled ex-service people and their families, near Maidstone, Kent, thirty miles southeast of London. She was due to arrive at 3:30 P.M., in the course of a day in which she had already "done a box;" had read and signed letters; had received in audience the new British Ambassador Extraordinary at Dakar and his wife; had received the new High Commissioner for Malawi in London and met his wife and members of his staff; and had received a new High Court Justice and knighted him. She had had a quiet lunch. Her huge, dark-maroon Rolls-Royce came slowly through the village gates on the dot at three-thirty and halted in the driveway of a new factory she was to open, where a Legion color party was formed up. A score of local policemen were cheerfully holding back ("Don't push—you won't miss her") a crowd of flag-waving children and head-scarved housewives from the Legion Village and neighboring housing estates. The Queen was wearing a cream-colored wool coat and hat with beaver trim. She was greeted by Lord Astor of Hever, who holds the largely ceremonial

We left Nature alone. She gave us Villa Banfi.

Possibly the purest, most natural wine you'll ever taste. Imported from Italy's premier vineyard estates.

Before the end of the year you may be able to enjoy all these fine Villa Banfi wines, each an extraordinary value:

Roman White
Soave Classico Superiore
Frascati Superiore
Orvieto Classico
Verdicchio di Jesi
Roman Red and Rosé
Bardolino Classico Superiore
Valpolicella Classico Superiore
Chianti Classico Riserva

If Villa Banfi is not at your favorite store, call toll free: 800-645-3113.

Banfi
VILLA BANFI
Roman White

When it pours, it reigns.

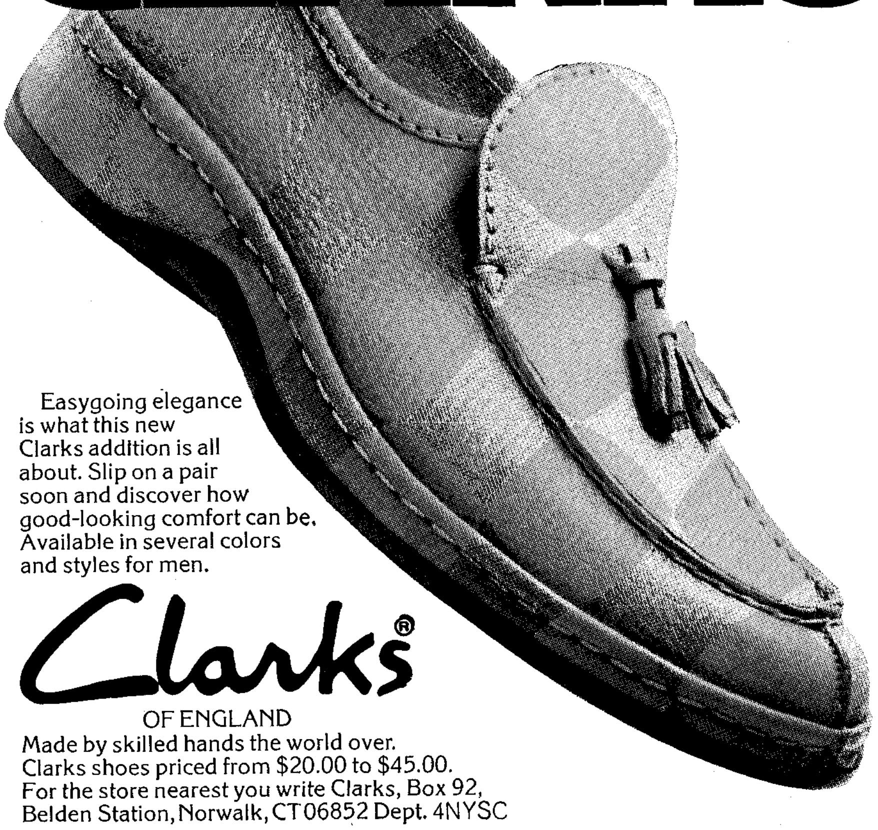
©1976 The House of Banfi, Farmingdale, N.Y., Fine Wine Merchants Since 1919.

PBM

Photographed at the Galleria N.Y.C.

"I hate parties. Well, most parties. But I'm getting a good feeling about this one, since I met him. It must have something to do with the PBM sportscoat he's wearing. The intriguing fabric that looks so much like nubby linen. Or perhaps it's the refreshing new softer silhouette. I think I'll throw an intimate little party of my own next week. Just me. Him. And his PBM." Available at fine stores near you or write **PBM,** 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York.

CLARKS



Easygoing elegance
is what this new
Clarks addition is all
about. Slip on a pair
soon and discover how
good-looking comfort can be.
Available in several colors
and styles for men.

Clarks®
OF ENGLAND
Made by skilled hands the world over.
Clarks shoes priced from $20.00 to $45.00.
For the store nearest you write Clarks, Box 92,
Belden Station, Norwalk, CT 06852 Dept. 4NYSC

position of Lord-Lieutenant for Kent, six feet three, gray-haired, with rosy cheeks, and got up in full-fig scarlet-and-blue dress uniform, medals, and sword. He presented her to the group awaiting her, which was a mixture of the local squirearchy and bureaucracy that seems to keep provincial England ticking over, worthily if not excitingly—local councillors, a Tory M.P. and his pretty young wife, an ancient admiral in a wheelchair, the assistant chief constable, and officials of Legion, factory, and village. The Queen pulled aside a curtain from a plaque commemorating her visit and then toured the factory, looking at machinery and pausing to talk to workers who were making road signs and putting together dolls, sheds, and the buttonhole poppies that are sold in British streets in November, before Armistice Day, to collect funds for Legion projects. Some of the workers were veterans of Ulster as well as of the Second World War. The Queen was followed by a small procession: factory manager, Lady-in-Waiting, equerry, two plainclothesmen, and some of the local worthies and officials. She was preceded by two photographers, who walked backward, bulbs flashing. The local writing and tape-recording press was represented by a girl from the Kent *Messenger* and a young man from Radio Medway. The national papers, blasé about this sort of event, would receive a Press Association bulletin filed by Douglas Dumbrell, their veteran Court correspondent, who was energetically tagging along. One London evening paper had dispatched a reporter, who didn't bother to get his notebook out. He was there, he told his colleagues apologetically, "just in case"—in case something dramatic happened, such as an attempt on the Queen's life.

Nothing dramatic happened. The Queen smiled and asked brief questions. She asked one of the men who were relabelling poppy collection boxes, "Do you ever find any money left in them?" and the man laughed nervously and said no, he wished he did. She went from the factory to the Legion Village flats and houses to visit several residents, who had been picked well in advance. (This stage management is sometimes criticized—"Why don't they let her see real life?" On the other hand, most housewives would be furious if the Queen dropped in and their home was a mess.) Outside, it was dark now, with lights on in the courtyards between the buildings. A small crowd still hung around, glimpsing the Queen through windows as she bent over an old lady unable to rise from a couch, inspected the flat of a disabled couple—the man in a wheelchair—and shook hands with three active-looking widows of servicemen. It was, in a way, low-key to a fault: the Queen going through the motions of something she does all the time, taking an interest, asking concerned questions ("What do you do? How do you do it? Is it all right? Can you manage? Would it be better if . . . ?"), not showing great enthusiasm but moving calmly from spot to spot, person to person, hands clasped in front of her, holding her handbag, almost as if holding down her own unease. She wouldn't make it as a film star or a politician. But, close in, the effect is different. After she has talked to them, people glow. Eyes glisten. "Isn't she charming?" say the old ladies as she passes into the courtyard and then into another house, and a little ripple of applause rises from the crowd. "There she is—bless her heart."

During the war, her parents used to go from the Palace—which was hit nine times by German bombs—to blitzed streets and homes, her father shy, her mother wonderfully jolly. The Queen has inherited these qualities in such a way that the reserve is public, the outgoing warmth seen only by family and friends. On one wartime occasion, as George VI climbed over the smoldering rubble of a house, someone called out, "Thank God for a good King!" and King George murmured in return, "Thank God for a good people." The terms of monarchy are usually capitalized—Royal, Realm, Majesty, Crown, and so forth—but the King in his diary often paid, with a capital "P," a reciprocal act of homage to his People. This interdependence found a homely voice at Maidstone. As the Queen came out into the village street and walked toward her car, a rather scruffy-looking man in blue overalls ran to the forward edge of the little crowd. The policemen were alert. But the man called out, "Merry Christmas, Your Majesty!" She replied, "Same to you."

—Anthony Bailey

(This is the first part of a two-part Profile.)

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

[From Pinehurst Area Realty, Pinehurst, N.C.]

Pock. Pock-pock. Pock-pockity-pock. Pock-pockity-pock-pock-thap. Good morning. Those sounds . . .

Berlin.

You'll find a whole lot more than rathskellers and cuckoo clocks.

You know what Berlin is famous for. The cosmopolitan, vibrant, divided city, where tourists from around the world meet. One can enjoy art treasures, international cuisine, night life, theater, the world renowned Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, modern architecture and Baroque palaces too.

Berlin offers full value for every budget. Whether it's an elegant evening at the opera, a stroll through the chic shops of the Kurfürstendamm, a visit to a famed museum, or a stay in a popularly priced international hotel.

Ask your travel agent to include more days in Berlin during your next trip to Europe. One visit and you'll wonder why you waited so long. Those who know, say: "Berlin—it's worth a trip!"

Simply clip the coupon to insure that you get full information about Berlin.

German National Tourist Office
630 Fifth Avenue NY-411
New York, N.Y. 10020

I want to find out more about Berlin and its unexpected pleasures. Please send me your informative brochures with map, sightseeing tips and general information about the charms of Berlin.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Berlin

Germany. You'll find a whole lot more than you think.

THE BANK OF NEW YORK
New York's First Bank·Founded 1784

You may know us as the bank that manages money. We are, no less, a bank with long and significant lending experience.

Founded by Alexander Hamilton, we made the first loan to the United States. And from there went on to help build the America our country is today.

The import/export "business," railroad "business," construction "business," our own banking "business" — we were pioneers in them all.

And so much of our work in these early "businesses" involved lending.

Today we have more than 150 offices throughout New York State and overseas. And, a legal lending limit double what it used to be five years ago.

You'll be impressed by the preparedness of our lending officers. By their understanding of your needs and ours — long-term and short-term. By their willingness to work hard to do what has to be done. (And you don't have to take a telephone tour of our bank to reach them.)

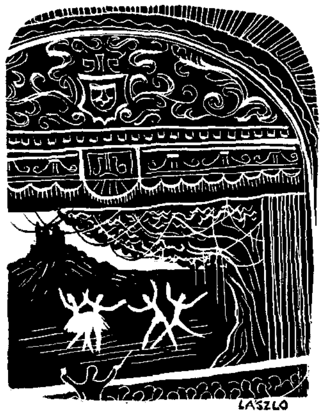
The Bank of New York.
The bank that manages money.

THE BANK THAT MANAGES MONEY LENDS MONEY AS WELL.

THE THEATRE

TIMOR MORTIS

"THE SHADOW BOX," at the Morosco, is a play about death. It is a very good play, admirably produced, and I am eager for it to attract the widest possible audience, but I fear I cannot in good conscience describe it with such staples of reviewing praise as "rollicking" and "fun for the whole family," or with any other word or phrase likely to find its way onto a billboard. The brilliant young author, Michael Cristofer—who has been playing the role of the tutor in "The Cherry Orchard," at the Vivian Beaumont—has chosen to address a topic that Americans have long been notorious for turning away from. It appears that for most of us the fact that we die is an unacceptable condition of life; insurance salesmen are careful to omit the word "death" from their discussions with clients ("If anything should happen to you . . ." If, indeed!), and many people find themselves unable to confront mortality even to the extent of drawing up a will. Years ago, that perennially positive preacher Norman Vincent Peale conducted a question-and-answer column in a weekly magazine; I remember that he was asked, "How should one behave in the presence of a dying person?," to which he replied, "As naturally as possible." Not very helpful; for once, Peale sounded flummoxed.



In "The Shadow Box," we are in the presence not of a single dying person but of three. The setting is a hospital somewhere on the West Coast, where a number of cottages on a forested hillside are assigned to patients suffering from terminal illnesses. In the cottages, they receive visits from their families and are questioned from time to time by a member of the hospital staff, whose purpose is not to offer them consolation but to study and tabulate their reactions. One of the patients is a sharp-tongued old woman; faithfully attended by a plain daughter, she speaks with affectionate longing of a second, more favored daughter, said to be travelling somewhere in Mexico. Another patient is an inarticulate middle-aged man whose wife refuses to acknowledge that he is dying. The third patient is a wealthy intellectual, most at ease when he is playing with abstract ideas in a torrent of witty speech. With him is his lover, a male prostitute; they are soon joined by the patient's former wife, who is clever, promiscuous, and alcoholic.

In the plotting of his play, Mr. Cristofer has skillfully threaded together what amount to three variations on a single theme. His patients have it in common that they are about to die and that neither they nor anyone around them is able to behave "naturally;" their emotion is that of the ancient Latin refrain "*Timor mortis conturbat me*," which the intellectual would no doubt translate to his unlettered lover as "Fear of death gives me the willies." Hard as it may be to credit, "The Shadow Box" is by no means a gloomy affair; again and again it astonishes us by being hilarious. Moreover, something like joy enters into the final moments of the play, when Mr. Cristofer abandons the realistic mode in favor of a chorus of chanted lyrical affirmations by the entire company. Seize this moment, the company adjures us, and then, if you are lucky, you may be able to seize the next as well; whatever death may be, life is a fine thing and well worth the living.

The exemplary cast consists, in alphabetical order, of Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Rose Gregorio, Laurence Luckinbill, Simon Oakland, Mandy Patinkin, Josef Sommer, and Vincent Stewart. The setting is by Ming Cho Lee, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace. The direction is by Gordon Davidson, artistic director of the Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, where "The Shadow Box" was first staged. After a successful run at the Taper, it was put on (with most of the present cast) at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, again successfully. The play has reached Broadway and I hope it will feel at home there, but we parochial New Yorkers will do well to remember that it is the fruit of work begun at two of the best of our regional theatres.

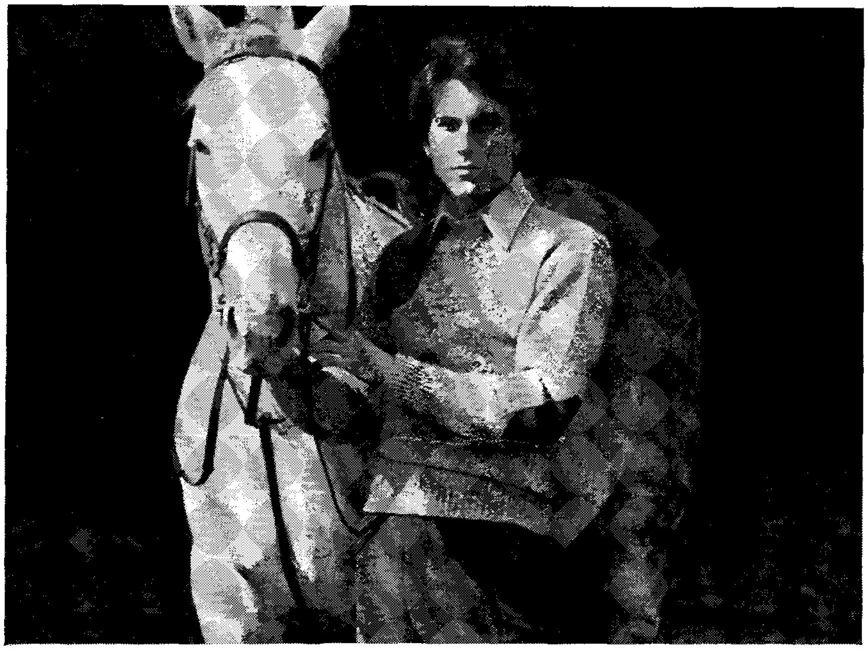
THE Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus is back at Madison Square Garden. Every year, this lavish and garish mingling of many-colored lights, amplified band music, and busty, bespangled girls strikes me as turning more and more into a fantastically oversized night-club performance, whose proper habitat is surely the Strip at Vegas. Nevertheless, there are plenty of deeds of acrobatic derring-do and plenty of tigers, elephants, monkeys, horses, and dogs, and the children seated around me on opening night gave every sign of being content with what they saw and heard. And ate and drank—the quantity of hot dogs, Cokes, ice cream, and spun-sugar candy swallowed in a continuous sequence by children at circuses is a marvel of alimentary magic next to which the swallowing of swords is the merest trifle. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mummers

"MUMMENSCHANZ," an evening of pantomime at the Bijou, sounded a dismaying prospect and turned out to be a merry surprise. I went to the theatre expecting chalky makeups with great downcast mouths, winsome as hell, and found something quite different. The Mummenschanz troupe consists of two Swiss men, Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, and an Italian woman, Floriana Frassetto. The men are alumni of the great Jacques Lecoq's School, in Paris, and there could be no better credentials. According to the program notes, quoting Mr. Schürch, it was Marcel Marceau who made them realize the limits of "classical mime" and turned them to their own sort. And their own sort is at once more impersonal and far more human and imaginative. The stage is gray—heavy dark-gray curtains make a backdrop; at center stage is a lighter-gray platform, on which most of the action takes place. At the start, a big gray blob rolls out from stage right, tries unsuccessfully to climb onto the platform, then does and falls off, to be replaced by a tall silken blob on top of the platform. We become aware of people inside the silken blob and also inside a huge, pred-

Why the suede gunpatch on this sweater?

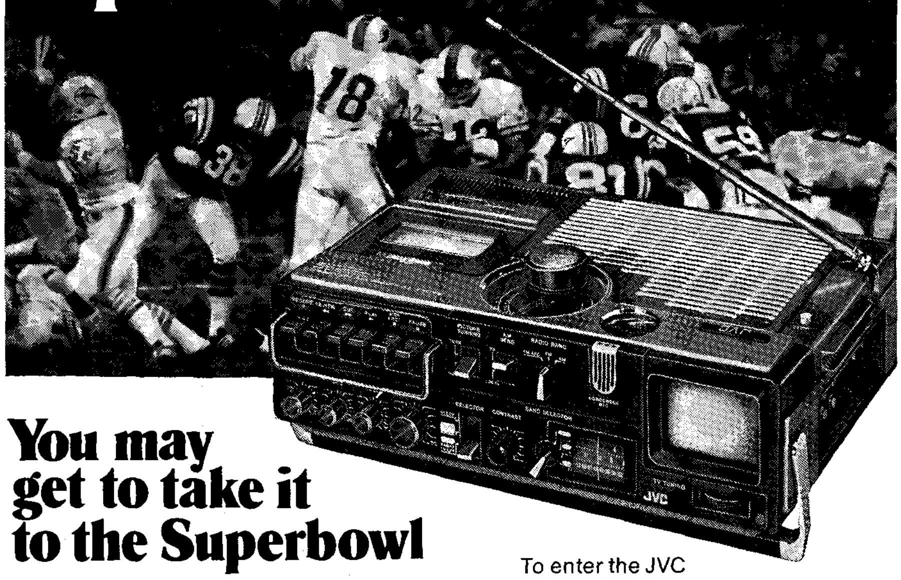


It's the traditional touch of Resilio's Huntmaster casual collection. Full fashion construction in 100% virgin wool. Contrasting suede shoulder gun patch and arm patches give the truly authentic style for country living. Single loop ribbed collar, sleeve cuffs and bottom are the extra details you expect from Resilio.

P.S. At Resilio, traditional is our tradition. Since 1906.

Resilio
TRADITIONAL
NECKWEAR, SHIRTINGS & TROUSERS
Empire State Building N.Y. 10001

Sport our new 3060



You may get to take it to the Superbowl

Or the World Series, NBA Playoffs, Indy 500, U.S. Tennis Open or the Kentucky Derby Trials.

We think the world's first portable FM/AM radio-cassette recorder with a built-in TV deserves a sporting introduction. So we're giving you the chance to win a trip for two to your favorite sports classic. Or you might win lots of other prizes–including the new 3060.

To enter the JVC Super Sports Sweepstakes, just drop by your nearest JVC dealer for an entry form. You can get his name by dialing 800-221-7502 toll-free outside New York. There's no purchase necessary.

While you're there, check out our latest innovation–the sportiest portable FM/AM radio-TV-cassette recorder ever.

JVC

JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, New York 11378 212/476-8300.

atory hamburger bun that chews and spits out pegs. The players, in black from top to toe, emerge, and as scene follows scene they appear in masks of astonishing variety—enormous mushrooms, enormous slinky toys of coiled wire, paper bags (one of them enclosing a brightly colored gift box), and putty, which the wearers mold into funny faces, to name just a few of them. In one scene, the men wear masks filled with blocks, which, after considerable monkey business, they dump on the platform for a game of checkers. There is a courtship in masks with pegs for eyes and ears and noses and mouths, on which are hung rolls of toilet paper—yellow for him and pink for her. Yellow and pink conversations stream from their lips and yellow tears from his eyes before yellow and pink join together and swirl in the dimming light. There is another colloquy in masks with apertures from which issue Ping-Pong balls and balloons and a glorious spray of soap bubbles. The faces of the performers are revealed only at the final curtain; all the expression is in their expressive, supple, nimble bodies (and their expressive, nimble wits), and all the beauty, too, which is considerable, but so skillful are these performers, so unself-conscious, that even that seems incidental. Most important, they are almost consistently lively, and from time to time truly funny. The show went on a little too long for me, but surely not for the many children in the opening-night audience, whose natural laughter made a refreshing contrast to the usual strained laughter of relatives and backers.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

TALL WOMAN to work part time watering hanging baskets in greenhouse located near Hwy 31 & 11.—*Adv. in the Racine (Wis.) Journal Times.*

Why does it have to be a woman?

•

LEESBURG—R. B. Glass of Sun First National Bank in Leesburg has been promoted to Truth officer, according to Wendell Colson, president of the bank. —*Leesburg (Fla.) Daily Commercial.*

Every bank should have one.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, Fifth Edition, 1969*]

Fourth . . . Fr of June, principal annual celebration at Eton College, speech-day and procession of boats; Fr of July, U.S. anniversary of declaration of Independence.

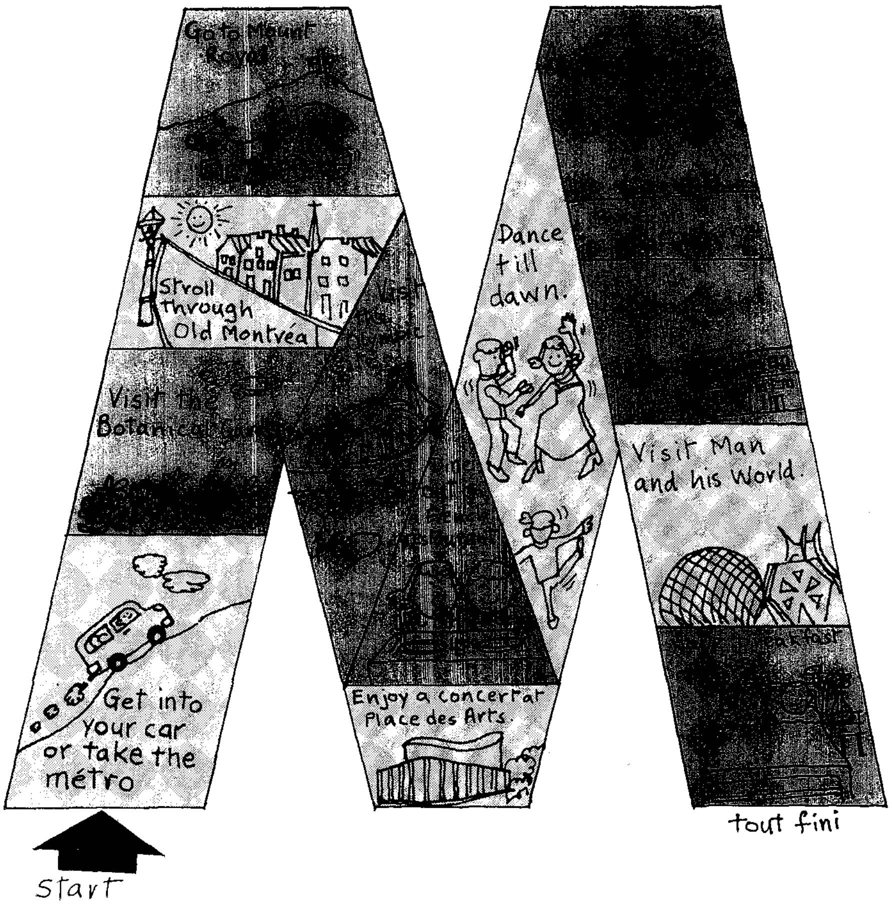
THE RACE TRACK

Red Rum by Twenty-five Lengths

LAST Saturday, the twelve-year-old gelding Red Rum, carrying top weight of 162 pounds, won the Grand National Steeplechase, one of England's and the world's great races, for the third time; he's the first horse ever to do that, and the race has been run since 1839. Forty-two jumpers started over the four miles eight hundred and fifty-six yards of the Aintree course, with its thirty stiff fences. Eleven finished. Red Rum had won in 1973 and 1974 and had been second in 1975. This time, he was faultlessly ridden by Tommy Stack, who kept him in a good position, out of trouble from loose horses, on the first circuit—they go round twice—and sent him to the front when Andy Pandy fell at the twenty-second fence. Churchtown Boy threatened sharply at about three furlongs out but made a mistake at the next-to-last fence, and Red Rum drew away in the straight to win by twenty-five lengths. Eyecatcher was third. Red Rum was well backed, at odds of 9–1. Owned by Noel Le Mare, and trained by Ginger McCain, who predicted that if the weather was fair his horse would win by six lengths, Red Rum brought in the equivalent of fifty-one thousand dollars in prize money.

IT was raining and the going was muddy at the Big A last Saturday—just the sort of footing John Schiff's Cinteelo likes—and the four-year-old son of Jacinto won the Westchester Handicap by more than four lengths from Sigmund Sommer's Turn and Count. Cojak, up from Maryland, was third. Pancho Martin also sent out Mr. Sommer's Root Cause, who was expected to make a fast early pace for Turn and Count, and he did. He pulled to the half-mile pole in a bit more than forty-five seconds, and then called it a day, finishing seventh. The Westchester, which has been at a mile since 1960, was run at a mile and a six-

The party's just begun–and you're invited!



Go to Mount Royal
Stroll Through Old Montréa
Visit the Botanical
Dance till dawn.
Visit Man and his World
Get into your car or take the métro
Enjoy a concert at Place des Arts
start
tout fini

Last season, the Montréal Olympics welcomed the world. This season, all of the new facilities and special events, hotels and restaurants, are there for you to eat and be merry, to relax and explore.

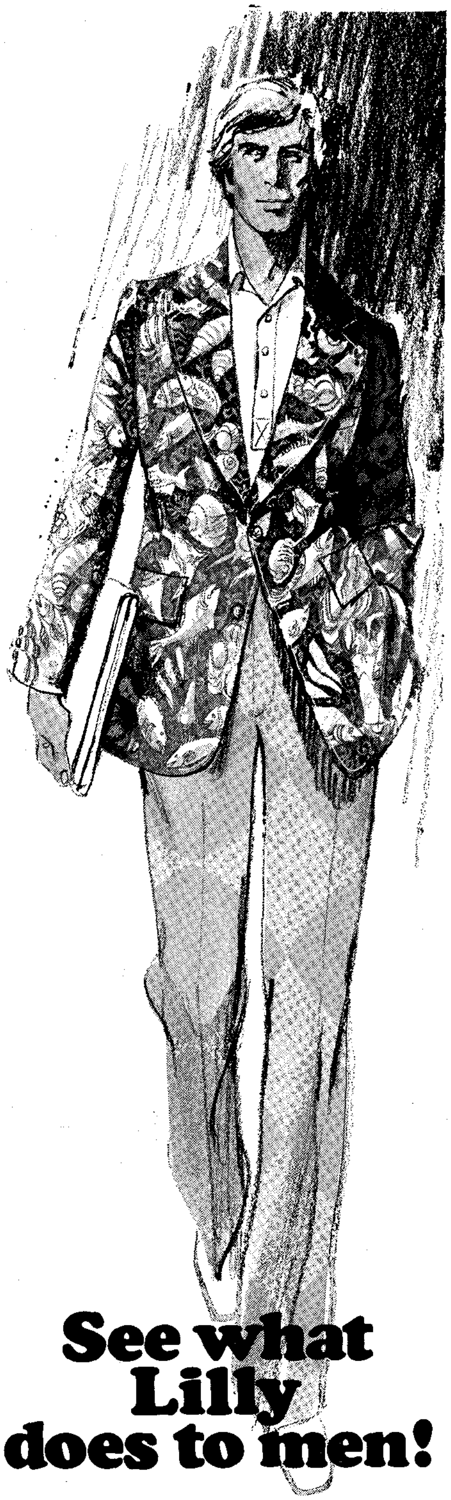
Sample the cultural wealth of its museums and galleries, the shopping for fine fashions and local crafts through 22 miles of Underground City, the historical charm of Old Montreal, and the year-round sports facilities at nearby resorts. Then there's Montreal's legendary nightlife, the international performers who star in concerts and theatres—plus hundreds upon hundreds of restaurants featuring every kind of cuisine, served with the traditional French touch.

Take a break—or a whole holiday.

Montréal is so close, just an hour's drive from the New York or Vermont borders. Or any travel agent can offer you a budget-pleasing range of airline packages, fly 'n drive holidays, or luxury bus tours. For a well-deserved holiday weekend, or as the highlight of a whole vacation, Montréal's got everything for you or your family—and she's surprisingly affordable!

More information. Write:
Montréal PR Department,
Box 77, 155 Notre Dame St. E.,
Montréal, Canada H2Y 2C6

MONTREAL
Close to you, close to perfect.


See what Lilly does to men!

This LILLY sportcoat in polyester/flax flaunts two LILLY signature buttons and is cut from a lavishly colored print called "Seascape"—turquoise background with yellow and green fish and shells. Also available: LILLY polos and slacks in coordinated solids.
Sizes: 39-46R, 40-46L, 42-44XL $130.00

Lilly Pulitzer

Send check, money order, Master Charge to Lilly Pulitzer, Inc., Mail Order Dept., 2901 N.W. 34th Street, Miami, FL 33142. Add $1.50 postage and handling. Florida residents add 4% sales tax.
Write for free catalog, including locations of all Lilly shops.

teenth over the inner, all-weather track. The main track is still being brought into proper condition for racing at a mile, which is why we've had a glut of races at six furlongs and at a mile and a sixteenth. The management hopes that the racing strip will be in condition for running the Gotham Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile on Saturday.

SEATTLE SLEW had a smooth early-morning flight from Miami to Kennedy last week. Mickey Taylor and his wife, Karen, made the trip with him, and the colt was bedded down in his stall in Barn 27 at Belmont hours before the backstretch knew of his arrival. Since then, they say, he has drawn a bigger gallery of horsemen to watch his morning gallops than Secretariat ever had. As this is written, there are no firm plans for his immediate future. Before the Flamingo Stakes, Billy Turner, the red-headed former jumping-race rider who trains him, said that Seattle Slew would go to New York, and that his prep race for the Kentucky Derby would be the $100,000 Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on April 23rd, though the colt might be given a warmup gallop in the $50,000 Gotham. It is no secret, however, that Hollywood Park was trying very hard, and still is, to get Seattle Slew out to its $200,000 Derby on April 17th, and it is said that Mrs. Taylor and her husband, who have raced in California for some time, are all for the idea. The catch is that the Hollywood Derby is an over-the-turf course, and Seattle Slew has never raced on grass. It seems that the people at Keeneland would also like to have Seattle Slew, for the Blue Grass Stakes—a $100,000 race this year—on April 28th. If he made all these dates, the colt could end up with half a million before the Triple Crown. This would be a very large order, even if he didn't get jet lag.

THE running of the $199,000 Santa Anita Derby, a week ago, complicated rather than clarified the outlook for three-year-olds in California. Habitony, coming from last in a field of fifteen at the half-mile post, won by three lengths from For the Moment (who had been shipped west for the race), with Steve's Friend, a hundred-to-one shot, third. The Irish colt's spectacular run reminded the old-timers in the crowd of Silky Sullivan's in the race nineteen years ago. Shoemaker, who rode Habitony, had been aboard Silky Sullivan that day. Cuzwuzwrong, winner of the California Derby, led to the stretch, then faded to tenth. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:48⅕, nearly a second slower than the Flamingo. Santa Anita almost had another ten-million-dollar weekend, with $5,755,234 bet on Derby Day and $4,235,062 the day before. As for attendance, a crowd of 51,362, the largest ever at Oaklawn Park, Hot Springs, saw Calumet Farms' Our Mims win the Fantasy Stakes from Sweet Alliance. Meteor Dancer, ridden by Cauthen, was third.

THERE was no racing again in Maryland last week. Baltimore horseplayers went in droves to Charles Town, in West Virginia, and Garden State Park, in Jersey. But word got out that if the strike that has closed Pimlico was not settled soon the Preakness Stakes would be run at Aqueduct, and that brought action. The state racing commission, which had previously taken no part in the labor dispute, has called a meeting this week of the heads of Pimlico, Bowie, and Laurel, representatives of the union, and mediators, at which efforts will be made to reach an agreement.

—AUDAX MINOR

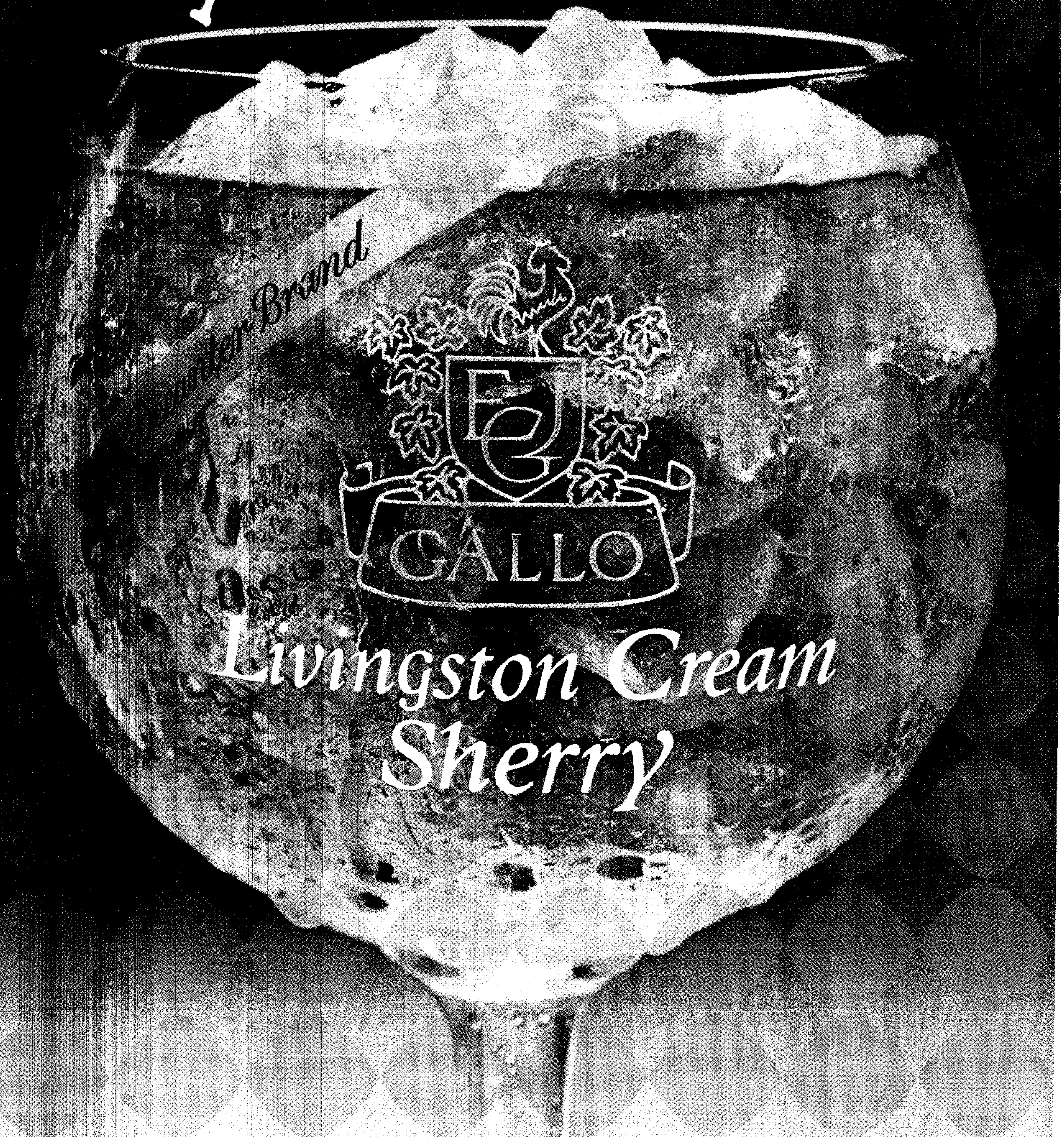
•

12-107-11 MAINTENANCE WORKER (A)
$1,093-1,253
Radio Astronomy Laboratory
Cassel, California Location

Build or rebuild small structures such as storage sheds and well houses and replace broken windows, hinges, and shingles. Assemble furniture and cabinets. Crate and uncrate supplies. Operate heavy equipment such as hydraulic fork lift (3-ton), caterpillar tractor D-4, crane (15-ton), jeeps, and heavy duty truck. Service all machinery and maintain roads and parking lots. Trim trees, plant shrubs, remove snow, and maintain fencing. Select and mix paints and paint buildings. Insulate buildings. Install and replace electric wiring and conduits. Install and replace concrete, lead, steel, and plastic piping. Cut, thread, and bend pipe. Work on machinist machinery such as lathe and milling machine. Do arc and oxy-acetylene welding, brazing, and soldering. Sharpen tools, fix broken water lines, replace faucets, washers, and toilet water supply valves. Replace faulty electrical fixtures. Clean motors, pumps, shop machinery, and tools. Keep machinery (air compressor) and refrigeration equipment in working order. Do maintenance work on two 20-foot and one 85-foot antennas. Minimum qualifications: education and experience equivalent to the ability to read, write, and perform basic arithmetic calculations and four years of responsible experience in one or more of the trades involving carpentry, locksmithing, masonry, painting, or mechanical maintenance, and achievement of operational level skills. Departmental job-related requirements include: must be willing to live at Hat Creek Observatory, Cassel, California.—*Job-opportunities sheet, University of California.*

When you get through at the end of the day, come on over to our house!

Try a softer drink.


Rooster Brand
E&J
GALLO
Livingston Cream Sherry

Instead of the same old liquor drink try a Livingston Cream Sherry on cracked ice. It's satisfying, but so much softer. And sumptuous. Like velvet.

In fact, Gallo Livingston Cream Sherry has been chosen over many of the best imported sherries by wine experts. All the more reason to switch. Cheers for a softer drink!

California Sherry, E&J Gallo, Modesto, Calif.

ROYAL
COPENHAGEN
MUSK
OIL
COLOGNE
4 FL. OZ
ROYAL
COPENHAGEN
MUSK
OIL
Cologne
4 FL. OZS.

Introducing the only elegant musk oil cologne

It's unique, expressive, regal. It's Royal Copenhagen Musk Oil Cologne. Unique because it's the only elegant Musk Oil Cologne, expressive because it's a lingering long lasting scent, and regal because it exudes the essence of royalty. It's different because you're different. Express yourself... with Royal Copenhagen Musk Oil Cologne.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN®

With Permission from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark, SWANK, INC.-Sole Dist.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

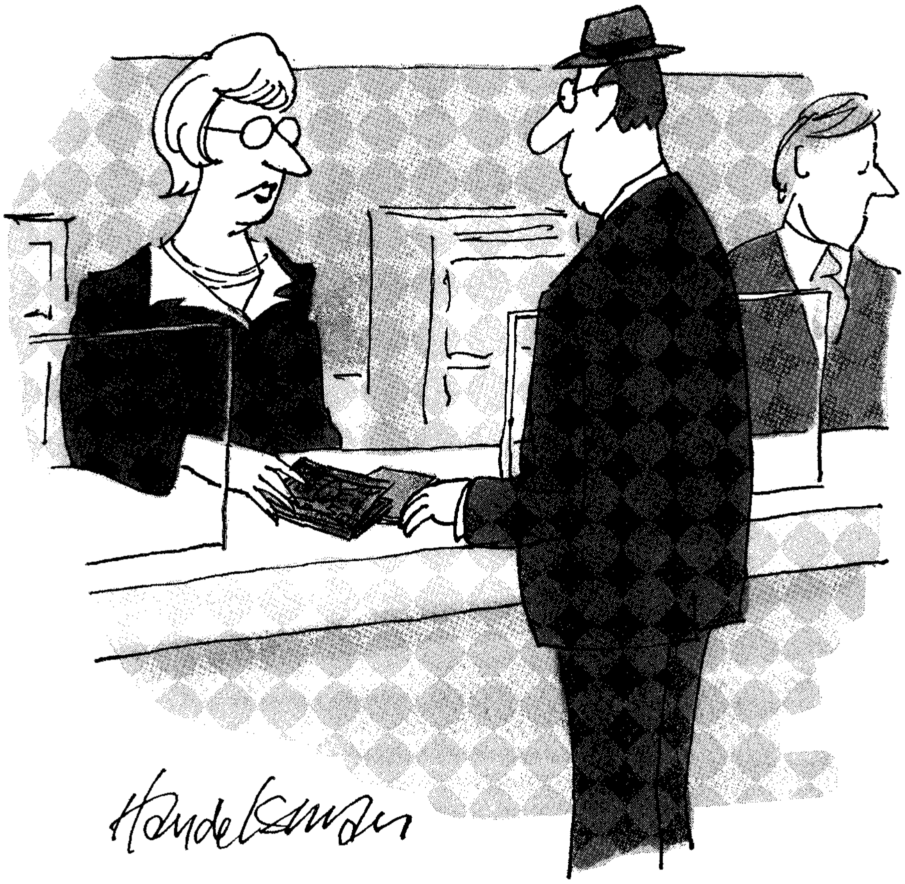
FEMININE FASHIONS

I WENT to see a fashion show the other day. It was put on by a group of Madison Avenue boutiques, each of which showed a handful of suggestions for spring and summer clothes. In the audience of friends, customers, and hangers-on who attend such functions, there were some women with ribbed gold earrings peeking out from under streaked, studiously windblown coiffures and with bow-throated blouses spilling over the lapels of blazers. A young white woman in blond-colored Sonia Rykiel knitwear from top to toe and with a mane of Catherine Deneuve hair that coördinated nicely with her peroxide-colored lynx was in conversation with a young black woman with corn-rowed hair who wore a long black skirt, thick black stockings, and a funny old thrift-shop jacket with a shawl collar of moth-eaten white rabbit. There was an elegant, long-legged girl with shiny, bright-red lipstick and with her hair pulled up into dime-store combs. She was wearing high-heeled shoes, cigarette-leg pants made of a fabric that looked like Reynolds Wrap, and a gauzy, gold-embroidered lilac kurta. On Madison Avenue on my way to and from the show, I saw lots more blond-streaked heads and more blazers, in the company of well-bred babies who looked about them with the attentive solemnity of butlers as they were bowled along in fancy carriages. International art dealers were darting about in their oatmeal-colored suits and their tiny, vestigial mufflers of canary-colored cashmere. The sun shone on the haze of pale-green leaf that wreathed the potted trees on the sidewalk, and it played about the ornate gold frames and the Queen Anne brasses in the windows of the galleries. A curly-haired girl laughing on the arm of her young man was wearing a white Victorian nightgown under a nineteen-forties suit jacket, with a little purse from Afghanistan slung round her neck like a magic charm. And I saw a very old lady in a wheelchair being slowly wheeled by her maid past the doors of Sotheby Parke Bernet. The invalid had put on an utterly foolish perching hot-pink hat, and was tilting her face toward the spring.

All these choices and gestures are part of fashion as it is today. And the various attitudes and fashion messages that one can see on the street were all to be seen, in some form, in the styles in the show, and in the boutiques that I visited later. The interest of a fashion show involving more than one designer and more than one store is in the different image that each group of clothes conjures of the women who will wear them. Each of the boutiques involved has a personality as distinct as that of its proprietor and as his or her understanding of the boutique's customers. (And a shrewd understanding of the customer is as essential for a boutique as for any other small business that exists in a precariously narrow margin between success and insolvency.) But these distinct personalities can still be divided, broadly, into a more or less conservative contingent, where the remnants of an ordered, controlled, and comprehensible fashion system reside, and the more or less new wave of designers and customers—a generation that could never free itself entirely of ethnic and historical allusions, even if it wanted to. The distinction between "funky" fashion and "straight" fashion, however the first may have originated in youthful impecuniousness, is no longer one of price by the time it reaches the Madison Avenue level. One would pay the same for a fancy antique creation from Lydia as for a new one from Halston, the same for a used dress from Ménage à Trois as for a new-minted number from Manning Silver Design.

One of the chief distinctions between the conservative and the nonconservative schools, it was clear from the show, is in the matter of fit. Fashions clearly aimed at older and more conventional women are far more figure-revealing than those in the younger and more relaxed style. (This is presumably because younger women with good figures are less concerned about proving it than older women with good figures.) By day, it seems that the conservative Madison Avenue style still goes in for the sort of skinny, rigidly controlled tailoring of which the blazer remains the perfect example. By night, this style goes in for a surprisingly clinging seductiveness, often in silklike synthetic jersey, which has become a very conservative-looking fabric, or in silk proper, which, because of its high price, is often found in unimaginative styles and prints.

Nancy & Co., Nancy Schneider's boutique, at 986 Madison Avenue (77th), has long been involved with the livelier school of fashion, and imports the often relatively daring designs of the Paris ready-to-wear, among other clothes. One of this store's contributions to the show was a black jump-



"There you are, Mr. Rauschfelder—'your' money, as you put it."

TO CELEBRATE THE SILVER JUBILEE
of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, 1977

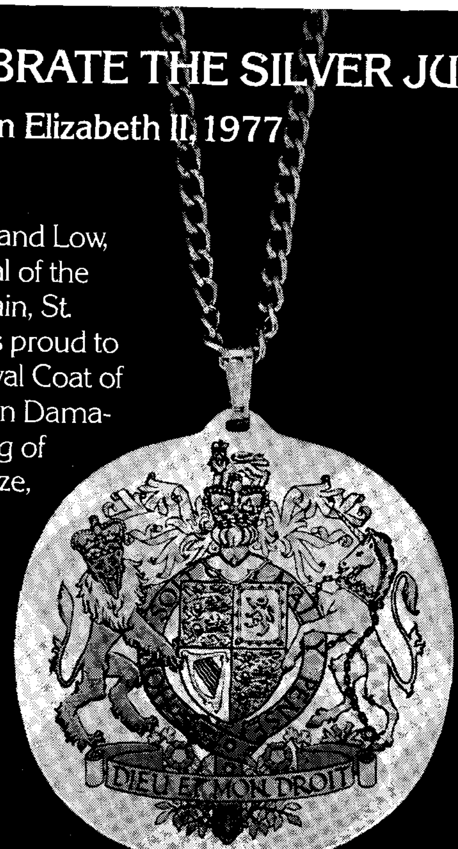
Shreve, Crump and Low, with the approval of the Lord Chamberlain, St James Palace, is proud to present the "Royal Coat of Arms" pendant in Damascene, a blending of gold, silver, bronze, and burnished copper, with 24" chain, $19.50.

Mass. tax 5%
Shipping, $1.35
Shown actual size.

Shreve charge,
Master Charge,
Am. Express.

SHREVE,
CRUMP &
LOW CO.
JEWELERS SINCE 1800

330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
AND THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL



Silk daisies *in 10-ounces of absolutely delicious cool, crunchy mint Ting-A-Lings all in a hand-painted clay flower pot . . . pink, yellow, white or pale blue. There you have a sweet and sentimental exclusive little N-M something for Mother on her day, Sunday May 8. Mothers are rarely averse to a little sweet sentiment from their children! 10.00 in Epicure*

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, Bal Harbour, Atlanta, St. Louis and Northbrook, Ill. Please add 1.85 for postage, insurance and handling; and state sales tax where applicable.

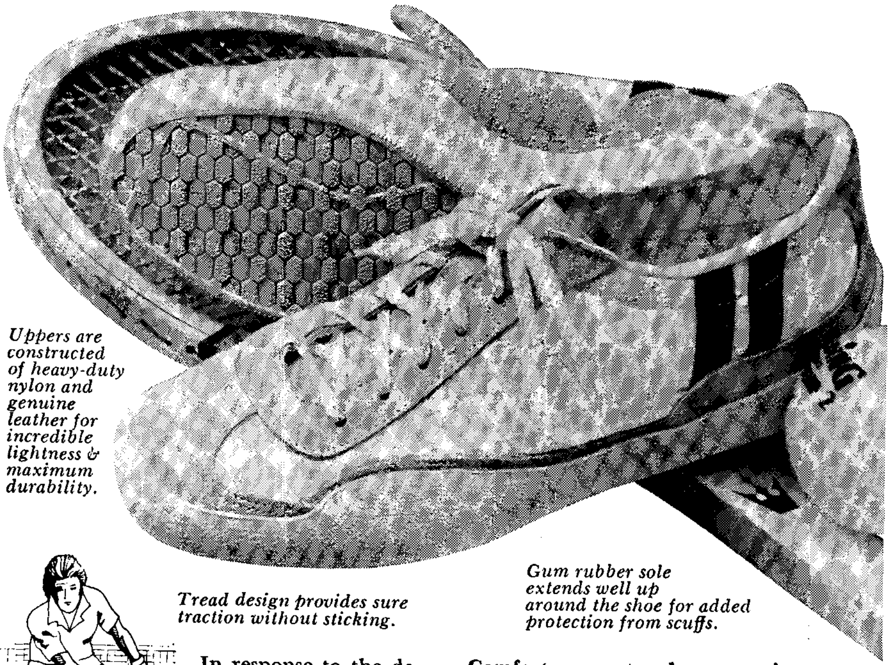
suit by the Paris-based Japanese designer Issey Miyake which was a perfect (and exaggerated) demonstration of the newer approach to fit, having tight-calved, low-crotched pants as voluminous in the seat as a baby's diapers. Another roomy style—more manageable for more women—was a tent top in scarlet cotton by the Paris firm of Ko & Co. A hood that looks something like a butterfly net and the sleeves (from the elbow down) are made of natural cotton gauze that is somewhere between cheesecloth and hessian in texture. The top—whose playful references to camping, mosquito netting, and general outdoorsiness are to be expected of the designer, Jean-Charles de Castelbajac—is $85, and a mid-calf, bias-cut skirt in the same cotton is $60. Nancy & Co. also has an attractive collection of separates and dresses designed by the Englishwoman Marisa Martin, with softly Indian references and embroideries. Most of the pieces are made of an ivory-colored slightly crinkled cotton muslin and trimmed with various ribbons, stitcheries, and contrasting flounces in dusty pink, hot pink, and deeper-than-pastel blue. A fancy camisole top is $65, a flounced skirt is $135, and a short-sleeved jacket with handwoven Haitian-cotton stripings is $160. Also vaguely in the ethnic-romantic vein are dresses and blouses designed by Marta Salvadori in a soft, dazzlingly white cotton gauze with a nicely rumpled and carefree air. They would look good on suntanned girls with breezes and flowers in their hair, hunting for shells and pottering along at the edge of the surf. A slip-topped Salvadori gown with a doilylike tracery of frosty crocheted lace at the neck is $110. And Nancy & Co. also has a modest but invaluable little white blouse of pure cotton with a trim shape and tiny cap sleeves, for $24. (After summers filled with T-shirts and backless sundresses, something that looks more like a sleeveless armhole makes a refreshing change.)

If the styles of the different fashion generations diverge in the question of fit, they also differ, for more intangible reasons, in their approach to color. Very bright primary colors have been the idea coming out of the Paris *prêt-à-porter* for some seasons, and they are now making their presence felt in an American sportswear market that has been preoccupied with neutrals for a while. But it is not as simple as saying that bright colors look newer and younger than dull ones, because most parts of the more conservative fashion audience have never abandoned bright colors at all—especially for evening and for summer wear. But after comparing some of the mean, acidic lemons, limes, aquamarines, and violets that cropped up in the more tedious sections of the show with the bright colors used by the influential "younger generation" Paris names like Kenzo and Saint Laurent—and by their followers—I hazard the unscientific opinion that bright colors look right and new when they look as though they might have been produced by vegetable dyes and wrong and "off" when they look somehow chemical. Certainly the cotton clothes shown the other day by Sermoneta, 740 Madison Avenue (64th), stood out by virtue of their glowing natural-looking color. They are made of fabric that is imported from Nicaragua. The shop specializes in fabrics and accessories from Latin America, and these are often in brilliant, jungle-bird colors. Strapless, peplumed camisole tops in a choice of scarlet, canary, turquoise, or white, together with flounced skirts, are $38.50. A smock top in a choice of fifteen often delightful colors is $18. Sermoneta also has lighthearted summer accessories. Hats of real Panama straw are $7.95 and $35, depending on the quality and on the size of the brim, and a yellow straw style with an eyelet-slotted brim to give dappled and filtered sun protection is $8.50. Little flat bags of Colombian tree-bark fibre are intricately worked, trimmed with rustling tassels, and slung from multiple shoulder strings as if they were minute hammocks; $16.50. And bucket-shaped bags in various sizes, from tiny to tote, are made of finely worked sisal with Indian patternings of interesting hue. Two of these bags were slung donkey fashion, and to great effect, over the shoulders of one of the models in the show the other day. It takes one man in Ecuador a couple of months to make such a bag, with a primitive crochet hook. This laboriousness explains why an eight-inch size has the price—high among such Third World ethnic-handicraft modes—of about $44.

The surprising thing about a mixed fashion show such as this is learning how few designers have any sense of color at all, let alone a flair for combinations of color. But the boutique called Little Michael, 698 Madison Avenue (62nd), presented a group of evening separates in silk crêpe de Chine which demonstrated an unusually sensitive eye for color. The group has many possible combinations, being made up of five basic shapes of top and three different bottoms, which include straight-legged pajama pants and a calf-length

New from France for men and women . . .
a shoe designed expressly for court sports.

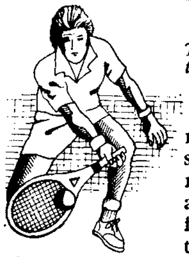
Winning comes easier when your feet feel better!



Uppers are constructed of heavy-duty nylon and genuine leather for incredible lightness & maximum durability.

Tread design provides sure traction without sticking.

Gum rubber sole extends well up around the shoe for added protection from scuffs.



In response to the demand for footwear designed specifically for tennis, we've come up with a truly remarkable shoe from France. We call them Courts, because they're engineered inside and out for one purpose only . . . outstanding performance on a court surface. From first serve until the end of the match, your feet will experience comfort, support and sure traction with the sensation of weight almost non-existent!

Designed for lightness and durability.

The uppers on Courts are constructed primarily of heavy-duty nylon. It's naturally lightweight, yet tough enough to take the continuous stress and strain it'll be subjected to during active play. This nylon is specially woven to breathe, so your feet stay dry and comfortable.

Elsewhere on the uppers, you'll discover glove-soft, sueded leather. It's placed where necessary for added strength and reinforcement. You'll find this leather all the way around the shoe between the sole and nylon upper, on the heel and lace stays, and covering most of the toe and instep.

Comfort, support and sure traction.

- Underfoot, there's a long-wearing, gum rubber sole with a special tread design that provides sure traction without "sticking" (the cause of a lot of unnecessary stress and strain and twisted ankles).
- An arch support you can feel working helps provide proper support and keeps your foot from sliding side to side.
- A special heel cup cradles your foot while holding it well back into the shoe.
- An extra-thick textile insole is designed to prevent blisters and abrasion.
- A sueded leather tongue is foam padded for extra comfort and features a slit for laces to keep it securely in place.

Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back in full . . . "You be the Judge"™

Color: White, with grey leather trim and blue and green accent stripes. Men's sizes: 6-12, 13. Women's sizes: 5-10. Available in one width to fit A-E. EE order ½ size larger for proper fit. Size 13, add $2.50.

Men's (No.2750); Women's (No.2759) **$28.50.**

"ESCAPE from the ordinary"®

Dept. 01-64 1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Oregon 97209

Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______
☐ Check ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Card #______ M/C Intbk #______
Sig. X______ Exp. Date______
Please add $1.50 for postage and handling.

Courts ($28.50)	Qty.	Size
Men's 2750		
Women's 2759		

Order TOLL FREE anytime 800-547-6712
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii, and Alaska)

Norm Thompson

☐ Send FREE color catalog loaded with men's and women's fashions, sports equipment and gift items . . . many of which can be purchased only from us.

Dedicated to making it easy to shop the world by mail since 1949.

To be taken
lightly.

Madler's glove-soft featherweight nappa takes the slim shape of an expandable one-suiter 21" x 13" x 8." Perfect for all your short trips. $245. And since you'll need your toothbrush, razor and company, take our nappa "dob" kit with waterproof lining: Sm. $40, Med. $50, Lg. $78. Both in black or brown.

MADLER, 450 Park Avenue at 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 212/688-5045
Major Credit Cards Accepted.

Now there are
three great rosés.
This one is American.

LANCERS
Great Western
veritas
A dazzling pink New York State premium table wine

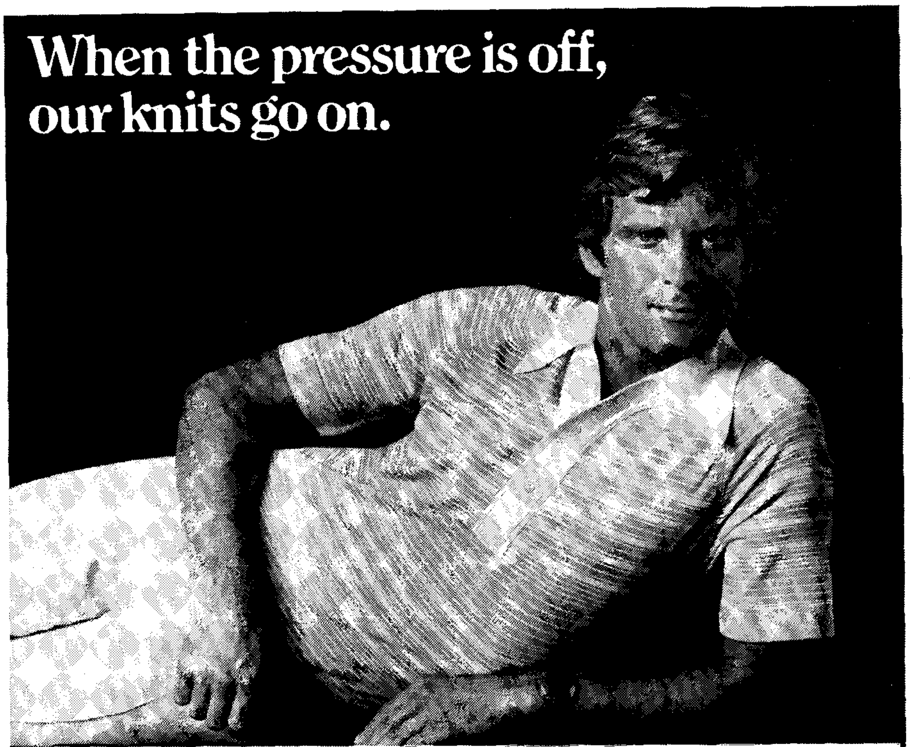
Veritas. The true American wine
from Great Western.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Hammondsport, New York 14840

skirt that falls in soft pencil pleats below a deep sash that wraps round itself, like an obi. Dramatic combinations of turquoise and red or turquoise and purple may be assembled, as may gentler—but no less intelligent-looking—schemes involving pink, red, and gray. The pleated obi skirt, a wafting sort of affair, can be seen in narrow horizontal stripes of uneven width in those three colors ($185). A sleeveless shell ($42) and pants ($100) made a lithe appearance on the runway in a very soft and dusty pink that stopped unerringly short of looking like lingerie. Over the pink pair there went a wrap-around sleeveless kimono top and sash in the palest tone of pearl gray; $76. This shop and its owner are both diminutive, and the atmosphere is highly eclectic. The subtleties of these crêpe-de-Chine clothes may be inspected to a background of loud reggae and alongside sportive daytime separates that include off-the-shoulder, fifties-inspired cotton T-shirts by Caroll ($13 and up) and above-the-knee white cotton Gurkha shorts ($38) from the San Francisco firm of Ma Chemise.

Pure silk appeared in the show from time to time in that style which combines stuffiness and sensuality and seems fit for aging actresses at Oscar ceremonies. But that there is no reason it should be employed in such a fashion was demonstrated by the delicacy of the numbers shown by Basha &, 908 Madison Avenue (73rd). A one-of-a-kind dress in hand-painted ivory silk georgette was worn under an airy cape in plain ivory. (The pair was snaffled up by a woman in search of something to wear at her wedding, but the shop will duplicate it for other women's significant occasions for around $800.) A second dress in silk georgette comes, as do most of Basha's designs, in two separate pieces to facilitate fit. This dress—a nice notion for a spring or summer evening—begins with a strapless bodice that has a deep flounce floating out from the elasticized top to rib height. The skirt has two layers of fabric and rows of fine elastic at the waist. A vaguely Florentine-endpaper print has vertical, buntinglike lines of pale gray and turquoise and delicate ropelike twists of fading apricot and peach; $150. This and any of Basha's other styles—in silk georgette, chiffon, or crêpe de Chine—can be made to order in a week to ten days if not in stock. At the fashion show, I saw the shop's owner, Mrs. Basha Rudin, stalk by on her way to luncheon. She is a tall, swan-necked creature, and she was wearing one of her own confections—a shirtdress with an upstanding collar, in very pale gray silk printed with fragile bird-track patterns of white. The sight of Mrs. Rudin in her crêpe de Chine seemed to conjure up the vanished era when society women went to restaurants and the races modelling couturiers' clothes.

Cap-sleeved shirtdresses in crêpe de Chine—these, unlike Basha's, in a single piece and made in France by the firm of Scali—may also be found at Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th). Mrs. Schweitzer was among the forerunners in importing luxurious European ready-to-wear into the city, including the designs of the Missonis and of Karl Lagerfeld. Some of the Scali dresses come in color combinations that still strike the American eye as being elegant in a distinctly European way. For example, in one dress fuchsia-colored silk is combined effectively with a blackberry color that goes into a round-ended collar, covered buttons, and sash of braided silk cord; $300. Very delicate, narrow-bodied, second-skin sweaters of pure-silk knit, from Italy, are $105. And a number of playful styles in cotton *broderie anglaise* and imported from France were in the show. They include short shorts ($40) and a little fitted corselet top ($55) in a choice of white, yellow, or black. Or the shorts might be worn under a long-skirted halter dress in a choice of white or black; $115. (The nineteen-fifties notion of shorts or play-suits under skirts is making a comeback in seaside fashions.) An ankle-length cotton evening gown—this only in sunshine color—with a narrow corset top that laces in front is $115.

More in the way of luxurious European sportswear—this time from the Italian firm of Krizia, which has long been known for its finesse in knits—may be found at Veneziano, 819 Madison Avenue (68th). The Krizia possibilities on show began with a discreet, impeccable pair of pants in white wool crêpe, for $125. They have a modified sailor-pants fastening, modified parachutist-pants pockets on the front of the thighs, and drawstrings round ankles that may be bloused into modified harem-style puffs. (The store points out that these ankle ties may be left ungathered, or even removed altogether, for a more conventional effect. But the style is so unfreakish and so very modestly ironic that such timidity seems unwarranted to me.) A beautiful thigh-length sweater-jacket of downy ivory-colored wool knit is the suggested companion for the pants. It has a contrasting collar of pea-


When the pressure is off,
our knits go on.

Refreshing Spring stripings on Thane's full-fashioned knit shirt of luxurious Qiana® nylon: Luxura Slope. About $20 at Jacobson's, Michigan; Lazarus, Columbus; Capper & Capper, Chicago and Detroit; and Kennedy's, Boston.

THANE

THE WARNACO GROUP

®DuPont Reg. T.M.

SEBAGO
DOCKSIDES
Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

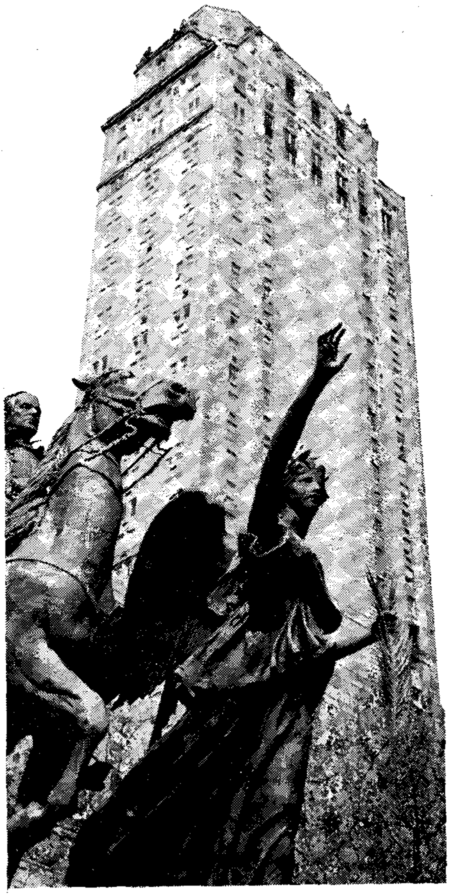
Examine the elk-tanned cowhide upper. Built to resist salt, perspiration, mildew. Test the non-slip sole which refuses to pick up sand or pebbles. Handsewn by Yankee craftsmen.

Available in New York, **Tom Austin's;** Baltimore, **Hecht Co.;** Philadelphia, **Strawbridge & Clothier;** Washington, **Woodward & Lothrop;** San Francisco, **Joe Harris;** Fort Lauderdale, West Palm Beach, Bal Harbor, Naples, **Maus & Hoffman;** Portland, Ore., **Norm Thompson;** Cleveland, **Golland's;** Minneapolis, **Gokey's;** Grosse Pointe, **McCourt's;** Newport Beach, Cal., **Newport Marine;** Vancouver, B.C., **False Creek Marina**; and **selected Florsheim shoe shops.**

"The most beautiful hotel in New York..."

That's what visitors from abroad say about the Pierre. For the best of reasons. It's the one hotel graced with Old World touches. Sweeping murals. Elegant decor. Airy suites. Service that pampers. And architecture that meets the sky where Fifth Avenue joins the park. The Pierre. It's a rare beauty. And the world never has enough of that. For reservations and information call 212-838-8000.

The Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021
MANAGED BY TRUST HOUSES FORTE, LTD.
MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS ASSOCIATION



cock blue, in the folded double-triangle style with a tie hanging from each point which was made famous by Sonia Rykiel. A similar little triangle idea, without the ties, goes to enhance the outside of the wrists; $180. And the same blue wrist-triangles, together with a band collar that laps over in a blue triangle, go into a superb fly-fronted tunic blouse of buttermilk silk; $175. This trio may also be seen in the same ivory wool, silk, and crêpe combination but with touches of a color midway between raspberry and boysenberry sherbet.

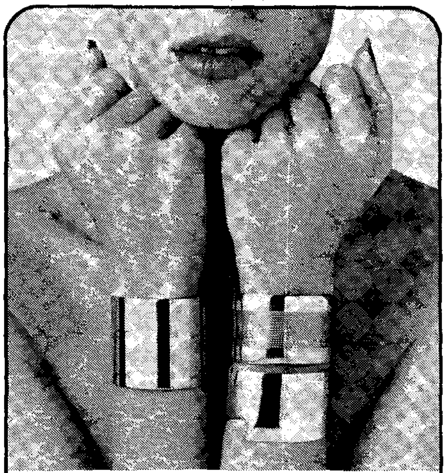
NOTHING, it was clear from the various contributions to the show, sets lively fashion apart from fusty fashion as much as the presence within the lively designs of visual ironies and allusions and contradictory messages. What has proved the most dynamic style of dress in recent years does not commit the wearer to a definitive look or to a single statement about her taste or wealth. The style often combines articles scavenged from the thrift shop, the dime store, the Army-surplus store, and the ethnic-clothing store with pieces—perhaps saved up for—from expensive shops such as Rive Gauche or the Parisian bootmakers Maud Frizon. And very often in this school of dress there is a combination of the traditionally masculine—boots, a tailored jacket, or an old fedora, say—with traditionally flowery and flouncing femininity. The designs at Betsey Bunky Nini, 746 Madison Avenue (65th), show an instinctive understanding of the tapestry of messages and fantasies which is the modern style of fashion. The store sent to the fashion show a charming collection of peasant cottons trimmed with flounces, ribbons, and rickrack braid. (Perhaps it is worth noting for the record that Yves Saint Laurent did *not* invent the "Peasant Fantasy Look" a season ago, even if that belief brings to the style newcomers who have suddenly discovered its respectability. Flounces and associated fripperies have been a classic among the young style of fashionables—including boutiques like B.B.N. and designers like Saint Laurent himself—for the better part of ten years.) Barbara Washburn, the "Bunky" partner and the sole surviving active member of the store's original Fifty-third Street triumvirate, has the laudable and all too rare notion of fostering sensitive young American designers—in particular, Susan Ewing, who serves as a resident talent on the store's own premises, and Margarita Duncan, who works on her

Chipp
ACCUSTOMED TO THE FINEST?

Our lush, full-fashioned Sea Island cotton sport shirts provide long-lasting, comfortable wear. None look better, feel better, or are cooler! Made in England, naturally. See why we say "one will never be enough!" $25. In many smashing colors – navy, white, baby blue, ecru, salmon, med. blue, pine green, camel, red, yellow, copper.

Write for free color catalogue.

CHIPP
Dept. J, 14 East 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Am. Exp. & Mas. Chge. Add $1.50 post. N.Y. Res. add tax.



CUFFS A LA CARTE

From Dionne Cole's irresistible collection in brass, copper, or German silver. Wide 2" cuff—polished $17 or hammered $20. The engraved cuff $22. The Cut-Out—polished $30 or hammered $33.

Higbee's — Cleveland
Harzfeld's — Kansas City
Sakowitz — Houston
Chas. A. Stevens — Chicago
Patricia's — Dallas
L.L. Berger — Buffalo
Garfinckel's — Washington, D.C.
Jacobson's — Michigan & Ohio
Nordstrom — Seattle, Portland & Alaska
Luettgens Limited — Hartford
Godchaux's — New Orleans
Field-Schlick — St. Paul

dionne cole
385 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

painstaking creations in her apartment on the lower East Side. Miss Duncan, whose skills were brought to the designing of clothes by way of experimental craftwork, is responsible for a spectacular and fragile-looking dress of white cotton which made its début in the fashion show. Basically a high-waisted sundress, it is lavishly trimmed and textured with streamers, cockades, and rosettes made of some fifty yards of red-white-and-green ribbon. The effect is vaguely Mexican, or perhaps like an Italian wedding cake, and the price is $450. A less lavish version of the same sort of inspiration is a white cotton smock top that is trimmed with rickrack and with big, heart-shaped pockets; $110. Flounced skirts (about $110) and camisoles with daisy-ribbon detailing (around $45) create a similar mood. Susan Ewing puts her hand to a number of very feminine, longish-skirted dress styles in vague, often muted florals ($150 and $170), and also to a smock top and flounced skirt in bright-red cotton knit. This pair is made of two different patterns of flower print. The main design has clutches of pansies and emerald splashes that look like rain slanting on a windowpane, while the subsidiary pattern—employed on flounce, rounded yoke, and bloused cuffs—is of smaller, multicolored posies. The dress is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon that harmonizes perfectly with the colors of the print, as do the antique buttons. In red or in an alternative yellow version, the two pieces are $180.

Norma Kamali's designs didn't happen to appear in the show, but no discussion of originality and talent in Madison Avenue boutiques would be complete without reference to her Kamali, Ltd., 787 Madison Avenue (67th). Norma Kamali's designs are tirelessly inventive, and have the particular strengths that come from having been created by a woman for other women. They have a witty yet flattering grasp of historical allusion, and they have always struck a balance between the masculinity of strict tailoring and the femininity of soft fabric and flowing lines. In the category of softness (and of that generous and concealing fit I spoke of earlier), there is at present in the shop a marvellously capacious raincoat that is like a redefinition of a cyclist's poncho cape, interpreted in shimmering old-gold-colored silk. The fabric has a rubberized backing that makes it completely waterproof, but the garment is as light and rustling as a leaf, so it can be donned all summer long for steaming cloudbursts. It has a

John Widdicomb

A faithful reproduction of a XVII C.
Breton panétière or dough box

The sliding doors are carved back to leave the ornamentation in high relief

One of a group of 27 ash pieces from antiques of the French countryside
Not designed to be seen in retail stores

Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer
At the John Widdicomb galleries of Uncommon Furniture

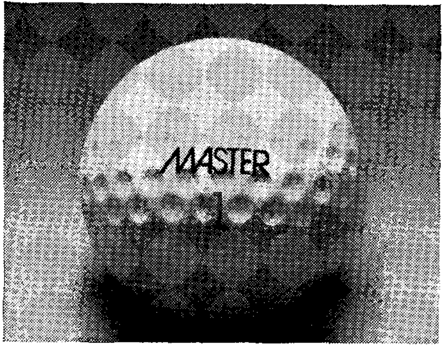
NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • GRAND RAPIDS
Atlanta • Chicago • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

The Silverwood Maple

Gorham introduces the tree that grows in silver. Shimmering in reflective light. Captured for all time. Signed and dated by the noted artist and naturalist Randy Adams. Each tree is exquisitely sculptured from silverplated copper wire, mounted on a Vermont slate base and lacquered to preserve the lustrous original finish. A unique collectible. 15″ high $160; 12″ $120; 9″ $70; 8″ $54.
By Gorham, Providence, R.I. 02907.

GORHAM TEXTRON
Gorham Division of Textron Inc

Lots of people make good golf balls. Why should you choose the Royal Master?



There really aren't any "bad" golf balls in your pro shop. Not because some aren't made, but a golf professional wouldn't give them space.

But, different balls are designed for different kinds of players. Royal, for example, offers five different golf balls...more than any other maker. One of our balls, the Royal Master, has quickly become our best-selling ball because it satisfies the needs of more golfers.

THE ROYAL MASTER®

The Royal Master is a Surlyn® covered two-piece ball.

This construction provides maximum durability and most players get more distance because of the dimple configuration. The Master has a special blended Kadite® core material that narrows the compression range.

THE WAY IT PLAYS

The aerodynamic dimple pattern provides more lift. The average player will find it easy to get the ball up in the air, with good distance off the tee but not too much roll for accurate iron shots to the green.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The cover paint for the Master is setting new standards for a long-lasting bright whiteness. Particularly important on a ball as durable as the Master.

Other balls with a similar construction include the Top-Flite, Omega and Molitor. We believe that you will discover more "feel" in our blended Surlyn® cover without sacrificing any of the advantages of this type of golf ball.

The more you know about golf balls, the better off you'll be. And the more you know about our golf balls the better off we'll be.

UNIROYAL ROYAL

If you would like more information about any Royal golf ball, please write: Royal Golf, Dept. N41
6 Rubber Ave., Naugatuck, Ct. 06770.

big obi sash, shirttails that end somewhere around the calves, and batwing sleeves that end in deep, narrow, medieval-looking cuffs; $145. Because the designer never stops shy of a touch of fantasy, and is a hat enthusiast, she has also created a matching and totally effective rain hat that combines references to Biblical shepherds, mobcaps, and traffic cops in the rain; $25. Further femininity crops up in a collection of dresses made out of natural-colored, hand-embroidered linen tablecloths, and in a group that has a vaguely American Indian air and is made out of rip-cord-trimmed cotton parachutes. The other Kamali style—the modified-masculine mode—may be seen in the latest of the shop's thoughtfully tailored suits. This is in a choice of black or white lightweight gabardine, and begins with a collarless, peplumed jacket that has a narrow waist and lightly squared-off shoulders. It fastens to one side, like a chauffeur's jacket, and is $375. It may be worn with a matching pleat-fronted mid-calf skirt ($90 to $100), for a fairly "straight," Rosalind Russell-in-the-newsroom look, or in newer-looking partnership with a pair of pleat-fronted pants that end twelve inches or so above the foot ($105). As with so many outfits—from Kamali or any other shop—this look may be modified by accessories to convey the message of any role the wearer chooses to play. Worn with boots, and even with one of the little bellboy caps that Kamali stocks, the pants and jacket might look fairly classic. But the effect would be different in the combination the designer particularly relishes—the black suit with the narrow legs of a diaphanous black union suit projecting below the pants, worn with an amusing little black lace blouse and with either white ankle socks under black open-toed shoes or black socks under white. Norma Kamali has always been full of crazy ideas. At the moment, she likes the look of skirts worn with panty hose that have the feet cut off and are rolled up around the ankles. It's not a style for every woman, admittedly. But it's a pleasure to see that someone in the fashion business is still inventing fashion just for fun. —KENNEDY FRASER

•

Wednesday night at 8, NBC is bringing us TV's first major disaster movie, "Food," a $2.5 million production of Irwin Allen, who reaped a fortune in movie houses with "Towering Inferno."
—*The Post.*

It's about cottage cheese and ketchup and what it does to you.

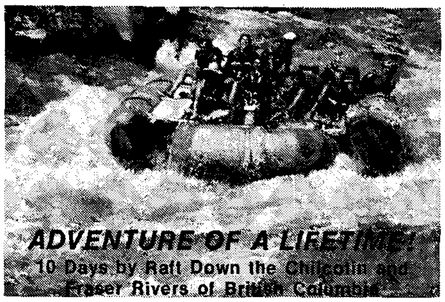
Pure Silk Shantung Suit

If you want to make a real conquest this Pure Silk Shantung Suit in Planter's creamy White is the most unique creation Langrock can offer you. Woven in Italy. You can also have it in Navy Blue. Order by Mail using American Express, Master Charge or BankAmerica account number. $325. Colour swatches sent on request.

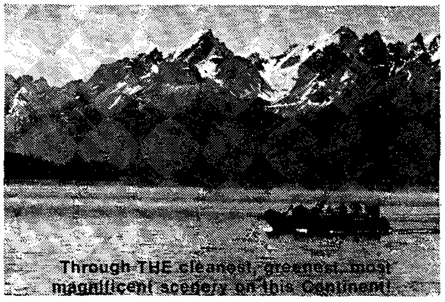
there's only one

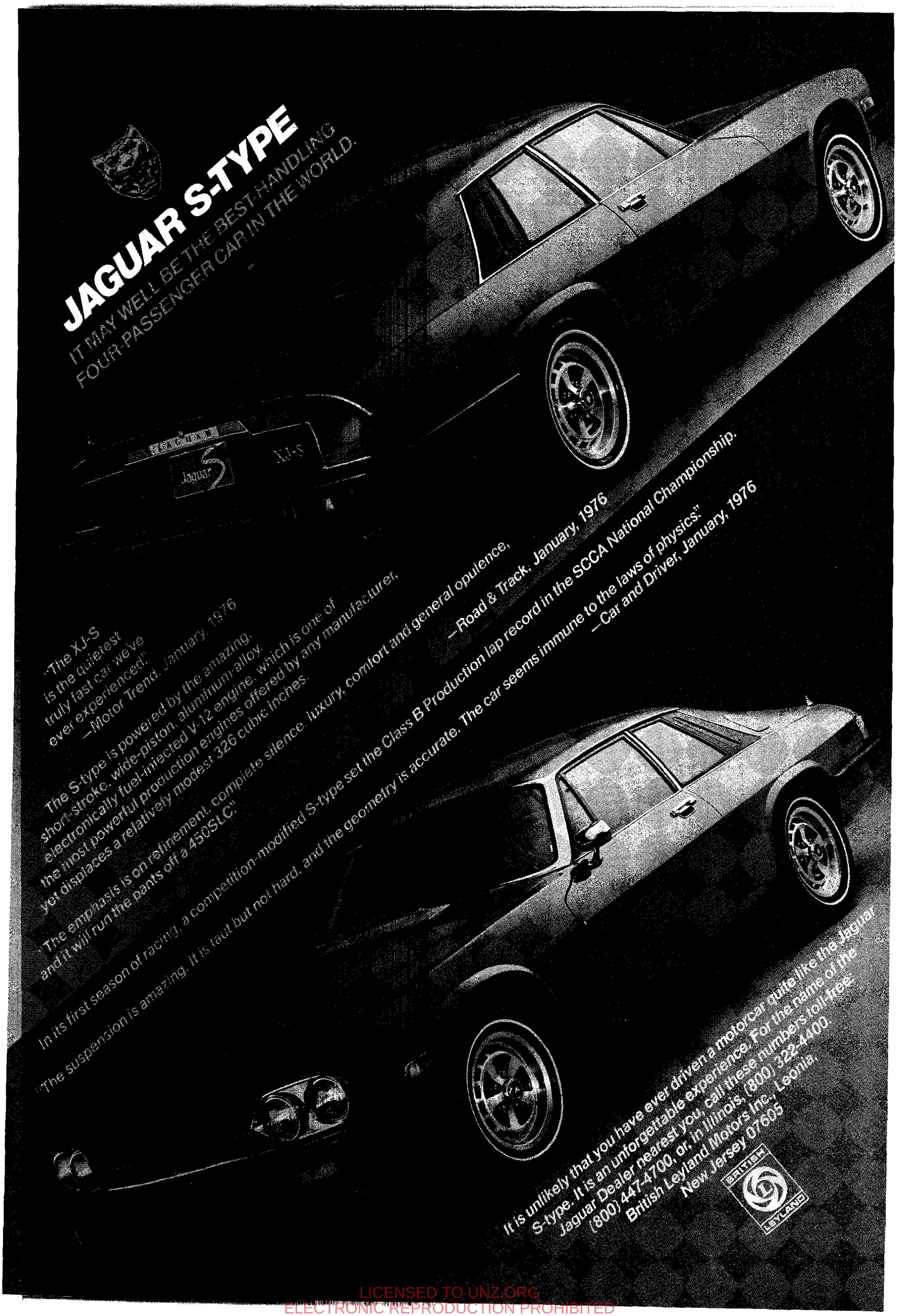
Langrock

42 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540
Telephone: 609-924-2424


ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME!
10 Days by Raft Down the Chilcotin and Fraser Rivers of British Columbia

Consider the variety: Cruise up Inland Passage and glacier walled fjord. Fly across the spine of Coast Range. Cruise beautiful, untouched Chilko Lake. 260 miles of white-water and history down the Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. Safe, easy-going holiday. For info and maps write to **John H. Mikes Canadian River Expeditions, 845 Hornby St., Vancouver, B.C. (604) 926-4436** $785 **ALL** inclusive from Vancouver.


Through THE cleanest, greenest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent!



JAGUAR S-TYPE

IT MAY WELL BE THE BEST-HANDLING FOUR-PASSENGER CAR IN THE WORLD.

"The XJ-S is the quietest truly fast car we've ever experienced."
—Motor Trend, January, 1976

The S-type is powered by the amazing short-stroke, wide-piston, aluminum-alloy, electronically fuel-injected V-12 engine, which is one of the most powerful production engines offered by any manufacturer, yet displaces a relatively modest 326 cubic inches.

"The emphasis is on refinement, complete silence, luxury, comfort and general opulence, and it will run the pants off a 450SLC."
—Road & Track, January, 1976

In its first season of racing, a competition-modified S-type set the Class B Production lap record in the SCCA National Championship.

"The suspension is amazing. It is taut but not hard, and the geometry is accurate. The car seems immune to the laws of physics."
—Car and Driver, January, 1976

It is unlikely that you have ever driven a motorcar quite like the Jaguar S-type. It is an unforgettable experience. For the name of the Jaguar Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

"Ahh... France."

Air France holidays are the best way to see France. Departures from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston and Washington, D.C. See your travel agent or call Air France.

AIR FRANCE
makes it easy to get there.

U.S. JOURNAL: TAMPA, FLORIDA

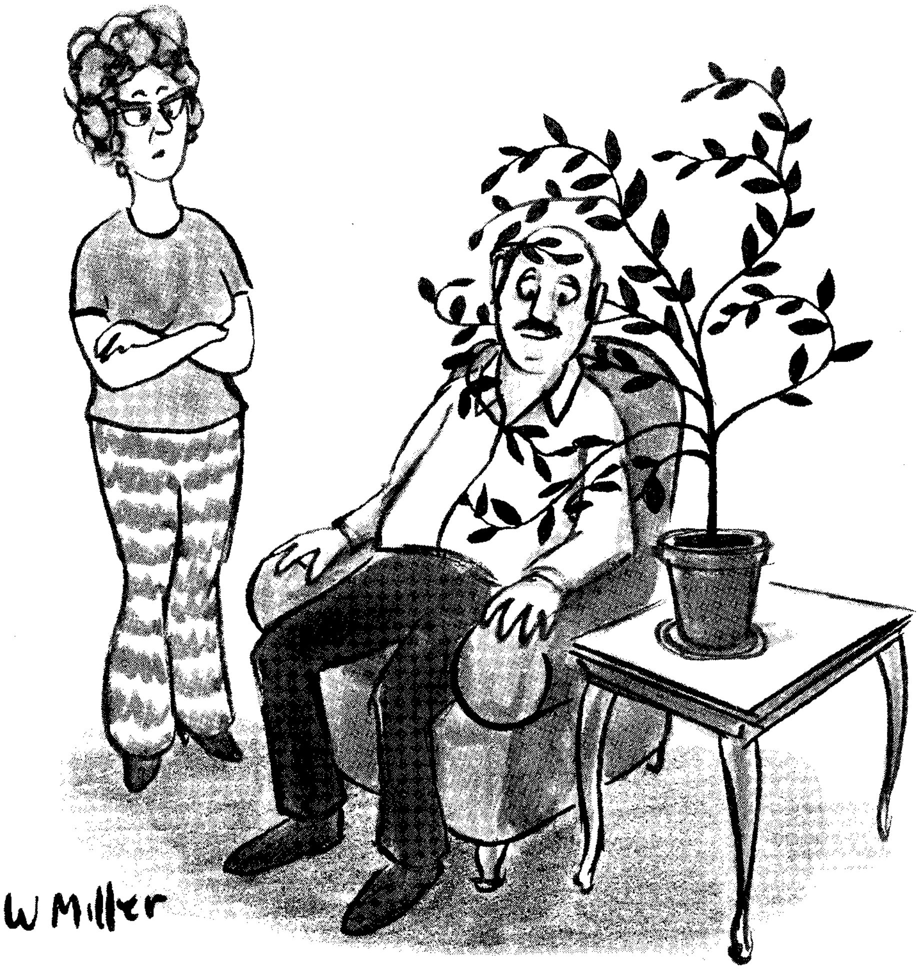
FOUR PEOPLE WHO DO NOT LUNCH AT THE UNIVERSITY CLUB

SENATOR BETTY CASTOR

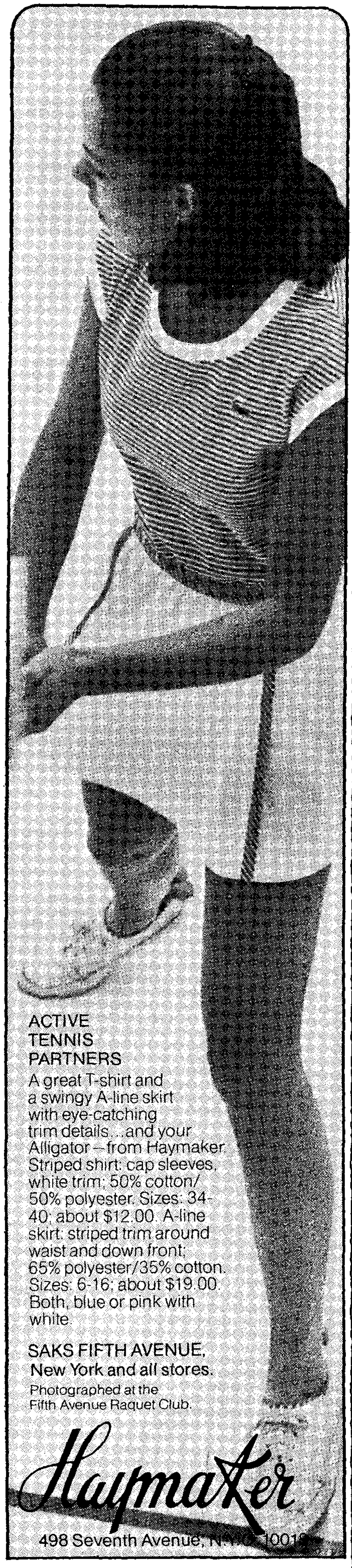
IN 1974, when Betty Castor was asked to leave a private dining room at the University Club, she was not yet a state senator; she was a county commissioner. It is a rule at the University Club in Tampa that women are not allowed at lunch on weekdays, and exceptions are not made as a prerogative of high office. Commissioner Castor's appearance at the club was the result of a misunderstanding rather than an attempt to test the rule. "I don't believe in forcing that kind of social confrontation," she said to reporters at the time. Although she had been the first woman elected to the county commission, in 1972, she was elected as a reformer rather than as a feminist. A former League of Women Voters president, she put together a campaign staff consisting mainly of friends among forward-looking young couples in newish suburbs, and she campaigned on issues like government reorganization. Even when she constituted a dissenting minority on the commission, her style was what she described as "cautious and reasonable." It remained that way while she gradually acquired a reputation as a cool and effective politician—and gradually acquired enough allies to win the commission chairmanship. As a county commissioner, she campaigned for the Equal Rights Amendment and helped establish a commission on the status of women, but she was not the exception named when Lee De Cesare, the president of the National Organization for Women chapter in Tampa, told a local reporter recently that virtually all of the women officeholders in the area had been tepid in support of equal-employment opportunities because "they have been terrified of being labelled women's libbers." When Commissioner Castor ran for the state senate last year, the Tampa *Tribune* endorsed her in an editorial that said, in part, "Mrs. Castor is not a strident feminist—as indicated by the fact she is quite willing to be commission chairman rather than chairperson." Betty Castor was hardly the sort to make a scene if asked to leave the premises of the University Club, but she felt neither cool nor reasonable on her way out. "As I walked to the door, I could feel waves of indignation," she said recently. She walked to the county courthouse, bought a hot dog and a package of barbecue-flavored potato chips from the blind man's stand in the lobby, and then ate her lunch under the close scrutiny of the courthouse press corps.

The University Club occupies the top floor of the Exchange Bank Building, in downtown Tampa. Its main dining room bears the marks of an architect's struggle to reconcile the panelled elegance expected of any gentlemen's club with the huge windows expected of any restaurant on the top floor of an American bank building. Among Tampans who would be concerned with such matters, it has always been known that the only women allowed in the dining room before the cocktail hour are the hostess and the waitresses—who, in a top-of-the-bank switch on the shuffling old club retainer, flit from table to table in miniskirts and high boots. Several years ago, the club manager, also a woman, was quoted in the Tampa *Tribune* as saying, "I think if a man has a business deal to discuss, he doesn't want to sit next to a woman fussing about how much mayonnaise is on her chicken salad." Apparently, the mayor's assistant assigned in 1974 to arrange a luncheon for some visiting Manpower Administration specialists from the U.S. Department of Labor—a luncheon that was to include both the mayor and the county commissioner with special responsibilities for employment matters, Betty Castor—did not realize that the rule extended to the club's private dining rooms. Now, three years later, nearly half of the elected public officials in the area's local governments are women, the University Club rule remains unchanged, and Betty Castor, without regretting that she didn't make a scene, seems quite a bit angrier about her expulsion than she was when it happened.

She is angry about the role played at the University Club by the women employees—particularly the manager, whose chicken-salad remark is still widely quoted in Tampa, and the hostess, whose order to leave was apparently delivered with a brusqueness beyond the requirements of the situation—and even angrier about the reaction of the men involved. For a few weeks after her expulsion, club mem-



"But that isn't love, Herman. That's symbiosis."



ACTIVE
TENNIS
PARTNERS

A great T-shirt and a swingy A-line skirt with eye-catching trim details...and your Alligator—from Haymaker. Striped shirt: cap sleeves, white trim; 50% cotton/50% polyester. Sizes: 34-40; about $12.00. A-line skirt: striped trim around waist and down front; 65% polyester/35% cotton. Sizes: 6-16; about $19.00. Both, blue or pink with white.

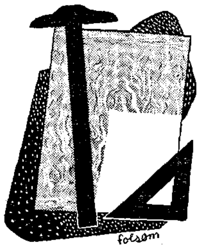
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE,
New York and all stores.

Photographed at the
Fifth Avenue Raquet Club.

Haymaker

498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. 1001[illegible]

bers she knew told her how sorry they had been to hear about it—but without adding that the club policy might need looking into. The more she thought about it, the more irritated she was that the men in her party did not walk out with her. Even the feminists in Tampa tended to criticize that aspect within the context of the old rules of behavior—the rules that would require a gentleman to leave with the lady he was escorting even if she had been ejected for improper dress or for flipping pats of butter at the headwaiter. "We understand that Mrs. Castor invited the gentlemen to go with her to another restaurant where women were not barred," one feminist wrote to the Secretary of Labor. "But the Department of Labor gallants declined." Although Commissioner Castor was not aware of it at the time, another female public official—Helen Davis, who is now a state representative and was then a member of the city planning board—had been put out of the University Club in similar circumstances only a couple of weeks before, and the rest of the planning board had left with her. (She took them to lunch on her husband's membership at the Commerce Club, a downtown club that for several years has permitted women at lunch in one of its dining rooms.) According to a press account of Betty Castor's ejection, the reaction of one man in the party to her invitation to join her at another restaurant was "Well, I sort of feel as if I ought to leave with you, but I'm glad you're going out like a lady and not one of those women's libbers."



Mrs. Nancy Ford

In Tampa business circles, it is assumed that the newest downtown luncheon club—the Tower Club, which is on the top floor of the First Financial Tower, by far the tallest building in town—admits a certain number of women to membership because Nancy Ford happens to be a vice-president of the First Financial Corporation bank that has its headquarters in the building. Although the club is private, it was more or less launched by the bank, and Mrs. Ford acknowledges mentioning to a bank vice-president who served on the founding board of directors that admitting women might be a good idea. When she is downtown these days (she has a year's leave of absence from the bank to handle community relations for the interim president of a local university), the Tower Club is the only downtown club she feels comfortable in at lunch. She finds the Commerce Club's compromise of setting aside one dining room for parties that include women almost worse than the University Club's outright exclusion. "At the Commerce Club," she said recently, "you feel like the girl who's going to jump out of the cake."

If the University Club did invite women to be members, Nancy Ford would presumably be the sort of woman invited. She grew up with a lot of the members; she was active for years in a variety of civic good works with their wives. During those years, she says, she accepted the role common to the great majority of her friends—a role that amounted to "living in the reflection of other people: being somebody's wife, somebody's mother." She had not been employed since some schoolteaching before her first child was born, in the early fifties, but eleven years ago she decided to go to work—first selling real estate ("I must have been the most unsuccessful real-estate salesman in Florida") and then, after a year, trying to devise a program to win the accounts of Tampa newcomers for the First National Bank. She established a sort of information service for newcomers, and eventually branched out into other areas of the bank's community relations. Along the way, she found her views on the role of women gradually changing.

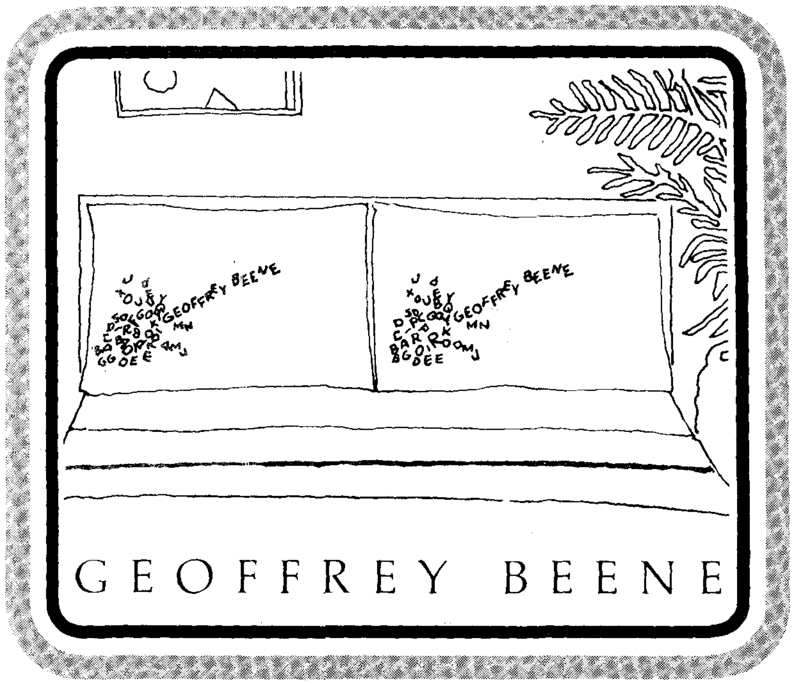
Part of the change, she thinks, came from being in the business world—seeing the way some businesses treat secretaries, for instance, and discovering that dull men who were assumed by nonworking women to be granted some mysterious intellectual gifts once they got to the office were likely to be dull men wherever they were. Part of it came from changing times. "When all the authorities you've ever known say 'This is the way things are,' it takes a while to change," she said recently. "You have to find new authorities first. It took me a while to catch on. The word was slow getting down here." Mrs. Ford has not become a militant feminist, but she has tended to be a defender of militant feminists. In a newspaper interview a year or so ago, she said that although she had not had any trouble with discrimination herself, "any woman who says she could have gotten where she is without help from the feminists has her head in the sand." In the last several months, she has helped establish an organization for gainfully employed women, and she has been campaigning actively for the Equal Rights Amendment—partly because she thinks it is up to business and professional women to counter the common misconception in Florida that the women backing the E.R.A. are a gaggle of shrill heavies in combat boots.

As someone casually familiar with the upper echelons of Tampa social life, Mrs. Ford knows that the University Club is not quite the imposing institution it might appear to an outsider. Despite all the talk of its being Tampa's oldest downtown luncheon club, it was not founded until 1945; despite its name, it includes members whose exposure to higher education does not extend much past yearly attendance at the Orange Bowl. But as a businesswoman she knows that the role it plays in Tampa's commercial life is far more important than that of either one of the other luncheon clubs. "The word is over there," she said not long ago. "And I don't mean the word of God. There's more business conducted over there at lunch than any other place in the county. And there's a lot of good stuff to find out—who's having lunch with whose customers, that sort of thing. I guess there are more important things to fight about, but it's not fun being the last to know."

Deanna Lawrence

WHEN Deanna Lawrence, a reporter for WTVT, Channel 13, the CBS affiliate in Tampa, arrived at the University Club around lunchtime recently, she was carrying a thirty-pound camera in one hand, a tripod in the other hand, and a knapsack full of lighting equipment on her back. She had rushed over to the club from the county courthouse because her newsroom had heard that some local legislators were discussing state land-planning legislation over lunch in a private dining room—a discussion that would have to be open to the press under Florida's Sunshine Law. She was asked to leave. Women are not allowed in the University Club at lunch on weekdays. She did not lose her temper. Being asked to leave is an occupational hazard among reporters, of course, but some reporters lose their tempers when it happens anyhow, nobody having ever invented a thoroughly satisfactory way of making an involuntary exit. Deanna Lawrence, though, seems particularly concerned about behaving professionally in such situations, having been on guard from the start of her career against the suspicion that women are

the Lasting Impressions of Fieldcrest®



GEOFFREY BEENE

Letters, designed in sheets and pillowcases in the definitive style of Geoffrey Beene

Fieldcrest, 60 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS

ADD A LOOK OF LUXURY to your walls with **SCENIC WALLCOVERING**

With sectional scenics you can create a refreshing, new personality in your home. Select from the many designs in **Van Luit's** outstanding **MURALS àpropos collection.**

CAMPAGNE is done in the classic style of those charming 18th Century prints. It has a warmth and friendliness that enhance the finest traditional or provincial furnishings. In 4 rich and charming color combinations.

Send $2.00 for full color miniature of CAMPAGNE or $2.50 for miniature PLUS inspiring **MURALS àpropos** brochure.
4000-MP CHEVY CHASE DR., LOS ANGELES 90039

At fine INTERIOR DESIGNERS & WALLCOVERING STUDIOS

THE DRESS FOR NOW

is a dress you slip into just like a compliment. Simple, understated, absolutely right whether you're travelling 'round the corner or 'round the world. The top is a short-sleeved, button-front shirt with a self sash. The skirt is a wide elastic-waisted pull-on. Each part can do double duty in your separates wardrobe. A Wilroy washable in cotton/polyester jersey. Mocha/white; iris blue/white; red/white. 6-20. $56.00.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique on the
22nd floor at 342 Madison Ave., Dept.50
New York, N.Y. 10017
New York State residents call collect
(212) 953-1170
Out-of-state use our Toll-Free number
800-221-2468
If you prefer shopping from home,
write or call for our
FREE
SUMMER BROCHURE

Add $1.25 for handling. New York State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge.

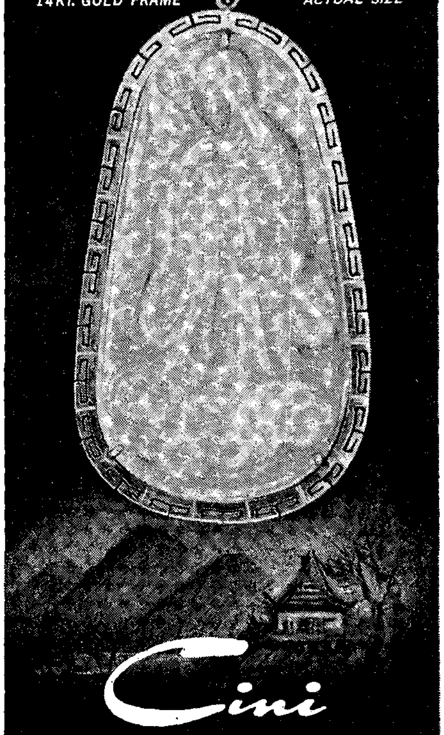
BROWNSTONE STUDIO®

too emotional. "I really don't take anything on a personal level when I'm reporting," she said later. "I'm a representative of my station when I'm out there. I don't get bent out of shape by what happens."

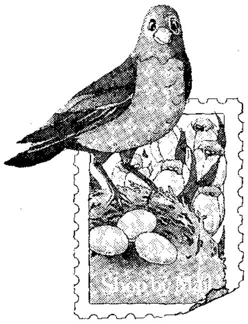
Later—after it was all over, and after she had called around to make certain the legislators were not at some other club, the University Club authorities having denied that she would find such a meeting there even if she was allowed to remain—she did become angry that a rule she considered "irrational and stupid" had prevented her from doing her job. But she did not object to her news director's decision that trying to arrange something with the club president quietly about admitting working reporters was preferable to going on the air with the story of the ejection. "I don't consider myself a women's libber—I consider myself a woman professional," she said not long ago. Her attachment to her profession seems almost single-minded. She has been working for one television station or another since she got out of Northwestern, in the middle sixties, and she tends to refer to either a city or a television channel as a "market." She drives a bright-red-and-white Pulse News sedan, with her equipment locked in the trunk, checks in often on her two-way radio, and operates both a camera and film-editing equipment herself. On Sundays, she anchors the six- and eleven-o'clock news for Channel 13. Her ambition is simple and straightforward—"to anchor in a top-ten market."

It may be that her devotion to television rather than to causes was not incidental to her having been hired by Channel 13, a year and a half ago. At about that time, the Channel 13 management had reason to feel that it had gone through at least its share of women's-liberation controversies. On a complaint brought by Lee De Cesare in 1972, the federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission found that the station had discriminated against women in hiring. A few years later, three women who had been hired filed a complaint (with the help of Lee De Cesare) accusing the station of discrimination in training and promotion. A finding against the station was issued, but by that time all three complainants were gone—one having transferred at her own request to the Tallahassee bureau, one having quit, and the third having been fired for refusing to work on the day NOW called a nationwide strike. Supporters of the fired reporter erected a billboard that said "IS

JADE
PENDANT
14KT. GOLD FRAME
$300.00
ACTUAL SIZE



Cini
GUGLIELMO CINI, INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440



Discover the pleasures of shopping by mail with monthly presentations of exclusive, exciting and imaginative things for the home, for yourself and for gifts. To subscribe at NO CHARGE, call our toll-free number 800-527-4535 (Texas residents call toll-free 800-492-5270) or send this coupon to The Horchow Collection, P.O. Box 34257, Dept. 04611, Dallas, Texas 75234.

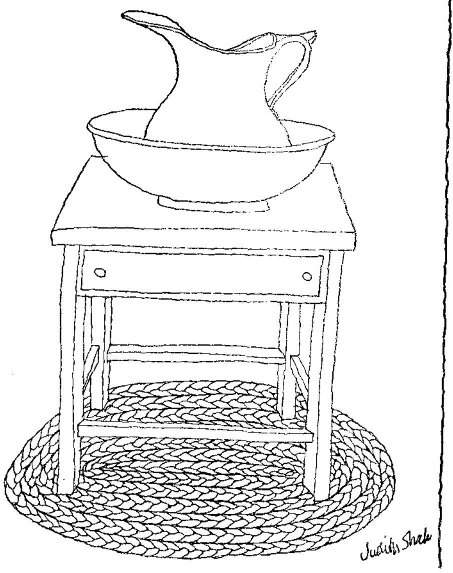
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State/ZIP______

THE HORCHOW COLLECTION

WTVT BAD NEWS FOR WOMEN?" Looking for a replacement for the woman who had transferred to Tallahassee, a strong feminist, Channel 13 hired Deanna Lawrence on the recommendation of someone who knew her well from having worked with her in North Carolina. "A lot of people walked around on eggshells for a while," she said recently. "But I was just me, and it worked."

Ms. Lee De Cesare

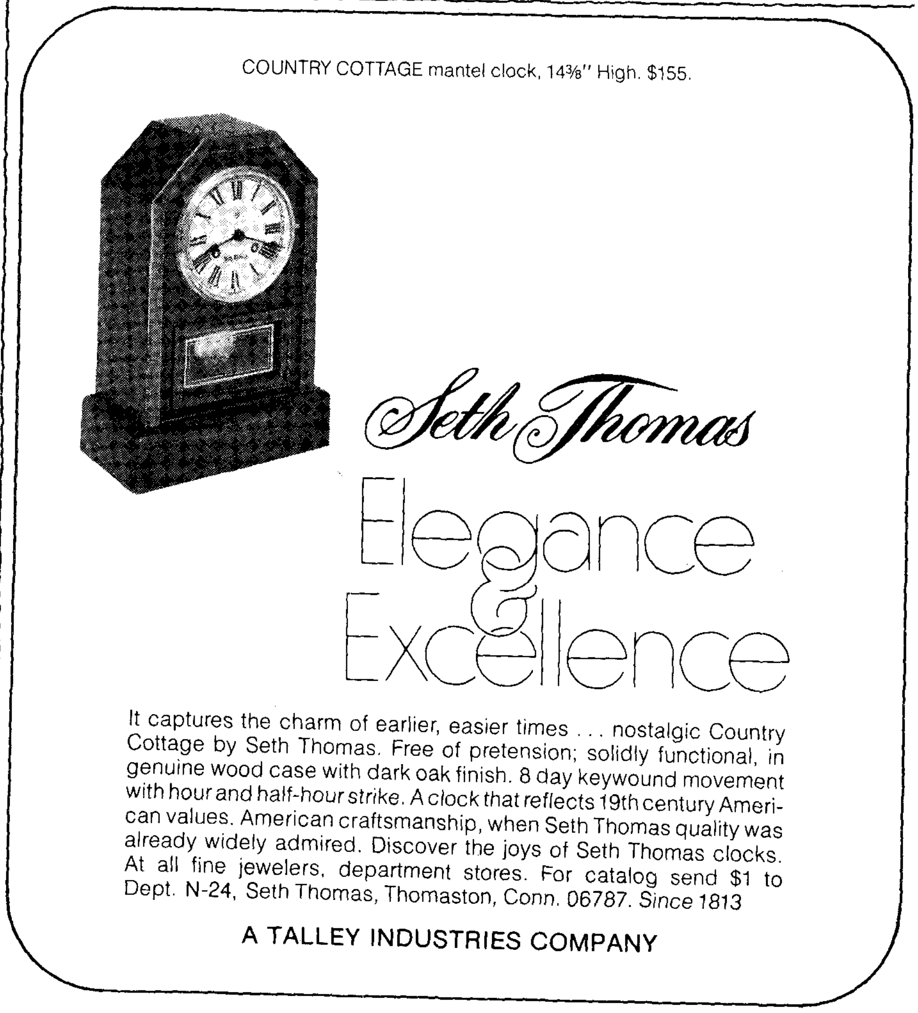
THERE is general agreement in Tampa that Lee De Cesare is a good talker. Some people call her very articulate and some people say she has a sharp tongue and some people say she's a real pain. "She really keeps after people," Betty Castor says approvingly. "Including me." Ms. De Cesare is a good talker in a variety of styles. She can sound like a professor ("The establishment wins because of being the establishment—it's almost ontological"), and she can sound like Maggie in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" ("I can operate with these people because I know their little souls"). She calls the waitresses at the University Club majorettes and the members "good ole boy chauvinists" (easily distinguishable from the other varieties by their custom of calling all women "hon"), and claims she knows a cousin of Sigmund Freud's from Biloxi, Mississippi, who did a paper on "Majorette Fetishism Below the Mason-Dixon Line." Nancy Ford uses Lee De Cesare as an example of how an outspoken woman is automatically taken to be an unfeminine battle-axe even though, in Mrs. Ford's description, Ms. De Cesare "could have been painted by Botticelli." Lee De Cesare was one of the newcomers welcomed to town in behalf of the bank by Nancy Ford several years ago, after



Solid Wood, of course
The "Jackson Press", named for our 7th President, Andrew Jackson, is from the Cumberland Valley Collection. The "Jackson Press", indeed this entire collection is an authentic example of the art and style of cabinet making brought to Tennessee by immigrant craftsmen who settled the area during Andrew Jackson's lifetime. Just one of many fine solid wood groups by Davis, ranging from Contemporary to Louis XVI.

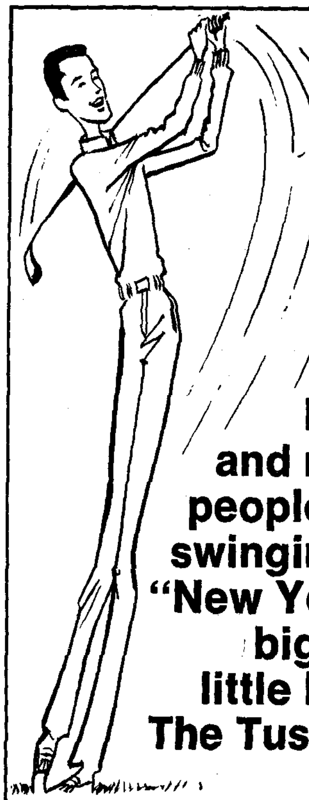
DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

The entire collection may be viewed in our colorful brochure, Cumberland Valley. For your copy, send one dollar to Davis Cabinet Company, P. O. Box 60444, Nashville, Tenn., 37206


COUNTRY COTTAGE mantel clock, 14⅜" High. $155.

It captures the charm of earlier, easier times . . . nostalgic Country Cottage by Seth Thomas. Free of pretension; solidly functional, in genuine wood case with dark oak finish. 8 day keywound movement with hour and half-hour strike. A clock that reflects 19th century American values. American craftsmanship, when Seth Thomas quality was already widely admired. Discover the joys of Seth Thomas clocks. At all fine jewelers, department stores. For catalog send $1 to Dept. N-24, Seth Thomas, Thomaston, Conn. 06787. *Since 1813*

A TALLEY INDUSTRIES COMPANY



More and more people are swinging to "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany.

And here are some of the reasons.
Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV, pulsating, triple-spray Supershower and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.
Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. So is our new bar.
And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.
May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany
A DORAL HOTEL
39th Street, just east of Park Avenue
New York 10016
Telephone: (212) 686-1600

Swap homes!
TEMPORARILY

You can, you know! Exclusive directories, supplied in volume to international corporations and associations, list people willing and anxious to trade homes for vacations and home leave. Worldwide listings include rentals as well as exchanges. If you hanker to locate elsewhere for a while, how about listing your home(s)? Ask for free descriptive listing brochure or send $2.50 for latest directory to:
INQUILINE, Box 208N
Katonah, N.Y. 10536
U.S.A., (914) 241-0102

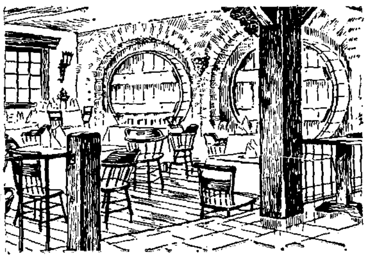
Ms. De Cesare's husband, an insurance man, was transferred from New York. When she recalled those days recently, Ms. De Cesare said that a woman of Nancy Ford's obvious abilities "shouldn't have had to be running around town passing out cookbooks." By chance, Lee De Cesare had spent much of her childhood in Tampa, having left twenty years before, after high school, to train as a nurse—because, she now says, "that's what a poor girl could do." As it happened, she hated being a nurse. She became an airline stewardess, left that to get married, and went back to working as a nurse between children. When her fourth child reached toddling age, she entered Queens College, and she graduated four years later, Phi Beta Kappa. She says she didn't think of herself as a feminist until someone told her that her rejection by one graduate department of English might have had to do with a reluctance to accept women with children. By the time she moved back to Tampa and found a job teaching at a community college, she had a master's degree from Stony Brook and a strong interest in women's rights. On the airplane to Tampa, she happened to pick up a discarded transcript of some congressional hearings on equal-employment opportunities.

Almost from the start, Ms. De Cesare concentrated on employment, her most dramatic triumph being a landmark E.E.O.C. settlement with the city by which workers received a hundred thousand dollars in back pay. She has also led campaigns against hiring policies in the sheriff's office, against the police practice of arresting prostitutes without arresting their customers, against unequal allocation of athletic funds in the local colleges ("And now I have two cheerleaders in the house—I'm drowning in pompons"), and even against Tampa department stores that charged for alterations on women's clothes but did men's alterations free. "It's guerrilla warfare is what it is," she says.

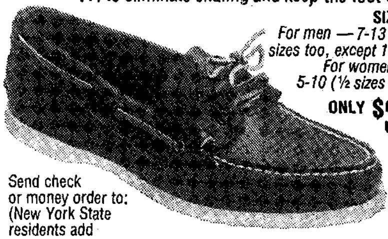
The Tampa chapter of NOW holds an annual fund-raising dance called the Barefoot and Pregnant Ball, and one of its first awards for "putting down and ripping off women" went to the University Club. "On a slow day, we always think about picketing them," Ms. De Cesare says, "but we never have. It hasn't been one of our big priorities. We have more primitive forms of discrimination to fight." She did take the trouble to inquire about how the Mory's Association, at Yale, was forced to admit women through a suit that

helga howie

The spring dress by Renée Helga Howie, $235.
Helga Howie, 140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco.



EMILY SHAW'S INN
Superb Food
Finest Wines and Spirits
POUND RIDGE, N.Y.
914-764-5779
Merrit Parkway, Exit 35, North on 137
JOHN F. SHAW, PRES.
CLOSED MONDAYS



SPERRY TOP-SIDER
..for men and women. With the most effective anti-slip sole — Elk tanning withstands repeated wettings — constructed ...to eliminate chafing and keep the foot cool.
SIZES:
For men — 7-13 (½ sizes too, except 12½)
For women — 5-10 (½ sizes too)
ONLY $32
Send check or money order to: (New York State residents add applicable tax please.)
PAUL SCOTT
100 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y., 10801, (914) 235-5596

caused its liquor license to be revoked, but it turned out that Florida had no law that would apply. She tends to dismiss the membership of the University Club as men with "little, mean, grungy minds"—men who don't want women guests at lunch because it might restrain them from telling each other "tall tales of improbable corporate and sexual exploits" and passing a remark or two to the majorettes. (That analysis was given some support this year by the discovery that the annual luncheon held at the civic auditorium by the all-male Krewe of Gasparilla—a sort of Mardi Gras spinoff whose membership greatly overlaps that of the University Club—featured two topless dancers.) Ms. De Cesare does muse now and then on the sort of guerrilla action that might have occurred if Betty Castor had refused to leave the University Club of her own accord. "If she had said, 'Just take me out, poopsie,'" Ms. De Cesare said recently, "I would have erected a statue to her with my own hands." —CALVIN TRILLIN

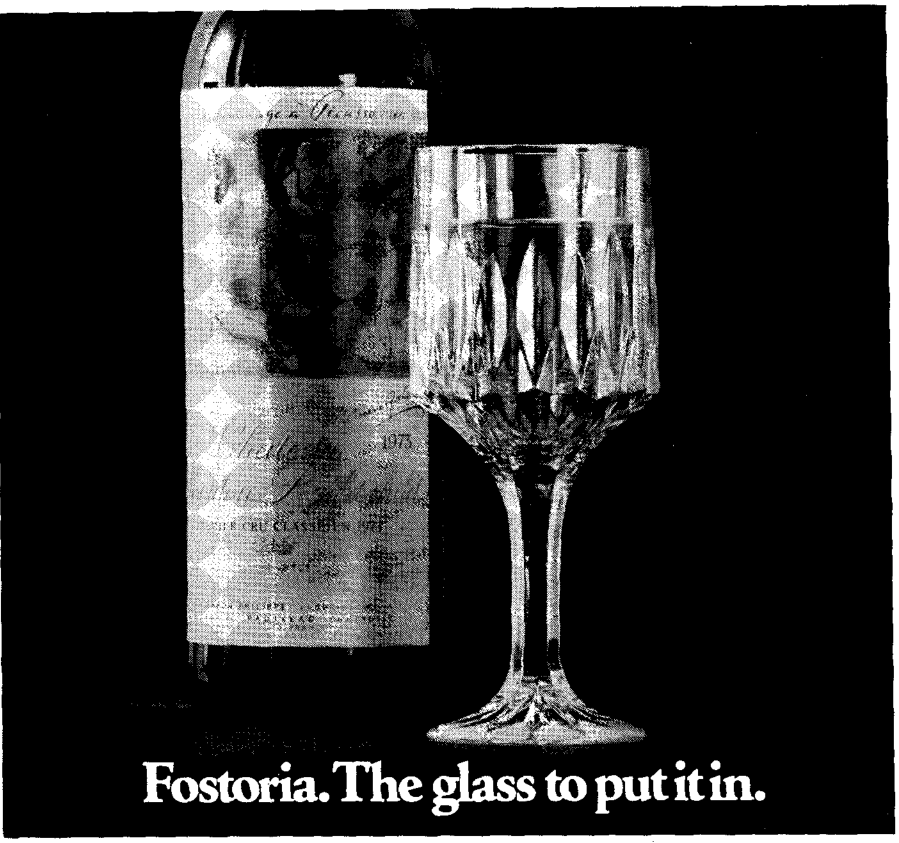
◆

CORRECTION

Several errors appeared in our insert in today's Washington Post. On pages 1 and 4 the same item appeared—a Rival Crock Pot. The basket is not removable and the price is $11.99 not $12.99. On page 1 the Presto Fry Baby price is $16.99 not $19.99. On page 3 the Caprice AM/FM Radio Model #207 and Caprice 7 Band 40 Channel CB Model #1024 are not available due to manufacturers' inability to ship. On page 3 the Caprice Model #TU-502 AC/DC is only AC. Adapter optional. On page 3 the Calfax AM/FM 8 track player has the wrong art. On page 5 Captain Kelly ran with the wrong art. The following items are available at prices quoted in the circular; however, they are in limited quantities only and rain checks will not be issued: The items are GE Tape Recorder Model #3-5001 Norelco Shaver #HP-1121 Panasonic Tape Recorder RQ-532. Not available on page 4 is the Ruskin Dishwasher Detergent. On page 5 the Corning Ware Skillet #A-10 handle is not included and ran with wrong art. On page 13 our printer made several typographical errors. The correct prices for Rodman's National Brands should read as follows: Chewable Animal Shape Multiple Vitamins should be $3.05; Thera Hi Potency Vitamins should be $4.28; Thera Hi Potency Vitamins with Minerals $4.38; Hi-B with C $6.23; Geritex $5.11; and Vitamin C 500 mg. $2.39. On page 7 the GE Drip Coffee Maker model #3383 ran with wrong art, and on page 5 the Ladies Gillette Super Max has 3 attachments, not 5.

RODMAN'S DRUGS
—*Washington Post.*

Do you do much business in prescription drugs?



The Great American Lead Crystal by Fostoria
We've been working on your crystal for 90 years.

Shown: GREENFIELD pattern. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va. 26041

A timely reminder about the virtues of tax-free income.*

As you prepare your contribution to yet another record Federal budget, consider the effect of non-taxable income on your overall tax burden.

And consider the effect of reduced expenses on your overall investment return.

Fidelity Municipal Bond Fund has no sales charges or redemption fees. All your investment dollars are invested.

The management fee (4/10 of 1% of The Fund's net assets) compares favorably with that of similar investments.

Yet The Fund is continuously managed, and offers many features such as diversification, daily liquidity and tax-free compounding.

Such virtues are not insignificant. Especially when you consider the alternative.

Now is the time to learn more. Call Free (800)225-6190

In Mass. Call Collect (617)726-0650

*Income may be subject to taxes in certain states.

FIDELITY MUNICIPAL BOND FUND, INC.

P.O. Box 832, Dept. MU70406
82 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. 02103

For more complete information including charges and expenses, please write or call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

Name

Address

City State Zip

FIDELITY GROUP Over $3 billion of assets under management.

THE ART WORLD

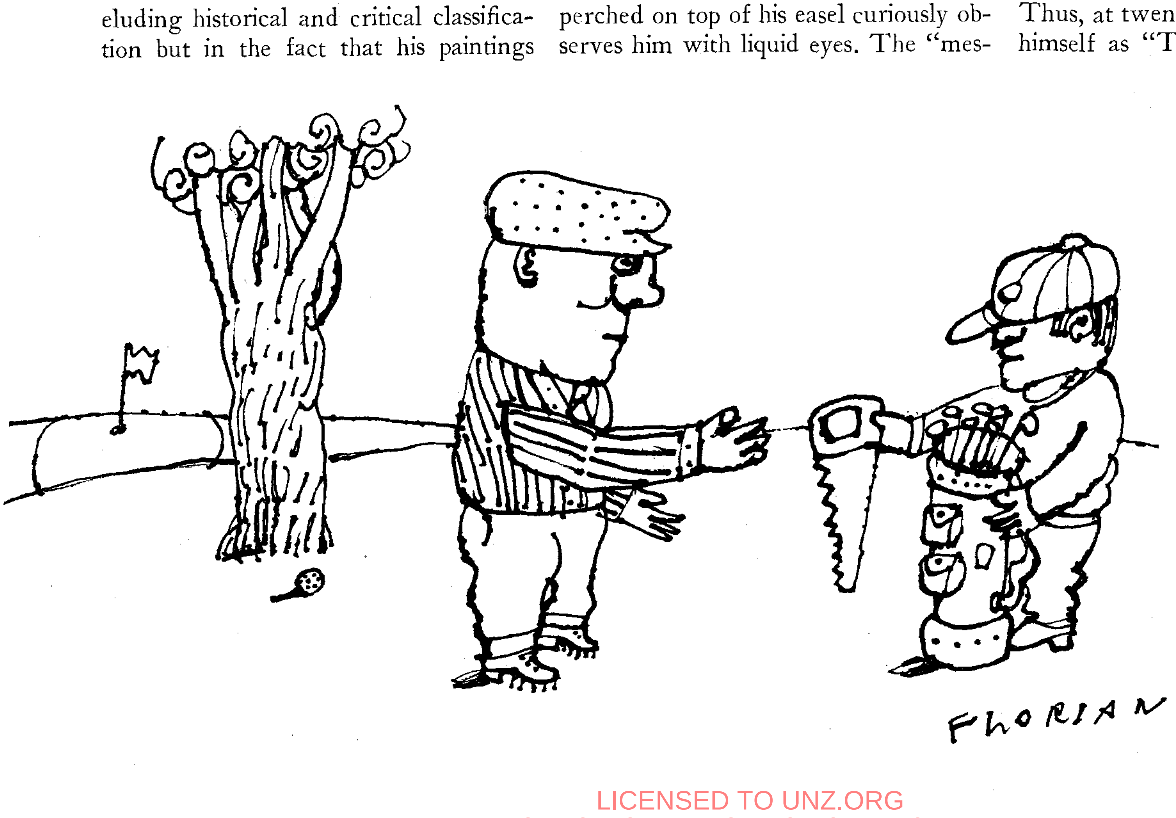
Outrageously Unique

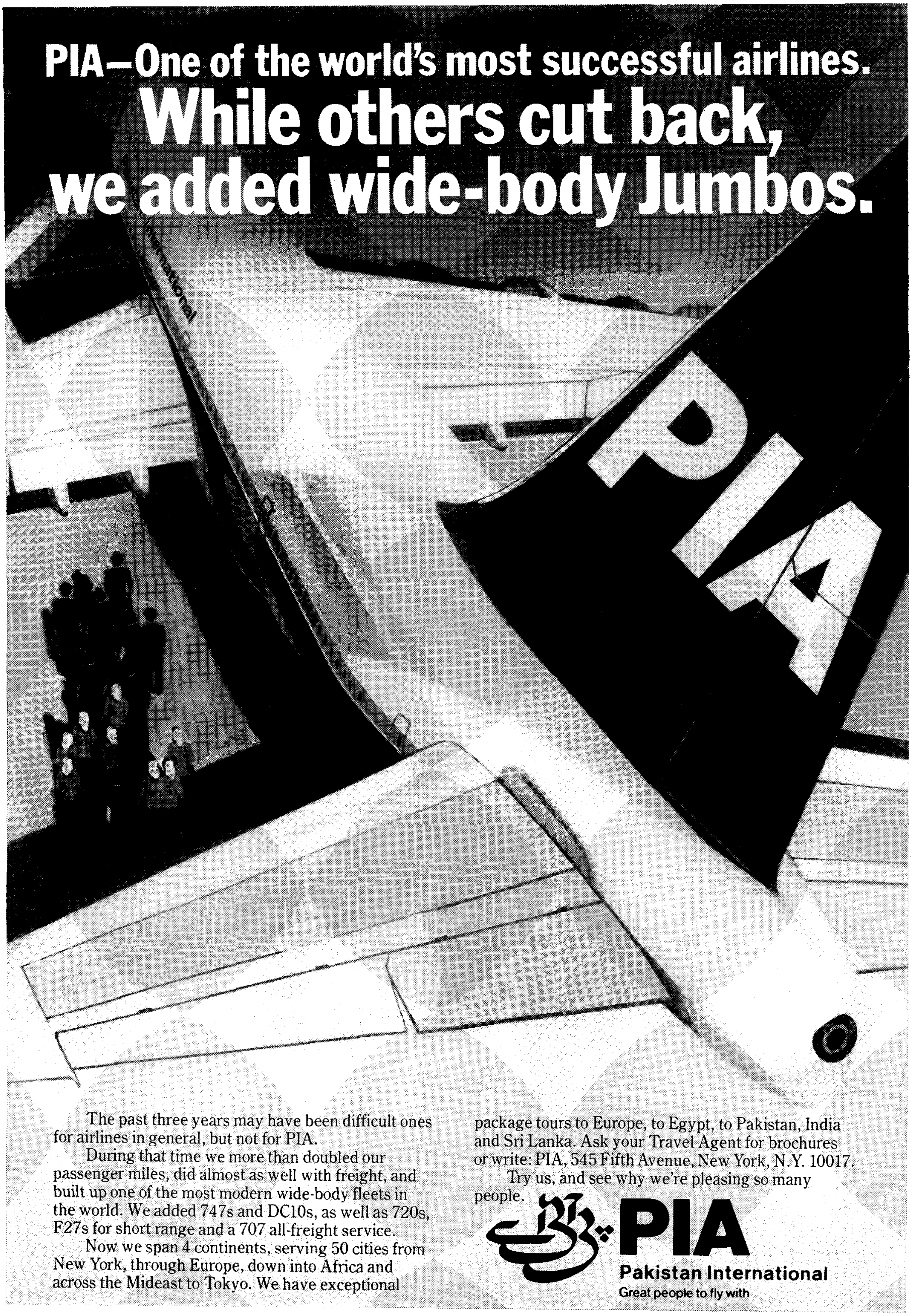
THE major creations of James Ensor—those "macabre" and "fantastic" paintings, drawings, and prints, at times viciously sardonic and farcical, which he produced between 1883 and the end of the century—have been troublesome to spectators, critics, and art historians since their appearance. Today, although Ensor is admired as an important contributor to various twentieth-century styles, uncertainties about the works themselves remain. There are numerous reasons for this, including the failure of Ensor actually to fit into any modern art movement. In the Ensor retrospective of more than two hundred items which is now at the Guggenheim Museum, there are canvases and drawings that come close to Impressionism, Symbolism, and social caricature, and some that are proto-Surrealist or Expressionist. Ensor himself, adopting an attitude not uncommon among modern masters, claimed to be the forerunner of everything, including Cubism, Dada, and Constructivism. But he can be identified with none of these modes; if he is a forerunner, it is of something all too rare in the art of his generation (van Gogh, Cézanne)—the avant-garde outcast who achieves fame and fortune not posthumously, for his heirs and descendants, but in his lifetime, for himself. This he managed by living to be eighty-nine.

The chief drawback to appreciating Ensor seems to me to lie not in his eluding historical and critical classification but in the fact that his paintings and drawings are *pictures* in the popular sense; that is to say, their interest centers on the persons and situations depicted. For all the praise of Ensor's color and light, his paintings are received as experiences of often disagreeable actual situations. In the great, unforgettable Ensors ("The Entry of Christ Into Brussels," "Adam and Eve Expelled from Paradise," "The Tribulations of Saint Anthony") as well as in many of the drawings ("The Artist Decomposed," "Skeletons Playing Billiards"), the subject matter calls attention to itself to a degree that overshadows the response to the work as art. It is as if the apples of Cézanne overtly enacted the erotic biographical scenario attributed to them by Meyer Schapiro. Or as if Picasso's girls of Avignon pantomimed the stories of their lives as harlots according to the version of Leo Steinberg. The rising to the surface of the narratives hidden in these paintings could hardly fail to result in critical bewilderment. Carried away by the scene before him, the spectator might distort, or neglect to consider, the aesthetic value of the work or its position in the hierarchy of art. Ensor poses a problem related to that of assessing naïve art: with him the incarnation of meaning takes place in full view. "The Painter Skeletonized in His Studio" shows the artist, with the head of a skeleton, at work in a blue suit, a palette in his left hand, two brushes sticking out of his breast pocket, while a death's-head perched on top of his easel curiously observes him with liquid eyes. The "message" of the skeletonized painter is not hard to grasp. Ensor has carried to the extreme the nineteenth-century theme of the alienated and despised artist.

Estrangement is fully realized only by madmen and the dead—others, no matter how far they may have descended into the underground, retain points of communication with society. In the eighties and early nineties, Ensor's alienation was more extensive than that of his most troubled contemporaries, though perhaps not as deep, since, unlike van Gogh and Nietzsche, he did not go mad. His milder state lent itself to symbolism, and death had become fashionable in Belgian painting around the time of Ensor's self-skeletonization. Yet, though not mad, he was isolated culturally, socially, and professionally. A Belgian who, except for a few very brief visits abroad, never left his native land—and hardly even left his birthplace, the seaside resort town of Ostend—Ensor was an outsider by nationality to new developments in art, more like an American than like a European. He could have complained with Whitman that originality was forced upon him—that, deriving nothing for his art from his surroundings, he had "all to make." Socially, he was no better off. His parents ran a shop that sold seashells and curios; family wrangling was continuous; and the shopkeeper neighbors had no use for the young man who wasted his time in the studio above the store. Not much more gratifying were Ensor's relations with his fellow-artists—the group, Les Vingt, with which he was associated excluded his best paintings from its exhibitions. Thus, at twenty-six he already pictured himself as "The Artist Decomposed," and two years later he made an etching, "My Portrait in 1960," which depicts the pile of bones he would be a century after his birth. He followed these with "My Portrait as a Skeleton."

Ensor complements his skeletons as symbols of self-estrangement with masks, demons, murdered men. In primitive and early cultures, masks are portraits of inhabitants of another world, including gods, demons, and the dead. In our time, they are a means of concealing identity, for the purpose of crime or





PIA—One of the world's most successful airlines.

While others cut back, we added wide-body Jumbos.

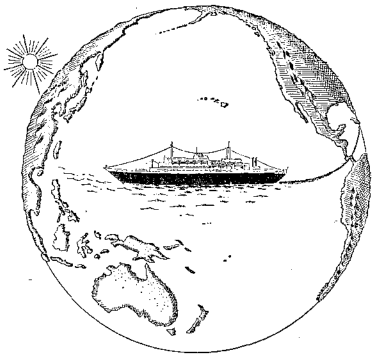
The past three years may have been difficult ones for airlines in general, but not for PIA.

During that time we more than doubled our passenger miles, did almost as well with freight, and built up one of the most modern wide-body fleets in the world. We added 747s and DC10s, as well as 720s, F27s for short range and a 707 all-freight service.

Now we span 4 continents, serving 50 cities from New York, through Europe, down into Africa and across the Mideast to Tokyo. We have exceptional package tours to Europe, to Egypt, to Pakistan, India and Sri Lanka. Ask your Travel Agent for brochures or write: PIA, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Try us, and see why we're pleasing so many people.

PIA
Pakistan International
Great people to fly with



In honor of our 20th anniversary, we'll show you the world a whole new way.

87 days aboard the s.s. Rotterdam. Our 20th World Cruise. This time, more ports, more countries and following the sun all the way.

1978 is Holland America's twentieth year around the world, and we'd like you to come celebrate it with us.

We'll have special guests, special tours, special gifts to add to the celebration.

On January 17, climb aboard with us in New York and head for 23 ports in 20 countries. (From Port Everglades Jan. 19 or Los Angeles Feb. 2.) We promise it will be the cruise of your lifetime.

For more information, call your travel agent or Holland America collect at (212) 760-3880, or send the coupon.

The s.s. Rotterdam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.

Holland America Cruises

Holland America Cruises, 2 Penn Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Tell me more about the s.s. Rotterdam's 1978 World Cruise.

74WC4-11

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________Zip__________

My travel agent is__________

entertainment. In all instances, the mask replaces the natural self with another. In carnivals, the mask is the means by which the individual blends into the crowd. Ensor exploits all the associations of the mask—death, the supernatural, disguise, anonymity—to evoke distance, as in "Self-Portrait with Masks" (not in the retrospective), in which his head stands out among animal masks and masks of Indians, blacks, devils. In "Portrait of an Old Woman with Masks," the face of the woman is itself a mask, though the golden flesh tones distinguish it from the grinning fabrications that surround it. The spectator is reminded that nature, too, is a maskmaker, using age as its favorite way (it has others) of turning human faces into unchanging apparitions and into that ultimate undifferentiated mask the fleshless skull. Ensor's most direct depiction of the natural masquerade of likenesses, from which Darwin drew so much, is his still-life of fish, shells, and a huge skate, or ray, its body shaped like a bell and its head a mask of human malevolence. This painting, entitled "The Ray," exemplifies the tendency in Ensor's still-lifes to show the heads of fish and fowl hanging over the edge of a table to emphasize their deadness.

Ensor's Biblical pictures develop the same emotional design as his skeletons and masks. In the powerful "Adam and Eve Expelled from Paradise," two small naked creatures, separated from each other, are fleeing across a muddy terrain, pursued by a strange, machine-like angelic construction in the sky. Many Ensor paintings and prints show Christ being tormented by demons or engulfed in a crowd as he enters Jerusalem or Brussels. There is no celebration of him as the Saviour. Ensor identifies himself with Christ harassed: "Christ Tormented by Demons" is accompanied by "Demons Teasing Me," made in the same year.

Awareness of the alienation that pervades the works of Ensor's great period is, however, of minor help in grasping the content of individual paintings. There is a kind of wildness in Ensor's imagination, and his lack of aesthetic and ideological affiliation allows it to run unchecked. An art movement, no matter how much it might encourage the irrational, supplies an adherent with a vocabulary of visual forms which illuminates his work with the outlook of the movement as a whole. With Ensor, the imagination takes control without drawing on any common storehouse of aesthetic or intellectual references. "Scandalized Masks" represents a sinis-

Flights of Fancy

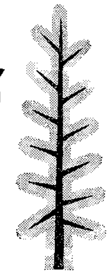
Butterfly appliquéd front-wrap skirt; 50% cotton/50% polyester, washable slubbed cottage cloth reverses to ¼" check. Green/yellow/white or light blue/navy/white. S, M, L. $36. Matching tote bag. $15. Please add $1.55 per item for postage, handling and insurance.

Send for our free Spring/Summer catalog.

Carroll Reed

DEPT. NO. 772, NORTH CONWAY, NH 03860
TEL: 603/447-2511

WE ACCEPT BANK AMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE AND AMERICAN EXPRESS

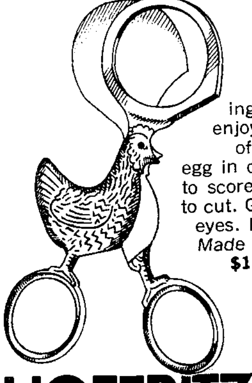


The call of the Tetons

A unique lodge under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons offers you true luxury, great food, fine service and all the creature comforts while you enjoy wildlife, nature and great outdoor adventures in the Grand Teton National Park.

JENNY LAKE LODGE

For reservations and information:
Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept. NY4. Reservations Office,
P.O. Box 240, Moran, Wyoming 83013



EGG SCISSORS

Snip the top off your egg neatly and precisely with our ingenious scissors and enjoy your egg right out of the shell. Just place egg in opening, twist lightly to score, then press quickly to cut. Golden hen has black eyes. Nickel-plated blades. Made in Germany. (33405) $13. Mail: 95¢ pstg. & handlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards.

Send $2 for Catalog.

HOFFRITZ HAS IT

20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N3, N.Y. 10003

ter and apparently decisive confrontation that is like an encounter in "Crime and Punishment," but with no hint of the story. The spectator is left suspended among possible interpretations. "The Good Judges," a bloody caricature that features tools of dismemberment and fragments of the body and face, is like an illustration of an unknown fable or a partly forgotten nightmare—a pictorial equivalent of a tale by Kafka. A self-derived imagery comparable to Ensor's appears in the paintings of Philip Guston after his rejection of abstract art. In his canvases now at the David McKee Gallery, the disposition of identifiable objects—boot soles, a ladder, a closed fist—results in a narrative mystery with metaphysical overtones which is moving but indecipherable. Incidentally, Guston, too, has made extensive use of masks and caricature. Like the naïve artist, the outsider to accepted styles is constantly on the verge of being outside art itself. Isolated subject matter constitutes the essential difference between Ensor and Ernst or Dali, whose strangeness soon yields to identification within the Surrealist idiom.

Ensor's "Skeletons Fighting for the Body of a Hanged Man"—in the center of which a wretch with a foot-long tongue hanging out of his mouth is suspended from the ceiling while two harpies dressed in old finery and armed, one with a pole or curtain rod, the other with a parasol and a feather duster, duel with each other above the body of a skeleton clown collapsed on the floor, and a crush of masks led by figures with knives push in from the sides of the canvas, all in a complex harmony of colors—partakes more of the crazy vivacity of a circus poster or an amusement-park sideshow than of the exhibits in an art museum. Indeed, Ostend as the physical site of Ensor's imagination is a kind of old Coney Island—including the Coney Island Mardi Gras. It was the annual carnival at Ostend, for which Ensor's parents sold masks, that, according to biographers, inspired the artist's adoption of this motif. Related to the amusement park, too, are Ensor's powerful reds, blues, and glowing golden hues, and the animation that makes him kin to the Expressionists. With their sideshow aspects, even his most gruesome conceptions take on something of the frivolity of the waxworks chamber of horrors and of melodramatic vaudeville. His works are saved from bathos by their matter-of-factness and black humor. Like Poe, another isolated original, Ensor conveys the assurance that his melodramas

Photographed at the Stanford Court

You're as finicky about choosing a fine hotel as you are about the right pâtisserie.

We designed The Stanford Court for you.

The Stanford Court
A Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Member of Hotel Representative, Inc. and Preferred Hotels Association.

Ventura.
The intelligent solution to travel.

Shown:
Silver Shadow
for men and women.

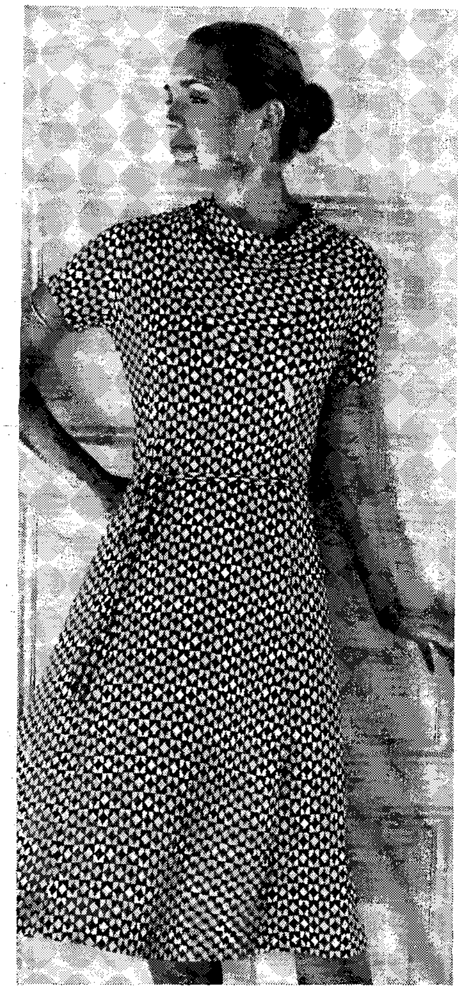
Our soft sides are made of something new and revolutionary. It's called thinking. Luggage that gives you the most efficiency when you travel on business, the most enjoyment when you travel for pleasure. Consider Ventura—the thought-out luggage for the thinking traveler.

Available at fine luggage and department stores exclusively. Also available in Canada. For free "Tips on Packing," write: Ventura, Dept. NY14, Long Island City, New York 11101.

evoke real issues of the spirit. His slices of narrative frequently consist of ominous horseplay—for example, "Dangerous Cooks," a drawing of a respectable-looking restaurant whose waiters are critics who serve on platters the heads of Belgian artists, including one with a card stuck in it saying "ART ENSOR." The artist's celebration of the grotesque in misery and death is exemplified in such a title as "The Devils Dzittz and Hihahox, Under Orders of Crazou Riding a Furious Cat, Lead Christ to Hell." Frolicsome morbidity reaches its peak in "Skeletons Playing Billiards," in which one player takes advantage of the open structure of skeletons to make a shot by thrusting his cue through the rib cage of a player in front of him.

The autobiographical impulse in Ensor's images relates his work to American subjective abstraction of fifty years later, such as Gorky's "Garden in Sochi" series and the compositions of the Action painters. But Ensor achieves his inwardness within a broad range of interests. As with Melville, objects in his hands tend to transform themselves into symbols without losing their character as things, so that his masks, demons, and other paraphernalia of horror exist in an environment of credibility. Ensor's fiction of being dead by no means made him dead to the world. His images are forceful because even at their most arbitrary they are built out of actualities—police, beggars, drunkards, street crowds—and retain associations with experienced emotions. Despite his withdrawal into himself, his outlook was that of a whole individual, immersed in his surroundings and judging them. Paintings such as "The Gendarmes," with its two bloodied corpses stretched across the center of the panel, and "The Strike," with its obscure violence, files of soldiers, and sky filled with a swirl of banners, are direct responses to official brutality. "The Good Judges" and "At the Conservatory" are bitter caricatures of representatives of social authority. In etchings such as "Pride," "Avarice," "Lust," "Gluttony," Ensor states his opinion of mankind itself.

Ensor's sensitivity to politics, popular feeling, social and intellectual issues, and the function of art and his absolute originality as well are summed up in his masterpiece, the huge (if not by today's standards—it is roughly eight and a half by twelve and a half feet) "Entry of Christ Into Brussels." In the foreground is his mob of variegated masks, including one of a death's-head with a high hat, to the right of which,



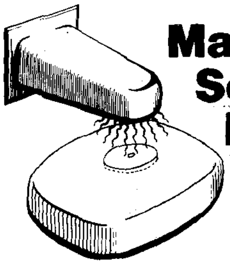
Derby bound. Our racy Maurice dress in spicy brown and white Antron geometric print with cowl neck, narrow tie-belt. Also in green and white. Sizes 6-18. $60.00. Mail orders: M.F.&S., P.O. Box 640, Delray Beach, Fla. 33444. Add $1.50 for handling.

MARK FORE & STRIKE INC.

A world of beautiful resort fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen.

PALM BEACH • DELRAY BEACH • NAPLES
SARASOTA • WINTER PARK • CHATHAM
OSTERVILLE • EAST HAMPTON • BAY HEAD

To receive our special mailings, send your name and address to: P.O. Box 640, Delray Beach, Fla. 33444.



Magnetic Soap Hanger

Holds soap high & dry!

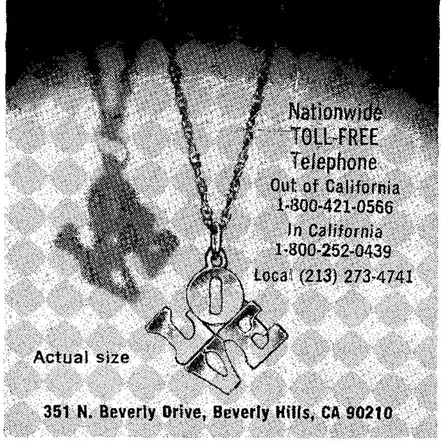
Eliminates messy, wasteful soap dishes. A bar can last nearly twice as long! Simply press the small metal disk into bar, then click again and again onto magnetized SOAP-SAVER™ bracket. White or chrome finish. Easy self-adhesive mounting. Money-back guarantee. $2.25 ppd (2 for 4.00)

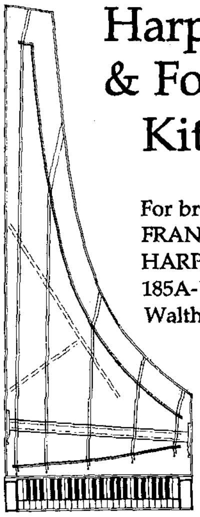
Putnam Antiques, Pond Rd. Middlefield, Mass. 01243
© 1976

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Love Pendant that spells out your sentiment in no uncertain terms. In highly polished sterling or solid gold, complete with 18-inch chain:
Solid gold, 50.00
Sterling, 17.50

6% tax in Calif.
BankAmericard or
Master Charge





Harpsichord & Fortepiano Kits

For brochures:
FRANK HUBBARD
HARPSICHORDS, INC.
185A-Y Lyman Street
Waltham, Mass. 02154

Coral Reef Club
Sandpiper Inn
Settlers Beach Hotel

Three small charmers on the best beach with everything that's fun to do in
BARBADOS

2 bedroom villas with kitchens, deluxe guest rooms, cottages and suites.
See your travel agent or Ralph Locke
315 E.72 St., N.Y.C.10021
(212) 535-2445

on a green platform, are clown orators and, perhaps, acrobats. Behind the masked crowd, columns of soldiers almost conceal Christ on a gray donkey, behind whom masses of microscopic humanity stretch to infinity. Above and to the sides are banners and placards carrying slogans: "LONG LIVE SOCIALISM," "LONG LIVE JESUS, KING OF BRUSSELS," "DOCTRINAL FANFARES ALWAYS SUCCEED." The colors of "Entry" match the animation of its compositional masses. Instead of being guided by natural light and hue, Ensor chose his pigments for their psychological resonance, as in children's paintings and folk art—and in the paintings of Fauvists and Expressionists who were to follow.

By the end of the nineteenth century, Ensor's bloody-mindedness had begun to fade, and, with it, his creative powers. In 1907, the catalogue of the retrospective asserts, he began "to copy some of his earlier works in bright versions." Under the influence of his more cheerful mood, his "fantasies" assumed the character of legends and fairy tales, as in the decorative "Finding of Moses," with its princesses, swans, and peacocks. Some of his sardonic skeleton themes were revived as jokes. The old power reappears in "The Artist's Mother in Death," a composition in pale yellows done in 1915, which shows the corpse, a crucifix clutched in gnarled fingers, reclining diagonally behind a surprising barricade of medicine bottles. It is, however, his complex, and at times impenetrable, pictures of the eighteen-eighties and nineties which place Ensor in the front ranks of modern art. As late as 1971, a Belgian biographer, and one, moreover, who had access to much unpublished source material, could entitle her study "Ensor the Unknown." In that his major paintings are episodes in an invented autobiography, Ensor is likely to remain unknown. But his inaccessibility makes him a model of the artist who in a dry season accepts the challenge of relying on his own creative resources.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

"If you want the Olympic Games," the man making the introduction told Wussler, "here is the man."

And now Lothar Bock has emerged as the main character, the Soviet Connection, in a plot that Chekhov would have cherished—bugged hotel rooms, vodka parties, an "$80 Million Cocktail Party" and even Soviet jokes.—*Dave Anderson in the Times.*

And live seagulls released at the party.

With your hot curlers, you created a flip!
Three hours later, it unfortunately became a flop.

PANTENE
Hot Set™
de Pantene
Setting Lotion
for Heat Appliances
6 FL.OZ.
177cc

Marvelous inventions, these hot curlers and curling wands. They give you just about any style you want. The only thing is, the style doesn't last.

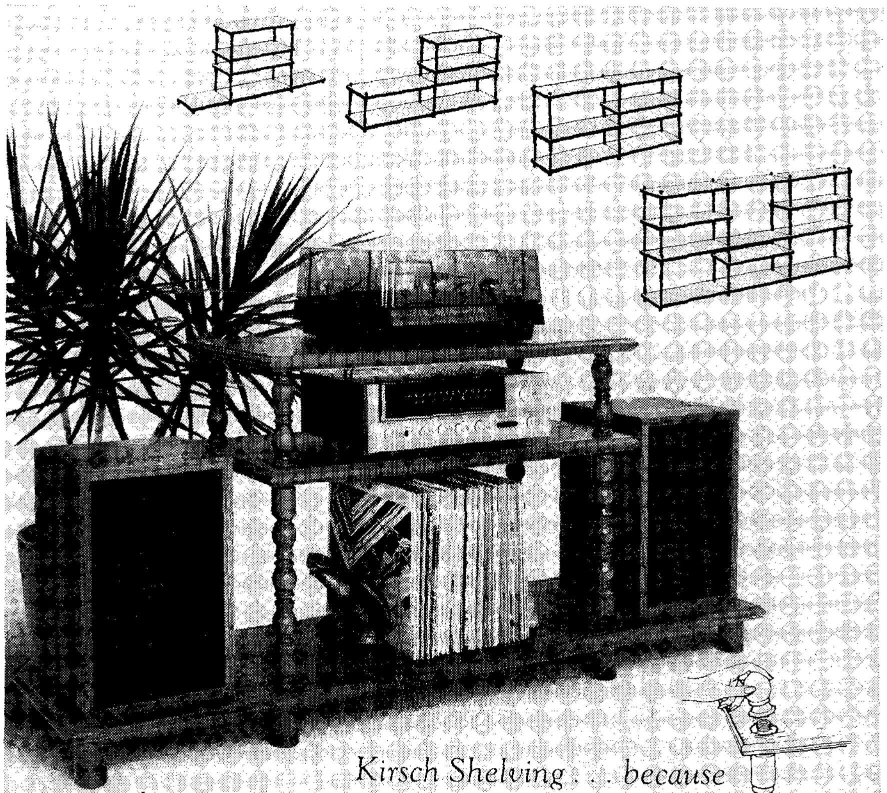
But there's a way to make it last. And last. And last.

Just spray on the Hot Set™ de Pantene. (On *dry* hair, please.) Then use your heat appliance, and this unique setting lotion will keep your style alive and well all day. (By adding body. But not adding a stiff look. The Hot Set leaves your hair bouncy, silky and natural.)

When you use the Hot Set, time may march on. But your style will keep right on going.

Your hair never needed Pantene® like it does today.

For the store nearest you, call toll free (800) 447-4700. In Ill. call (800) 322-4400.
Medically tested products from The Pantene Company, Nutley, New Jersey 07110.
Div., Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., one of the largest laboratories devoted to health.



Kirsch Shelving . . . because you can design a unit to fit your needs now and as you need more you can add to it. For folder and dealer near you, write Kirsch Co., Dept. BR-477, Sturgis, Mich. 49091. Kirsch

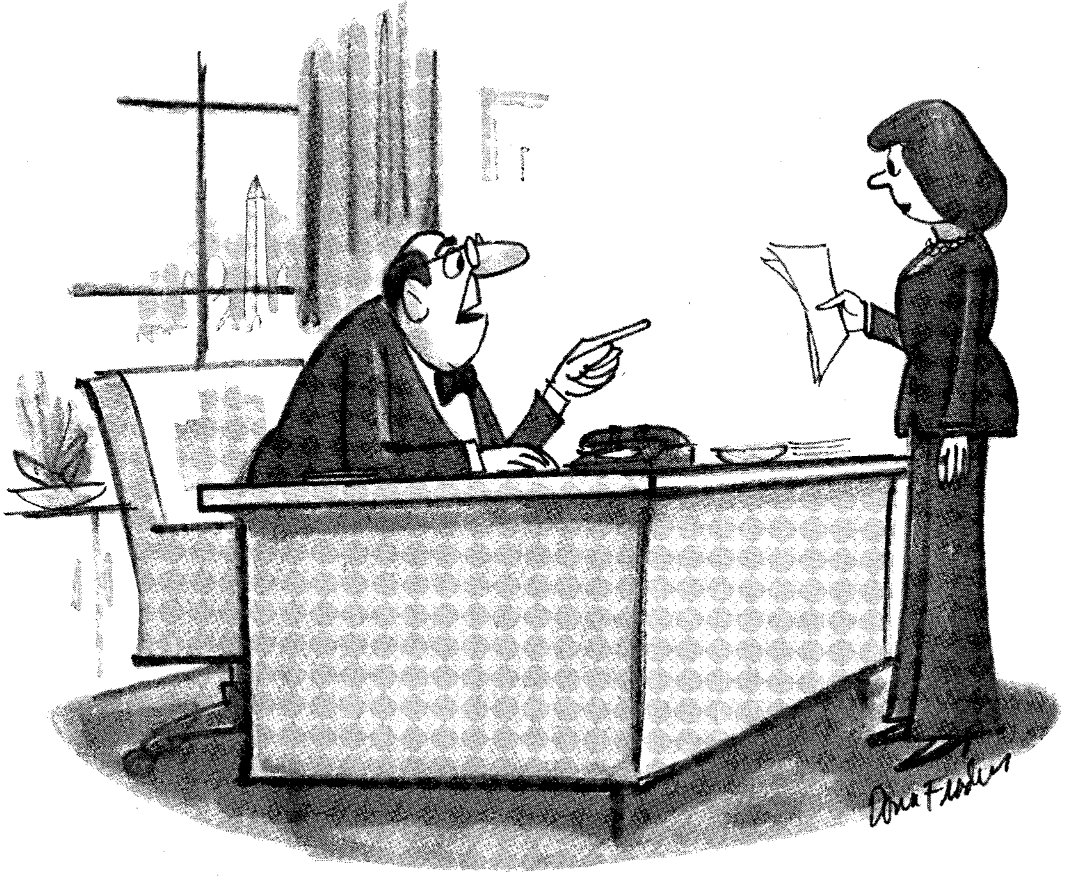
MUSICAL EVENTS

All About Alice

"ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND" and "Through the Looking-Glass" have moved many composers to music, but few earlier composers can have devoted quite so much of their output to Alice as has David Del Tredici. After a James Joyce period ("Four Songs" in 1959, "I Hear an Army" in 1964, "Night Conjure-Verse" in 1965, "Syzygy" in 1966), Del Tredici turned to Lewis Carroll, to explore Wonderland in a series of large-scale compositions which began in 1968 with "Pop-Pourri" ("Turtle Soup," together with "Jabberwocky," the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and "Es ist genug," provided its text) and has not yet ended. An "Alice Symphony" came out in parts—The Lobster-Quadrille, A Scene with Lobsters, Illustrated Alice—between 1969 and 1975. "Vintage Alice," based on the Mad Tea-Party, appeared in 1972, and "Adventures Underground" (The Pool of Tears and The Mouse's Tale) in 1975. "Final Alice" was Del Tredici's response to the Bicentennial commission for works from six American composers, each of them to be played by six leading orchestras. Since then, another lobster soufflé, "Annotated Alice," has been promised; and there may be more of this Alicead to come.

Most of the verse in "Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" is recited, but some of it is sung. In the earlier book, we meet the Duchess "singing a sort of lullaby" with the words "Speak roughly to your little boy." (The baby and the cook join in the chorus.) "Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!" is a song. The Mock Turtle sings the Lobster-Quadrille "very slowly and sadly," and "Turtle Soup" "in a voice choked with sobs." In "Through the Looking-Glass," instrumental music strikes up for the round dance of Alice with Tweedledum and Tweedledee: "It seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks." At the Coronation party, a shrill voice sings the verses, and hundreds of voices join in the chorus, of Scott's "Bonnie Dundee" reworded for the occasion. And, of course, there is the "melancholy music" of the White Knight's song "A-Sitting on a Gate;" the tune he said, was all his own invention, bu Alice recognized it as "I give thee all I can no more" (which Sir Henry Bishop composed). Perhaps some doctoral student is already at work on a dissertation about "The Music in 'Alice.' " ("Turtle Soup," for example is derived from a song by James M Sayles, "Star of the Evening;" the Lobster-Quadrille has its origin in a song by Mary Howitt.) By the time Del Tredici is done, his compositions alone will provide matter enough for a thesis. All of them after "Pop-Pourri" are written for amplified solo soprano, "folk group" (two saxophones, mandolin, banjo, and accordion), and orchestra (in "Vintage Alice," a chamber orchestra). To what extent Del Tredici uses the melodies that Carroll knew, and what thematic relationships and overlaps there may be between the different works, I cannot say, since "Final Alice" is the point at which I came in. It was given its first performance, by the Chicago Symphony, under Sir Georg Solti, in October last year; and last month it was introduced to New York by the Philharmonic, under Erich Leinsdorf.

"Final Alice," although not the last piece to be composed, is presumably intended to hold the final position in a completed "Alice" cycle. It is based on the last two chapters of "Wonderland"—the trial scene. As a coda, there is a setting of the acrostic poem "A boat, beneath a sunny sky" (the envoy of "Through the Looking-Glass")—and then, as a coda to that, the composer's "signature" in the form of a count to thirteen in Italian from *uno* to *tredici*. The piece lasts perhaps an hour and ten minutes, but in all performances so far a large section has been cut, bringing it down to about an hour. The soprano is the narrator and takes all the roles: Del Tredici has designated his work a "Grand Concerto for Voice and Orchestra;" alternatively, an "Opera, written in Concert Form." There are five "arias" ("songs" might be a better word) set within scenas. The White Rabbit sings the first four, presenting them as evidence during the trial, and Lewis Carroll the last. Spoken narration ("The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne . . .") begins the piece; it is joined by a measured



"Miss Kent, I want that researched, analyzed, verified, encoded, translated, extrapolated, condensed, and typed in triplicate."

orchestral simulation of tuning: the oboe's A, the open notes of the strings, shrill flurries from the woodwinds, a thick barrage of warmup sounds from the brasses. Del Tredici uses a very large orchestra—quadruple woodwinds, six horns, four trumpets—and soon the hubbub is immense. The narrator, despite her amplification, has to bawl over it. Finally, she quells the tumult with the White Rabbit's "Silence in the court!" He blows his threefold blast on the trumpet, preliminary to reading the accusation. "Tristan" appeared in the same year as "Alice in Wonderland," 1865, but it had been composed six years earlier. The White Rabbit evidently knew it, for he models his trumpet call on the Shepherd's that, in the last act of Wagner's opera, signals the arrival of Isolde's ship with a rising sixth, sol to mi. There Kurwenal sings the motif as "O Wonne!" and in more than one of Mozart's operas it figures as a joy motif—the Count's "O gioia," Tamino's "Dies Bildnis," Pamina's "Tamino mein! O welch' ein Glück!" This rising sixth, which has been sounding from the saxophones during the preliminary racket, plays an important role in "Final Alice." The accusation—"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts"—is set to a diatonic tune of simple outline (mi-re-re-do, fa-mi-re; fa-mi-mi-re, sol-fa-mi), each note of which, except the last two, is preceded by the sixth below, in a "Tea for Two" rhythm. The same melody serves for the first aria, "They told me you had been to her," and is rhythmically varied in successive verses. Before and after it, there is the music of Alice's growing, a noisy crescendo in which glissando screams from the theremin play a large part.

For his texts, both here and in the other Alice pieces, Del Tredici has gone beyond the "Wonderland" verses to the originals that Carroll parodied, to earlier versions of the Carroll poems, and to other Victorian parodies of the originals. The words of the second aria are "She's all my fancy painted him," a nonsense precursor, by Carroll, of "They told me you had been to her." Behind it lies an early-nineteenth-century song, "Alice Gray":

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.

Yet loved I as man never loved,
A love without decay,
O, my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

The second aria is set to a flowing diatonic melody, in which the sol-mi

FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD ANYTHING BUT COMPROMISE, A RARE OPPORTUNITY IS NOW AVAILABLE.

If you have considered Key Biscayne for your year-round seaside residence—but have hesitated because your exacting standards have not been met—send for all the particulars on Key Colony. For those who can afford anything. But compromise.

To: Key Colony, 101 Crandon Blvd., Key Biscayne, Fla. 33149, Tel. (305)361-3611

Name ______ Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

KEY COLONY
KEY BISCAYNE
This offer not valid to residents of New York.

VLADIMIR KAGAN DESIGNS INCORPORATED
232 EAST 59 ST, NEW YORK 10022
PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO
HOUSTON
DALLAS
MIAMI

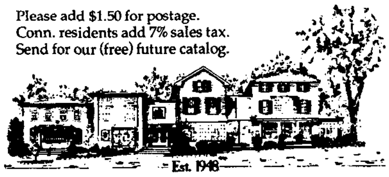
KAGAN

The Kagan "Roll-Top Classic" is a personal desk at home anywhere, in hand rubbed white oak with sparkling plexiglas and top grained leather. Custom made in a glorious selection of woods and finishes ... available only through your professional designer or architect.

OUTDOOR TRADERS
INCORPORATED

SPRING BOUQUET
Hand-picked from Gabar for O.T.'s swim set. Multi-colored flowers adrift on 100% poly one piece swimsuit. Style displays our penchant for comfort and femininity. Yellow panties beneath softly stated skirt. Sizes 8-18. **$38.** Complimented with our versitile cover-up making it perfect for a full day in the sun. Wide cuffs, deep pockets, matching sash. SML **$36.**

Please add $1.50 for postage.
Conn. residents add 7% sales tax.
Send for our (free) future catalog.



Box 1608A Boston Post Road/Greenwich, Ct. 06830
Telephone: 203-869-4786/5193
Branch Shops in Essex & Litchfield, Conn.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice Skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the Old Canal Towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

May we send you our brochure and driving directions?

1740 HOUSE

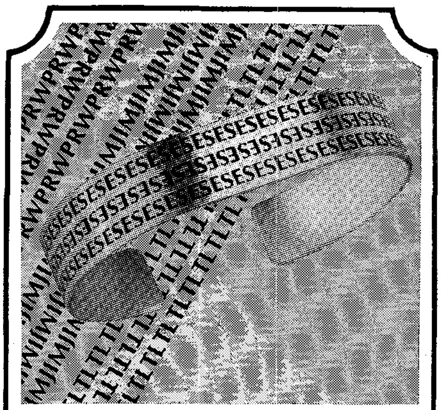
The Impeccable Inn
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

motif is again prominent, and then the theme of Aria I joins it. The following episodes, "The King Muses" and "Aria III: Contradictory Evidence," were omitted. From the score, one discovers that the King's musing is on the evidence thus far presented, superimposed in different keys and at different tempos. Aria III juxtaposes "Alice Gray" and a Victorian parody of it, "Disillusioned" ("I painted her a gushing thing, With years perhaps a score; I little thought to find they were At least a dozen more"). The two poems jostle in violent musical contrast, one set to sweet tonal strains, the other in strident atonal mockery.

"Alice Gray," unalloyed, forms Aria IV, and Del Tredici calls it "the 'heart' of the piece." There were at least two early-Victorian settings of these verses. Both adopt what I called the "Tea for Two" rhythm; C. A. Hodson's starts with the sol-mi motif, and Mrs. P. Millard's sets the line "She never can be mine" to the same phrase that Del Tredici uses. But Del Tredici's melody, a smoothed and extended transformation of the Aria I theme, is more beautiful than either.

Then there is an orchestral fugue, subtitled "Arguments in the Jury-Chamber." (Del Tredici breaks with Carroll by depicting a scene at which Alice is not present.) At the Lizard's request, the White Rabbit repeats some of the evidence ("Alice Gray," sung to the melody of Aria I). The trial ends in uproar, and Alice wakes. The envoy, "A boat, beneath a sunny sky," is set to a long, limpid melody, marked by gently rocking thirds; the lines "In a Wonderland they lie, Dreaming as the days go by" pick up the traditional strains of "Up above the world you fly, Like a tea-tray in the sky," with the sixth note charmingly altered. When I read about the "final coda," I thought it would be like the gentle stroke of midnight—counted out loud, perhaps, as in Verdi's "Falstaff"—with an unexpected thirteenth stroke to say "Tredici." ("Pop-Pourri" ends with three bells, at different pitches and tempos, each striking thirteen.) But it proved to be simply a verbal count, underlined by a harp chord, over a sustained A that grows ever softer until it fades on the "tuning A" of the oboe with which the music began.

"Final Alice" is pleasing and enjoyable music. But there are things that can be said against it. To start with the least important: Carrollians will be distressed by alterations of the hallowed text. That Del Tredici changes the first word of "Everybody looked at



DESIGN LINE BRACELET

Your monogram (2 or 3 initials) repeated over and over creates an exclusive design. Due to the pattern created by various monogram sets, each Bracelet looks entirely different. Initials are uniquely photo-etched on our most popular Cuff Bracelet. One size fits all. One-half inch wide, heavy weight Sterling Silver. *Allow 4 weeks delivery.*

$50.00

Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured.

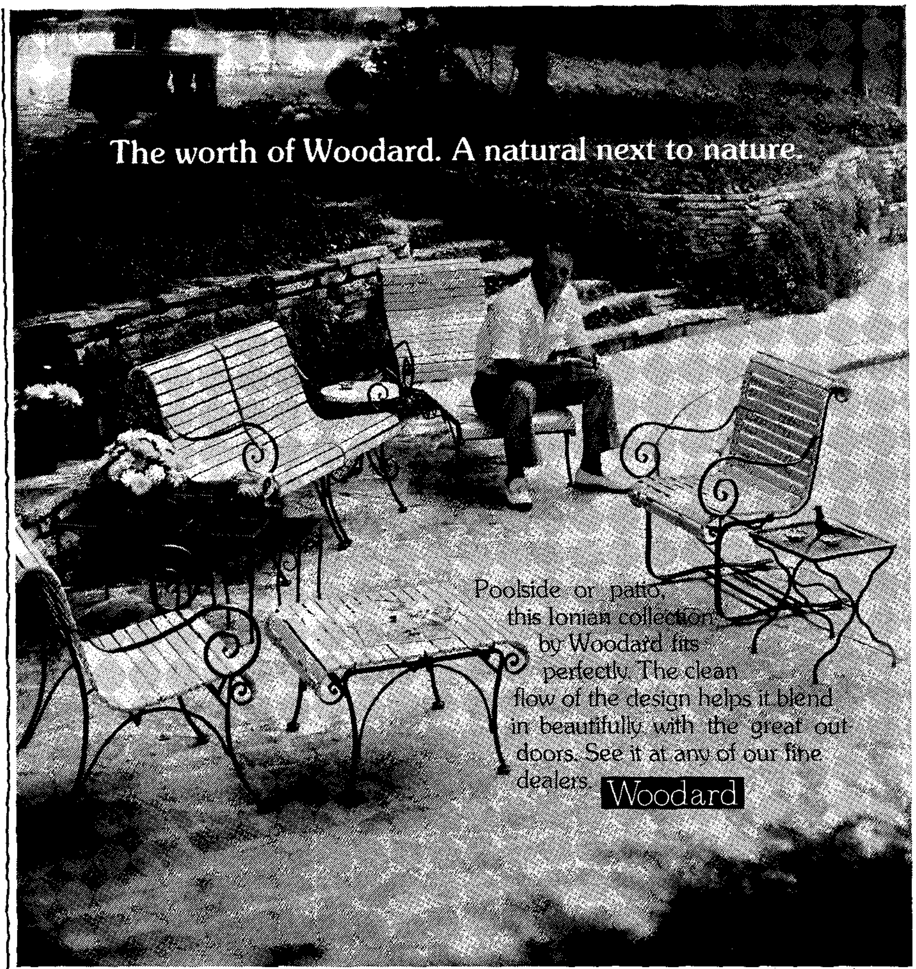
STERN'S
Dept. S-2 / Lenox Square / Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1976. S. S. G.

THE DORAL PARK AVENUE HOTEL

A MOST UNUSUAL HOTEL WITH AN EXCEPTIONALLY DEDICATED FOLLOWING.
Luxuriously appointed guest rooms and suites, with color and cable television, refrigerator and individual climate controls. Elegant bar, cocktail lounge, dining room.
Park Avenue at 38th Street
New York 10016 • Tel. (212) 687-7050
A DORAL HOTEL

Sea-Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.
THE FINEST IN SEA FOOD
AM. EX. Accepted

Alice" to "Everyone" is unimportant; it was probably just a slip. When he adds the words "quite triumphantly" to " 'Then it ought to be Number One,' said Alice," he perhaps goes too far. That his guinea pig is "suppressed" in "a large paper [instead of canvas] bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings" is ridiculous. And when he changes the first line of the acrostic poem to "A boat beneath a sky" (omitting "sunny," and prolonging "A," because his chosen melody starts with a strong beat) he certainly goes too far. More serious is the question of noisiness. There are some loud exclamations during Carroll's trial scene. (" 'Stupid things!' Alice began in a loud indignant voice;" and " 'Stuff and nonsense!' said Alice loudly. . . . 'Off with her head!' the Queen shouted at the top of her voice.") But one cannot believe that Carroll, as he told the tale in "a boat, beneath a sunny sky, lingering onward dreamily," shouted these things at the top of his voice. There was an awful lot of shouting—not merely the suggestion of raised voices—in "Final Alice." The matter of scale also causes some uneasiness. To bring a full Mahlerian apparatus, deployed at Mahlerian length, to "Alice" seems—well, somewhat inappropriate. (And, in musical terms, to subject thematic material like that of Victorian ballads—however pretty, and catchy—to such elaborate and extended development.) There were passages when a listener felt tempted to emulate Alice in Tenniel's drawing at the end of the Lion and the Unicorn chapter in "Through the Looking-Glass" as she "put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar." It is true that during the trial scene Carroll's Alice comes close to forgetting her manners (though she never goes as far


The worth of Woodard. A natural next to nature.
Poolside or patio, this Ionian collection by Woodard fits perfectly. The clean flow of the design helps it blend in beautifully with the great outdoors. See it at any of our fine dealers.
Woodard
For color brochures and the name of the store near you, write Woodard, 318 Elm Street, Owosso, Michigan 48867.

COLORADO
BY MAUPINTOUR

PIKES PEAK by cog railway, Trail Ridge Road, Durango Silverton train, the Continental Divide, chuckwagon supper, Vail, Aspen, Estes Park, more!

TWO different escorted tours 7-day and 9-day from $409 begin Denver weekly June to September.

MAUPINTOUR'S care and management assures you see everything you should see, comfortably. Learn the significance. Spectacular scenery!

WHAT YOU DREAM about Colorado comes true with Maupintour. Ask for Maupintour's new *Colorado* brochure or mail the coupon below today.

Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. 212/687-7773

name

address

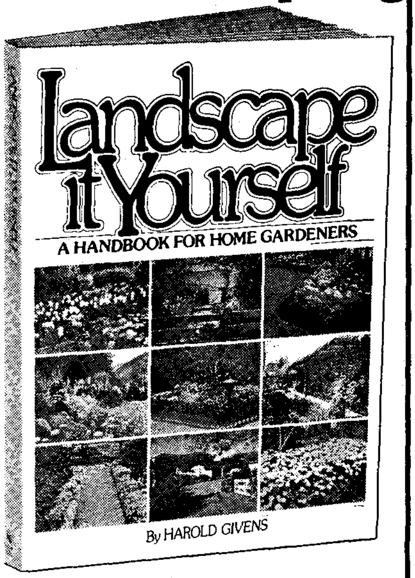
city *state/zip*

my travel agent NYK-CLR

quality touring since 1951 Maupintour

Ask about these Maupintour escorted holidays:
☐ Africa ☐ Alps ☐ British Isles ☐ Colorado
☐ Asia ☐ Central America ☐ Egypt ☐ Europe
☐ France ☐ Greece ☐ Hawaii ☐ India ☐ Iran
☐ Italy ☐ Alaska ☐ Morocco ☐ North Africa
☐ Orient ☐ Portugal ☐ Scandinavia ☐ Spain
☐ S. America ☐ S. Pacific ☐ USSR/E. Europe

Save thousands of $$$ this Spring

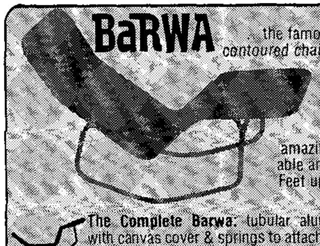


Create your own environment of living beauty with this step-by-step guide, which includes:

300 trees, shrubs, flower and foliage plants, bulbs, herbs and vegetables—all with plant-it charts and descriptions
42 detailed sketches—for an up-close look at each plant
34 sample plot plans—for homes just like your own
57 photographs of real-life settings
making plans
designing your garden
applications and variations of garden design

Unique to this book: the "plant-finder strip"

At your bookstore or direct from:
HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH
General Books, Dept. CE-NY
757 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send me ___ copies of LANDSCAPE IT YOURSELF @ $18.50 cloth (1-476795), or $9.50 paper (1-476894) (includes postage). I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order for $___ total. (Please add sales tax where applicable.)
Name ___
Address ___
City ___ State ___ Zip ___



BaRWA ...the famous 2-position *contoured chair that cradles* your body from head to toe, instantly relaxes tense *muscles*, is amazingly comfortable and theraputic. Feet up! head back! Ah-h-h...

The Complete Barwa: tubular aluminum frame with canvas cover & springs to attach (colors listed below) **$65**. (Add $10. shipping).
The Barwa Recover: heavy-duty duck in colors listed below (specify whether you wish cover that attaches by springs or one that laces on) **$29.95** ($1.95 postage each)
Canvas Colors: Black, white, citron yellow, royal blue, orange, avocado, hunter green or terra cotta.
send check, BA, MC, DC or AX charge. Charge orders can call Toll Free (800) 227-1464 (Cal. 800 772-3909)
catalog $1.; free with order
THE PaTIO
550 Powell
Dept. NY47
San Francisco
California 94108

as Del Tredici's Alice, who indulges in two slanging matches with the King). But otherwise she is sweetly reasonable, curious, intelligent, tidy-minded, and well behaved—"an adequate symbol for what every human being should try to be like," as W. H. Auden put it. (Flora, the heroine of Stella Gibbons' "Cold Comfort Farm," is her adult incarnation.) I can't feel that Del Tredici's tone is always just. But then the Philharmonic performance was quite coarsely played; it was easy to imagine a more refined, more poetical execution of the score. Barbara Hendricks, in the solo role, showed stamina, and she flew above the staff (much of the music is written very high) with ease and sweetness. Sometimes she was careless about sounding short notes. Someone with a more beautiful speaking voice, and with more wit, intelligence, and literary sensitivity in her inflections, might bring the piece closer to Carroll. Del Tredici requires his soloist to shout; and the harsh public-address system through which Miss Hendricks was amplified made her shouting ugly. *It is hard to believe that as much care* was devoted to the electronic equipment of the rebuilt Fisher Hall as to its natural acoustics; yet many modern scores depend extensively on electrical amplification.

On the credit side, "Final Alice" is a large, generous, romantic, and melodious score, inspired by love for the book and sensitive to unwritten feelings that lie beneath it. In a sense, the "evidence" Del Tredici submits is of the Reverend Charles Dodgson's real-life love for Alice Pleasance Liddell. Of Aria IV, "Alice Gray," the composer writes, "With the fullest intensity I try to express Carroll's love of the real Alice. I think of the three variations as the three moods of love: love's first ecstasy, love lost, love regained." Is this "Final Alice"—and the whole huge Alicead that it crowns—impressive, touching, profound, or slightly absurd? Maybe all four at once.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Opera Problem

I SUPPOSE there will never be a satisfactory answer to the problem of translating certain operas from their original language. Some operas of a highly national character, like Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," are hard to imagine in any language other than the original. I have never heard an English-language "Carmen," and I doubt whether I would like it. Sometimes,

SQUIRREL FOUNTAIN

Watch your favorite feathered friends as they flock to bathe and shower in this delightful Squirrel fountain complete with its own re-circulating pump.

Made of lead, 37" high, available in old lead color or Pompeian green.
Price: $485.00.
FOB New York

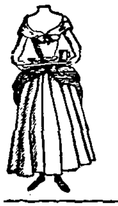
Send for New 60 page Illust. Catalog $2.00

FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
654 First Ave. (37th St.) New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 532-3926

Taste Life Santa Fe Style

The great, unspoiled West and a superlative ranch-resort in the cool, clear mountain air of charming Santa Fe. Great tennis, superb riding, swimming, golf, fishing, cookouts, skeet, trap. Special activities for children.
Package Plans available.
For information contact:

THE BISHOP'S LODGE
P.O. Box 2367 N · Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
(505) 983-6378



Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE MAINE

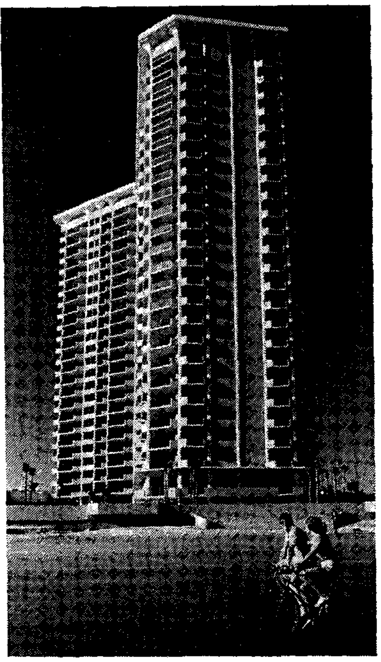
ANTIQUE CHESTNUT BARN BEAMS
Hand-hewn, 200 yrs. old. 4" to 10" sq., 4' to 30' lengths, $4 to $8 a running foot.
Northwest Connecticut.
You transport or pay transportation.
(203) 379-6843.

however, opera translations work well. For instance, most formal eighteenth-century operas sound excellent in translation, as the able efforts of Ruth and Thomas Martin have made clear. In fact, an opera like Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" gains immensely from a fine English translation—one that preserves all the jokes. Then, there are the affinities that exist between some languages; German and English, for example, have strong sounds that do not exist in French. Shakespeare sounds good in German—rather noble, in fact. He sounds terrible in French, though, and that may explain why the French don't particularly like him.

Wagner sounds equally terrible in French; the noblest Wagnerian phrases seem to fall flat. Wagner in English is a different matter, however—quite acceptable if the translation is a good one. For many years, in London, the Sadler's Wells Opera, which in 1974 was renamed the English National Opera, has been presenting everything in English, apparently with success. Now the English National has released a recording of Wagner's "Die Walküre" transformed into "The Valkyrie" and sung entirely in English (Angel SELX-3826; ten sides). The skillful and graceful translation is by Andrew Porter. The orchestra of the English National is ably conducted by Reginald Goodall, with Alberto Remedios, Margaret Curphey, Clifford Grant, Norman Bailey, Ann Howard, and Rita Hunter in the principal roles. If these singers are not yet the best-known in the operatic world, the reason is that the English National is London's second opera house, and is not to be compared with Covent Garden. But this is an excellent performance by most standards, and Mr. Goodall rouses his orchestra and singers to impressive deeds.

Unfortunately, I found that I could hear no more than a few of the English words here and there. It was only by reading the accompanying text that I could appreciate the quality of Mr. Porter's translation. Perhaps at a live performance things would have been different, but in the recording either the careful artificial inflections of the operatic voice or the heavy Wagnerian orchestration gets in the way of intelligibility. Not that I can hear every single word of the average German performance, either, but I know the German, and am accustomed to it.

SOME new and worthwhile single discs: Mstislav Rostropovich has collaborated with Herbert von



The Most Talked About Vacation Between Cape Cod and Key West.

This summer, resort to the ultimate vacation experience-a fabulous $80,000 to $120,000 oceanfront condominium north of Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Maisons-sur-Mer has a limited number of privately owned homes which may be yours for a week, a month or longer.

These luxurious residences feature two full baths, fully equipped kitchens and spectacular floor plans with multiple private balconies. You'll also have access to our olympic size pool, 21 golf courses, tennis, health club, gourmet cafe, cocktail lounge and an optional activities program for adults and children.

Yet prices range from just $450 to $550 per week. For more information, mail coupon or call 803/449-7497.

Maisons-sur-Mer

☐ Please send me your vacation folder and rate guide.
☐ Please send me information on purchasing a home at Maisons-Sur-Mer.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
No. Adults ____ Children ____ in Party
Preferred Arrival Date ____ Preferred Departure Date ____

Riviera Rentals, Dept. NY
Maisons-sur-Mer
Star Route 2
Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577

Somebody finally had a better idea: Henni/Hi-Grips...just $6.95

Scissors have been around since dawn of history and they have been same ever since. There has been no basic improvement. Now come revolutionary **Henni/Hi-Grips** with their new and sensible design. Angled, "hi-grip" construction keeps fabric, paper (or whatever it is you wish to cut) undisturbed and without your having to hold it. Bottom blade glides smoothly along surface of table, while upper blade does all cutting. You can work for hours and not tire. And you have control and precision never before possible with ordinary scissors. Colorful plastic-cushioned handles with special thumbrest, provide extra comfort. Blades have adjustable pivot-screw, are 8½ inches long and let you handle even heaviest material with ease. Incredibly sharp stainless nickel-steel for lifetime of heavy-duty service. If you own only one pair of scissors, it should be **Henni/Hi-Grips**. They are boon and absolutely indispensable to anybody who does any tailoring or dressmaking. Why work with outmoded tools? Order **Henni/Hi-Grips** today!

henniker's
779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

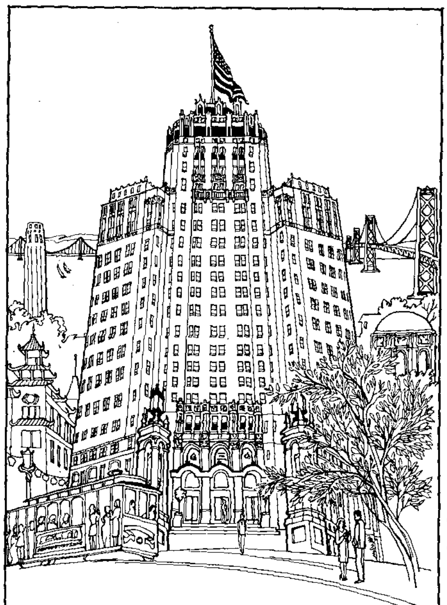
M256-2
YN0411

Mail to: **Henniker's**, 779 Bush St.,
Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

YES, I want to cut with ease. Please send me:

____ **Henni/Hi-Grips** at $6.95 each.
○ **Save**: Three (3) **Henni/Hi-Grips** for just $19.95
○ **Save more**: Six (6) **Henni/Hi-Grips** for just $36.95

☐ My check for this amount plus postage (plus sales tax for California delivery) is enclosed. Postage is $0.50 for fewer than six units and $1.00 for six or more units.
☐ (for minimum of three (3) **Henni/Hi-Grips** only) Please charge my BA/MC account.
____ exp. ____
or for fastest service call TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311
(IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710) IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540
My name is ____
I live at ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____



The Mark Hopkins
Speaks Highly of You

The world-famous Mark. Great style...fine service...the best location...plus competitive corporate rates. Isn't all this important when you visit San Francisco?

THE Mark Hopkins
AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL
Number One Nob Hill, San Francisco.
(415) 392-3434 • (800) 621-1155
In Illinois call collect (312) 372-1690

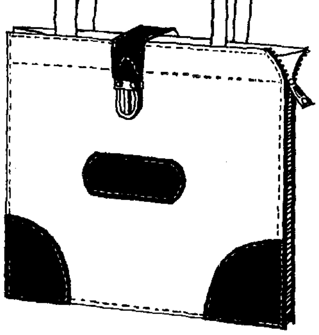
CAPEZIO IS BACK WITH LITTLE LEATHER STRAPS AND MADE TO BE ORDERED.

Gimme that old soft shoe.
All wrapped up in
tender kidskin, inside and out.
And stepping lightly at
breakfast bashes, lighthearted
brunches and divine dinners.
Tie one on for cocktails.
In navy, bone, black or white.
N, 6-11. M, 5-11. $35.
Add $1.50 for postage and handling.
Write Capezio, 1055 Springfield Ave.
Irvington, New Jersey 07111.
Mastercharge or BankAmericard:
include account number and
expiration date.
Or phone: 201-372-8369
and be back in a flat in no time.

CAPEZIO.® MADE TO BE ORDERED.

Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic on an extremely eloquent performance of Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" (Angel S-37057). Emanuel Ax plays Chopin's "Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise brillante," Op. 22—along with his Nocturne in B, Op. 62, No. 1; his Scherzo in E, Op. 54; and his Polonaise-Fantaisie, Op. 61—with dazzling technique and heroic bravura (RCA ARL1-1569). The Accademia Monteverdiana, under Denis Stevens, performs some strong, vital music written by Alessandro Grandi (c. 1577-1630) for San Marco's Basilica, in Venice, and other Italian churches (Nonesuch H-71329). Margaret Price, a soprano with admirable style who is something of a Mozart specialist, has recorded a bouquet of arias from Mozart operas with the English Chamber Orchestra, James Lockhart conducting (RCA AGL1-1532). Bruckner's early Requiem in D Minor, a noble religious score, has been performed by the Laubacher Kantorei and the Werner Keltsch Instrumental Ensemble, Hans Michael Beuerle conducting, with Hildegard Laurich, Friedreich Melzer, Günter Reich, and Herrad Wehrung as soloists (Nonesuch H-71327). Janet Baker, with Daniel Barenboim at the piano, sings Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," along with his "Liederkreis," Op. 39; both Miss Baker and Mr. Barenboim do a superb job (Angel S-37222). RCA has recently released some vintage reissues, including Copland's "Appalachian Spring," "Lincoln Portrait," and "El Salón México," conducted by Serge Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony (AVM1-1739); Marian Anderson's unforgettable performances of Negro spirituals (AVM1-1735); and some structurally interesting renditions by Artur Schnabel of the late Beethoven Sonatas Op. 109, No. 30, and Op. 111, No. 32 (AVM1-1410). Seventeen Charles Ives songs, containing the whole range of his style, from the lyric and melodious through the quirky to the downright noisy, have been recorded by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, with Gilbert Kalish at the piano (Nonesuch H-71325). The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, plays Ives' "Three Places in New England"—using, for the first time in a recording, the composer's full orchestration—and Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3 (his finest symphonic work) on a new disc by RCA (ARL1-1682). The young American violinist Eugene Fodor is absolutely scintillating in Paganini's First Violin Concerto, and he shows a re-

CAPEZIO IS BACK WITH A SACK AND MADE TO BE ORDERED.



Capezio's slim canvas envelope expands with a zip to carry a smart picnic lunch, jog togs, swim clothes—whatever you're into. And whatever you put into it, it looks great. In natural tan, military tan or black canvas trimmed with chestnut brown leather. $25.00. Add $1.50 for postage and handling.
Write Capezio, 1055 Springfield Ave. Irvington, New Jersey 07111. Mastercharge or BankAmericard: include account number and expiration date.
Or phone: 201-372-8369

CAPEZIO.® MADE TO BE ORDERED.

SIGNED CRYSTAL MOUNTED ON MARBLE
SEND 75c FOR CATALOG
OWL ON BRANCH
6" HIGH $38.00
OWL IN TREE
12" HIGH $55.00
POST PAID
MASTER CHARGE
ACCEPTED
TRABUCCO STUDIO
159 SHOSHONE DR.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14214

On St. Croix A WORLD ALL YOUR OWN for golf, tennis, swimming, snorkeling, fishing and relaxing. Call Ralph Locke (212-586-3070).
The Buccaneer
Box 218-Y St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820

we clean: LEATHERS SHEEPSKINS • SUEDES
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Cleaned, Reconditioned. . Like New All Over Again! Bring in, Mail or Call us for U.P. Pick Up Svc. Send for Home Supply of Miracle Suede Cleaner "SUEDECRAFTER"® $4.00 post-paid
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 • JU 6-3737 • Dept. 54

fined style in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, both played with the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Peter Maag (RCA ARL1-1565). James Levine, pianist, and Lynn Harrell, cellist, collaborate in fine performances of Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, Op. 58, and Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata, D. 821 (RCA ARL1-1568). Marc Blitzstein's "Airborne Symphony," a long melodrama for speaking voice, vocal parts, and orchestra, has been recorded by the New York Philharmonic and the Choral Art Society under Leonard Bernstein, with Andrea Velis and David Watson, and with Orson Welles in the speaking role (Columbia M 34136). Elisabeth Söderström sings songs by Rachmaninoff, with Vladimir Ashkenazy at the piano, and she does them with feeling and authentic style (London OS 26428). Constance Keene, a pianist of admirable refinement, plays Mendelssohn's Fantasy in F Sharp Minor, Variations Sérieuses, and other short works (Laurel-Protone Records LP-12).

Just for fun, I recommend a brilliant recording called "James Galway, Man with the Golden Flute" (RCA LRL1-5094). Mr. Galway plays popular numbers like the Drigo "Serenade" and Rimski-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumblebee" with such panache, such a huge flute tone, and such remarkable agility that everything he does is a delight. He is accompanied by London's National Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Gerhardt conducting.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The Radiation Safety Office will sponsor a seminar on radioiodination procedures. The seminar will be conducted by Dr. LUDEK JIROUSEK, chief, Radioiodination Department, New England Nuclear. Dr. Jirousek will discuss the chemistry of the various radioiodination procedures. He will discuss radioiodination problems you may be experiencing following his presentation.—*University of Connecticut Health Center bulletin.*

The thing to do is leave early.

•

UNFORTUNATE USE OF WORD

Words have a way of creeping into currency, often without rhyme or reason. In the local and even national *patios* of winebibbers, the proliferating small wineries springing up like mushrooms in every wine district from San Diego to Mendocino are being generically described as "boutique" wineries.—*Los Angeles Times Home.*

A winebibber with no patio simply doesn't know how to bib.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER ON A VERY SPECIAL GIFT.

Now, it's easier than ever to give a loved one, valued business associate—or yourself—the kind of gift that creates truly memorable dining...a gift of Pfaelzer gourmet meat.

Its mouthwatering taste and texture is legend among gourmets everywhere.

And it is now available at the special introductory price of $24.95 for six of the six-ounce Filet Mignon with a tube of Pfaelzer Seasoned Steak Butter pictured here.

Carefully boxed and packed with plenty of dry ice, it's unconditionally guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition.

A personal greeting from you can be included with your order at no extra cost.

And now, as an extra convenience, you may place your order by telephone.

pfaelzer BROTHERS NY-05

Pfaelzer Brothers, 4501 West District Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60632.

TO ORDER ANY PFAELZER GOURMET GIFT, CALL, TOLL FREE, 800-621-0226, ANYTIME DAY OR EVENING.

Illinois residents call collect (312) 927-7100.

St Charles FASHION KITCHENS

Designer: James Halliday,
St Charles of Southern California

Send for our new, colorfully-illustrated 44-page Kitchen Ideas Book, plus "The Choice is Yours" book of latest designs. Both for $3.00, check or money order.

St. Charles Fashion Kitchens, St. Charles, Illinois 60174. 7KK4304

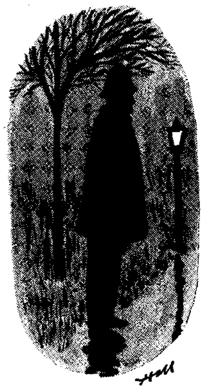
Name______ Address______ Phone______

City______ County______ State______ Zip______

LETTER FROM LONDON

March 30

PRIME MINISTER JAMES CALLAGHAN seems in extra-good form these days, glowing from his triumph in the "no confidence" motion brought by the Conservatives in the Commons, refreshed and gratified by the warmth of his recent meeting with the President. Though people suspect that Mr. Carter's resurrecting of the "special relationship" may not be noted with much enthusiasm by other European allies, it clearly heartened his British partner. Everyone here immediately concluded that Mr. Callaghan's Washington trip had inspired his decision to go on television for "on the spot" questioning by private citizens. He appeared twice last week on the BBC's popular "Nationwide" program—first in a long interview on Tuesday, the evening before the crucial Parliamentary vote that seemed quite likely to topple his government, and then on Thursday, when he had weathered the storm and could give his attention more comfortably to hearing directly what the public had on its mind. The general opinion seems to be that he did well on both occasions, being a naturally gifted television performer, with an air of deep serenity which communicates itself soothingly to the viewer. Watching him on Tuesday, even Conservatives who were devoutly hoping that Mrs. Thatcher might soon be residing in Downing Street in his place were uneasily conscious that he did not look like a Prime Minister who expected to be thrown out the following day. He referred enthusiastically to one or two coming engagements, such as the President's visit to London for the economic summit in May, and no shadow of doubt appeared to cross his mind as to who would be heading the welcoming committee. Answering questions about some of the numerous discontents over Labour's record which have been putting the Conservatives strongly ahead in the opinion polls, he addressed himself especially to housewives, saying that he knew they were finding things hard, that he could not promise inflation would not get worse, but that if they hung on a bit longer they would be over the hump. His face shone with confidence and good cheer, and even while he predictably refused with great good humor to give any hint of the success or failure of the dickering for an alliance which was known to be going on between him and the little band of Liberal M.P.s—who once more, amidst enormous excitement, found themselves the men of destiny whose handful of votes would tip the balance one way or another—it seemed obvious that the shrewdest tactician of them all had brought it off again.



The next day—Wednesday, March 23rd—during an exceptionally noisy, rampageous Parliamentary occasion, both sides of the packed House exploded so frequently into mocking laughter and shouts of anger that journalists peering down on the scene had difficulty in hearing what was said. At intervals, the rich Welsh voice of the Speaker, Mr. George Thomas, who sits beneath the press gallery, and is therefore invisible to its occupants, floated up in measured rebuke above the pandemonium, like the accents of divine law quelling chaos. Mr. Callaghan blandly announced in his opening speech the bargain in return for which the Liberals would give him their support in the voting lobbies at ten o'clock. The comfortable Government majority of twenty-four was a serious setback for the Conservatives. According to much of the rueful talk now being heard, the arithmetic itself was less damaging than the contrast pointed up by the style and content of the speeches from the two front-bench leaders. Before the eyes of all, and with ease, the old pro had defeated the lady amateur challenger, and even her dismayed supporters had to agree with the cruelly harsh press comment next day that Mrs. Thatcher appeared weak and outclassed. Her abrasive criticisms of the Government and of the Prime Minister's maneuvers to obtain his necessary votes would have raised a happy roar in a Party Conference of the faithful, but it was profoundly disappointing stuff for listeners who had expected to be given a few more sustaining reasons for placing confidence in the early return of a Conservative Government. Her backbenchers drummed up a perfunctory bit of a cheer when she sat down.

It seemed the unkindest cut of all for Mrs. Thatcher when the pound and the City of London (which is popularly viewed as the classic citadel of bowler-hatted, pin-striped Tory capitalism), having both sagged nervously at the possibility of a general election that the Conservatives looked like winning, at once signalled buoyant relief over the news that the Labour Government was still, and more firmly, in the saddle. This was taken as a loud and unmistakable expression of opinion as to which party appears at the moment better equipped to bargain with the unions on pay restraint and to manage the slow but cheering signs of improvement in Britain's economic health.

The exultant Liberals are acting like the mouse who freed the lion from the net, and the Tories will be out after the pesky little creature with a big stick at every turn this session. Cries of pain have come from a few Liberal Party members who detest Mr. Callaghan as much as they do Mrs. Thatcher and wish to have nothing to do with either of them, but it may be guessed that these protesters are outnumbered by Liberals who feel that their misleadingly mild and boyish-looking leader, David Steel, has fought a good fight for them. After all, to get even a foot inside the corridors of power is preferable to being eternally outside, enduring the long series of much-heralded Liberal revivals that have somehow always expired at the polls, and the experience is exhilarating. The angry critics of the new setup are saying with gusto that Mr. Callaghan cannily parted with nothing very valuable in the concessions he made to Mr. Steel. Lots of ordinary citizens are not so sure. Mr. Steel, they point out, got the important promise that a bill on direct elections to the European Parliament will soon be introduced, even though Mr. Callaghan's left wing had furiously opposed it. There will also be—another concession—a free vote on the question of using proportional representation both in elections for the European Parliament and in those for the Scottish and Welsh assemblies, whenever they take shape out of the present confusing mists. Proportional representation is, of course, the Liberals' dream, for if it were adopted in general elections here it would transform their meagre Parliamentary numbers, which are far out of whack with their following in the country. However far-off or unlikely that may be, large numbers of British who are increasingly tired of the noisy partisan goings on at Westminster feel that the recent events have utterly changed the political atmosphere, seeming to blow into it a welcome current of fresh air. The "delicate experiment," as David Steel called it, is nowhere near the coalition about which there is a good deal of wishful talk every now and then, but a lot of people seem to be wondering if it is perhaps the first step toward a brand-new alignment of the center elements of all parties. The surprisingly approving tone in many private discussions suggests that there would be far more popular support for the idea than is ever reckoned by the politicians.

A FEW days from now, all the interested parties—the nation, the owner, and the eagerly waiting international art market—will know the fate of Mentmore Towers, the Trollopean-sounding seat of the Rosebery family, in Buckinghamshire. Indeed, one of the speakers in the recent House of Lords debate on the subject (a subject on which most of those taking part were experts, being only too familiar with the struggle to hang on to a historic house in the teeth of rising inflation and taxation) excellently described Mentmore's mid-Victorian magnificence as being in the style of the Duke of Omnium supported by high finance. Baron Meyer de Rothschild, the merchant banker, commissioned the building of the vast mansion by Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, in the eighteen-fifties, and then filled it to overflowing, like a fantastic rococo cornucopia, with the most splendid princely (rather than ducal) furniture and works of art that his agents could find on the Continent of Europe. The place passed to the fifth Earl of Rosebery through his marriage to a Rothschild heiress, whose endowment allowed it to remain a private home long after the majority of hard-pressed owners of great houses were opening them to paying visitors.

It seems comical that until a row started over the possible breakup and vanishing abroad of Mentmore's fabulous contents it was absolutely unknown to the general public. No one, apparently, had any idea of the existence of such a hidden Aladdin's cave of treasures lying not far from the great M-1 highway out of London. Even the National Trust, as its director-general has just amazingly stated, had not heard of, let alone seen, the place until three members of its staff were invited to cast their dazzled eyes upon its splendors the other day. After that, the Trust announced that it would be glad to run such a superb national acquisition—suitably endowed with cash, of course.

Money is the familiar stumbling block to the crusade to save Mentmore, which has been getting lavish publicity lately in a spate of indignant letters to the *Times* and signatures supporting a

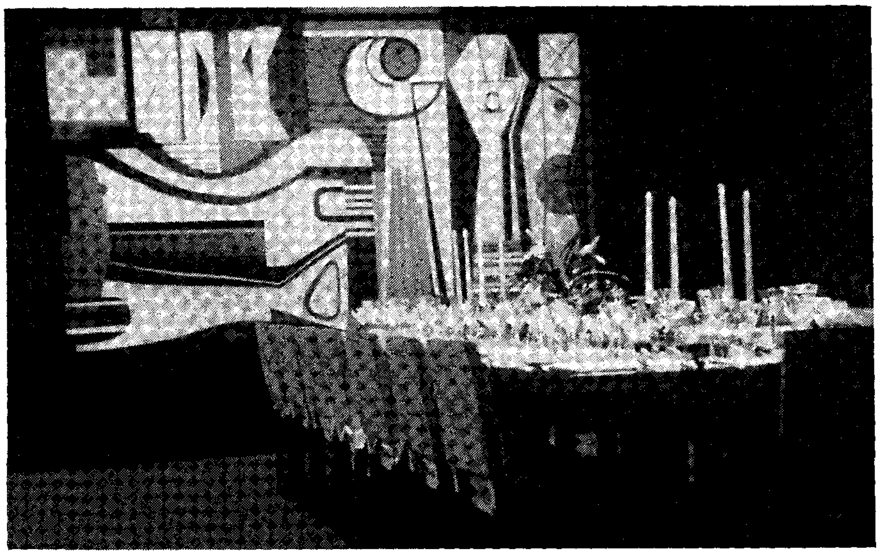
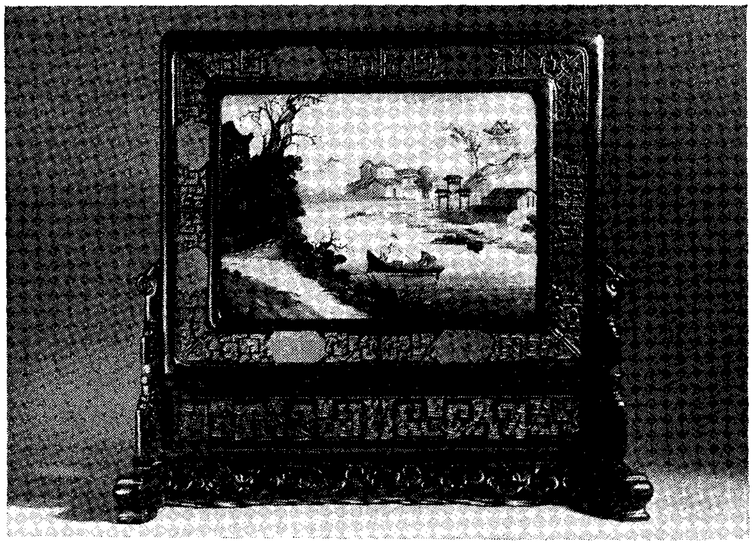


Table and tapestry illuminated with Wendel optical projectors

Wendelighting®...when you live with art.

Your art will take on a new meaning with Wendelighting's bright, evenly distributed illumination. Color, texture and form are richly enhanced! And, Wendel optical projectors confine light rays to the exact contour of your objets d'art or furniture. Wendelighting makes a room glow, but conceals its light source neatly in the ceiling where lighting equipment should be. Discover this remarkable system for yourself! For our portfolio of full-color pictures and stereo viewer, send $1.50 to: Wendelighting. Dept. NYV, 9068 Culver Blvd., Culver City, CA. 90230. Telephone (213) 559-4310.

Wendelighting/Division of Jacksen International Ltd. / *Consultants • Designers • Manufacturers*



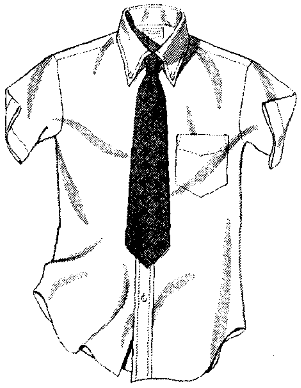
A rare, mounted "painting on glass" table screen with pastoral scene showing western influence. Made for the China trade. Late 18th Century. Screen: 10½" high, 14⅝" wide. Stand: 20½" high, 22" wide. **1,750.**

Subject to prior sale. Please add sales tax where applicable.

From a catalog of full color photographs depicting a rare selection of jewels and Antiquities from China. 2.50

Tom Wing & Sons Jade and Fine Jewelry
120 Grant Ave. San Francisco CA 94108 • phone (415) 391-2500
Stanford Shopping Center • Palo Alto

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Our London-Midlands® Cotton Oxford Travel Shirt $19

London-Midlands®, the name respected for over 90 years of quality shirtmaking, offers this distinctive warm-weather classic. Finest, long-staple, combed cotton Oxford cloth in a comfortable half-sleeve shirt with conservative button-down collar. Impeccably tailored with dependable single-needle construction, and cut full for easy fit. In white, soft blue, soft yellow or cream colour. Sizes 14½ to 17½.

☐ *Please send catalogue* 010411

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No.150, Post St., S.F. Ca. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shirt(43007): Size____ Colour____ Qty.____
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card # __________ Expir.____
Add $2 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Res. Add Sales Tax
Name__________
Address__________
__________ Zip____

Free Outdoor Catalog

Endorsed by the experts.

Get REI's free outdoor catalog with over 1600 top quality items for outdoor people. You'll find gear and clothing for mountaineering, backpacking, camping and more. AND it's all available at low REI Co-op prices.

For a one-time $2.00 membership, you'll get all our upcoming catalogs and an annual dividend on money you spend at Recreational Equipment. Last year $1,900,000 was declared in dividends to our members.

Use coupon or call toll free for your catalog (800) 426-4840, except Hawaii or Alaska. Washington residents call (800) 562-4894.

☐ ***I want to be a MEMBER Enclosed is $2.00.***
☐ **Please send me FREE color catalog only.**

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ ZIP____

NY-4-C

REI CO-OP
RECREATIONAL EQUIPMENT, INC.
Seattle • Portland • Berkeley • Los Angeles
"The Original Outdoor Co-op-Est. 1938"
P.O. Box 22090, Seattle, WA 98122

campaign called "Heritage in Danger." Last year, it seems, the present owner, the seventh earl, offered it to the nation complete for two million pounds, later upped to three million—a price declared by the connoisseurs to be practically bargain-basement, since fifteen of its pieces of furniture and five of its paintings alone are said to be worth that sum. The Government announced that one million pounds was the limit that could be found in the mysterious National Land Fund, which was set up in 1946 by a Labour Chancellor, Hugh Dalton, as a practical sort of war memorial to be used to purchase beautiful stretches of England and noble properties for "the use and enjoyment of the living forever." The fund has now, as far as the addled living can make out, disappeared into the general Treasury melting pot, and buying a Mentmore at this straitened moment would surely produce sour comparisons with hospital cuts and housing needs, not to mention the rocky financial plight of many provincial museums and the arts in general. So the Government abruptly suggested that some private individual or trust might come forward to supply the extra two million. Well, April 5th is the positively final dateline, it seems, when, if no philanthropist patron is found, Sotheby's will go ahead with plans for a series of big sales in May, which have already been announced as the art event of the century.

Opinion seems to be divided over Mentmore. There are those who berate the Government for not straightaway and courageously paying Lord Rosebery's price for a uniquely opulent illustration of the high-Victorian epoch, which in these grayer days would certainly be a big tourist money-spinner. A chauvinistic minority feels that its florid Rothschild style is too un-English to be truly considered part of the national heritage. Whatever happens, plenty of disturbed citizens hope that next time a Mentmore is threatened—or perhaps, an even more chilling possibility, a Chatsworth or a Blenheim—the Government will not keep quiet about it until a late-hour rescue operation becomes as unlikely as it unfortunately seems now.

THE Queen's Silver Jubilee, in June, is already with us in a flurry of books and souvenirs in the shops, and also in special exhibitions. The Royal Academy, under its lively new president, Sir Hugh Casson, has just got off to an early start with "This Brilliant Year," a small and enjoyable exhibition of paintings and some of the commemorative bric-a-brac of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, in 1887. Her Silver Jubilee had passed in silence, because at that time she had just entered what her grumbling subjects later suspected to be a permanent state of invisible widowhood, which was bad for trade and dreadfully depressing to the nation. But twenty-five years later the dumpy little recluse of Windsor had emerged, at first hesitatingly and then with increasing flair and relish, as Empress of India and revered mother figure to vast pink areas of the map. The Queen, a great journal keeper, dashed off an emotional entry for the last day of England's twelve months of celebrating her reign: "Never, never can I forget this brilliant year, so full of marvellous kindness, loyalty, and devotion of so many millions, which really I could hardly have expected."

Going round the Academy show is like leafing through an album of the fifty years. There are the well-known state portraits, many lent by the present Queen, and some not much known lesser and charming scenes of young Victoria and Albert, hopping blithely in a polka, or among the product of their overflowing nurseries and the dogs and gillies of happy days at Balmoral. Franz Winterhalter, the most elegant and candidly flattering of Court painters, depicted the royal infants as dimpled cherubs and the little Prince of Wales as a pale, soulful choirboy, without a hint of the Eddie who was to be dear Albert's cross. The strangest picture in the show is Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of the widowed Queen at Osborne, sitting on her pony with her Highlander, John Brown, at its head, from which unusual position she is apparently reading her morning mail and scattering the discarded envelopes on the gravel among the inevitable dogs. According to the catalogue, it started up more gossip than ever about the lady and her attendant when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1867.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

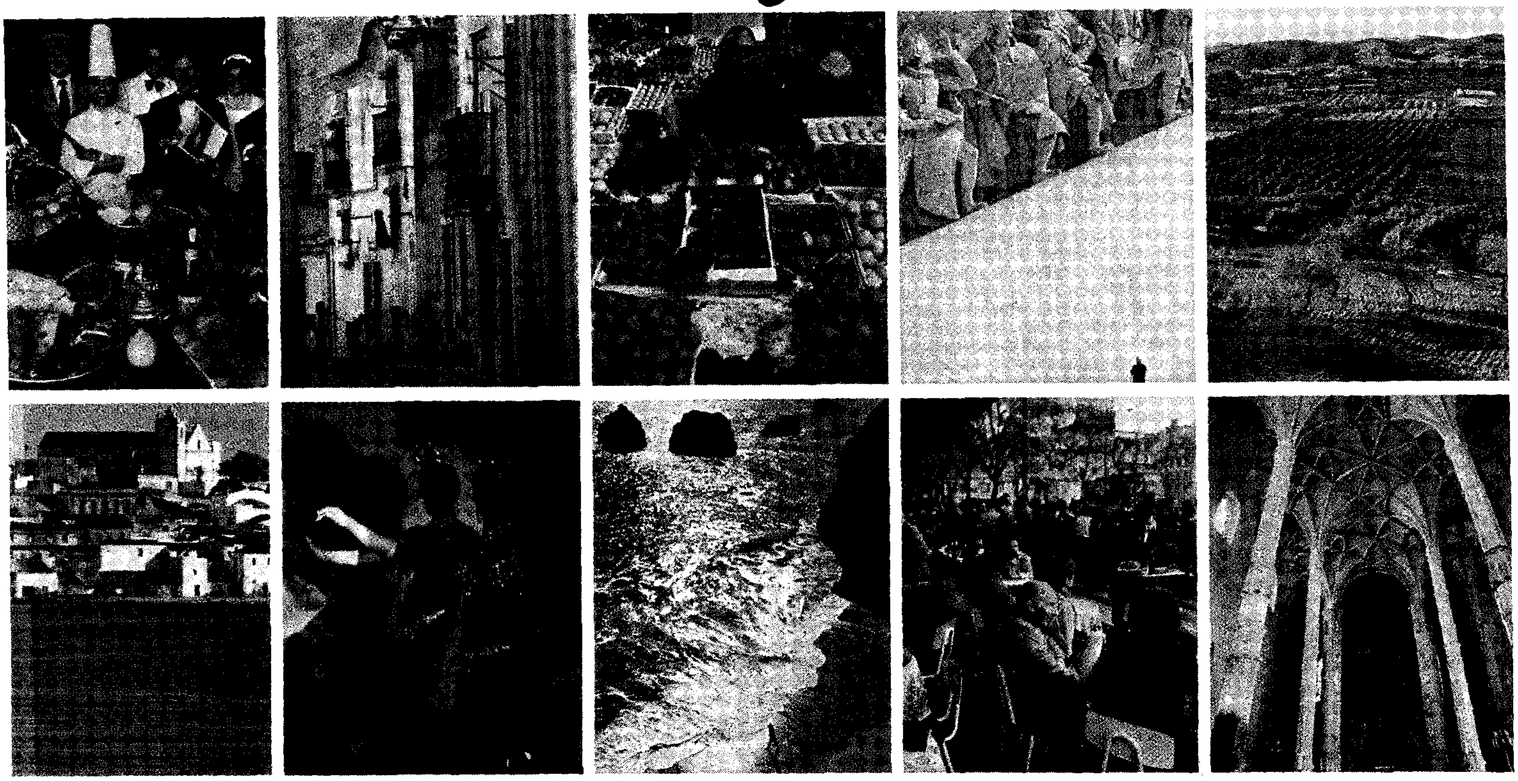
•

DEAR SAILOR,

You have just come into a crowded harbor and tried to pick up your mooring under sail. The helmsman misjudged the speed of the boat and ran over the mooring line which was tied to the dinghy painter. An inexperienced hand up in the bow with a boathook managed to grab the mooring line just long enough to cause it to foul the rudder as you went over it. So now you are pointed downwind with the mainsail set and the dinghy painter and mooring line fouled around the rudder. What do you do?—*Subscription letter from The Practical Sailor.*

We have a good cry.

Portugal. The little country



with the big smile.

From a dollar point of view, our country is one of the great values in the world. Even today, you can stay at our 18th century villas for about $16 a day. For two. Including breakfast. You can eat sumptuous 4-course dinners for $9. For two. Including wine. You can find antique shops that haven't been plundered. In short, you can have a great vacation for the price of a mediocre one.

But our country has something to offer even more important than money. We offer ourselves. Wholly. We'd like to show you—to show the world—the new Portugal. And just how much we want you here. You'll see it in the service you get at our hotels, our restaurants, even in our taxicabs. You'll feel it just passing people in the street. It's a feeling you can't describe. But in the course of your travels, it's something you may not have seen or felt for a long time.

The Portuguese National Tourist Office

New York: 570 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036 Chicago: 17 E. Monroe St., Suite 500,
Palmer House, Chicago, Ill. 60603 Los Angeles: 3250 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1305, Los Angeles, Cal. 90010

The new $2984* Colt. Isn't a Datsun. Isn't a Toyota. It's a lot of little Dodge.

The new Dodge Colt is such a lot of car, it's got Mr. D. and Mr. T. confused. Because Colt offers you the value you'd expect from this import, plus Dodge Colt sales and service coast to coast.

47 MPG highway, 30 MPG city. Colt will give you great mileage, according to EPA estimates.** Your mileage may vary, according to your car's condition, equipment, and your driving habits. And Dodge Colt runs on either regular or unleaded gas.

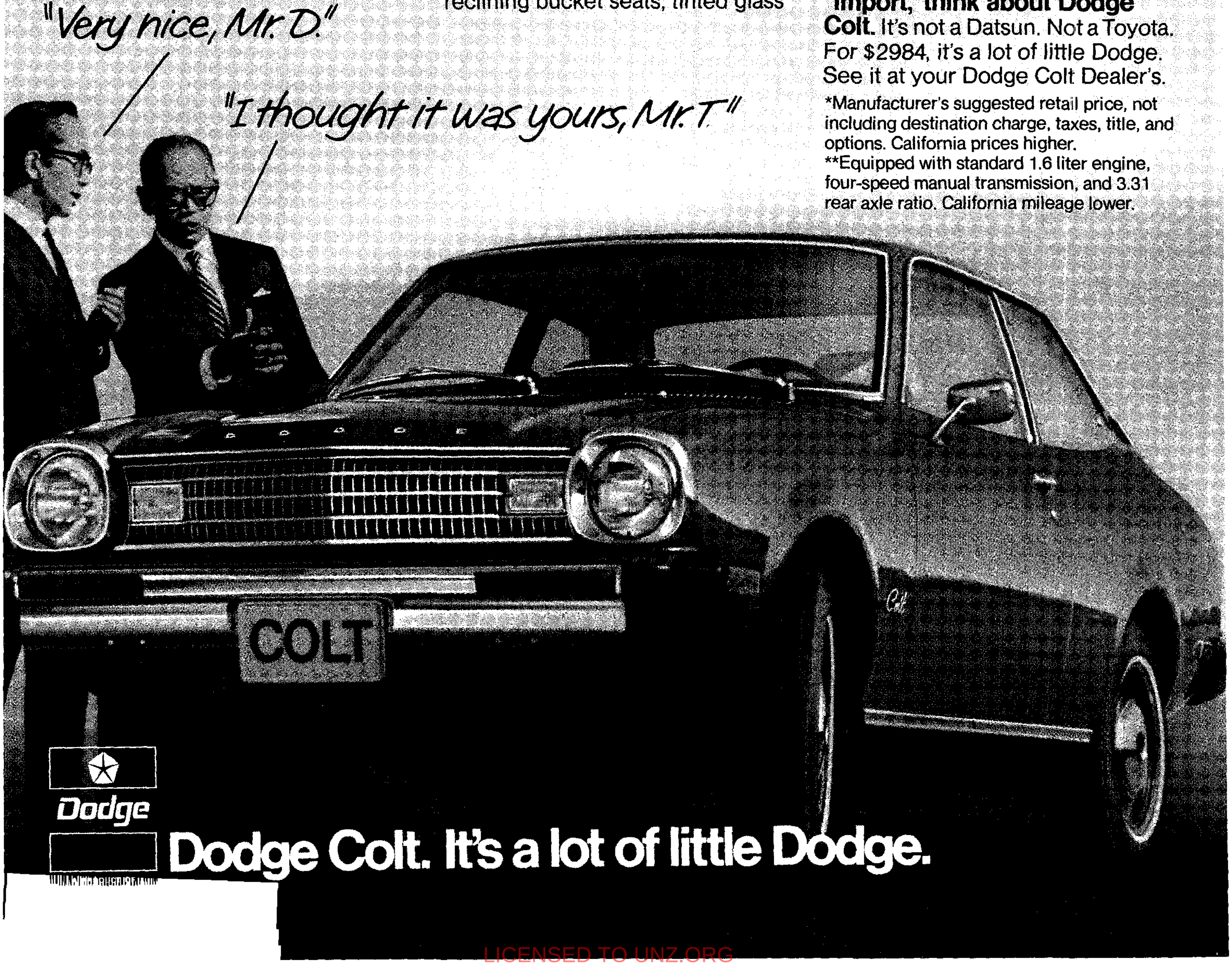
Looking for a long list of standard features? Well, you get it on all of our '77 Colt models. Even our lowest priced two-door coupe gives you whitewall tires, two reclining bucket seats, tinted glass in all windows, carpeting, adjustable steering column, simulated woodgrained instrument panel, four-speed manual transmission, quiet sound insulation, trip odometer, locking gas cap, and electric rear window defroster.

And we offer you an optional automatic transmission to go with the standard 1.6 liter engine.

So if you're thinking "import," think about Dodge Colt. It's not a Datsun. Not a Toyota. For $2984, it's a lot of little Dodge. See it at your Dodge Colt Dealer's.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, not including destination charge, taxes, title, and options. California prices higher.

**Equipped with standard 1.6 liter engine, four-speed manual transmission, and 3.31 rear axle ratio. California mileage lower.



Dodge Colt. It's a lot of little Dodge.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

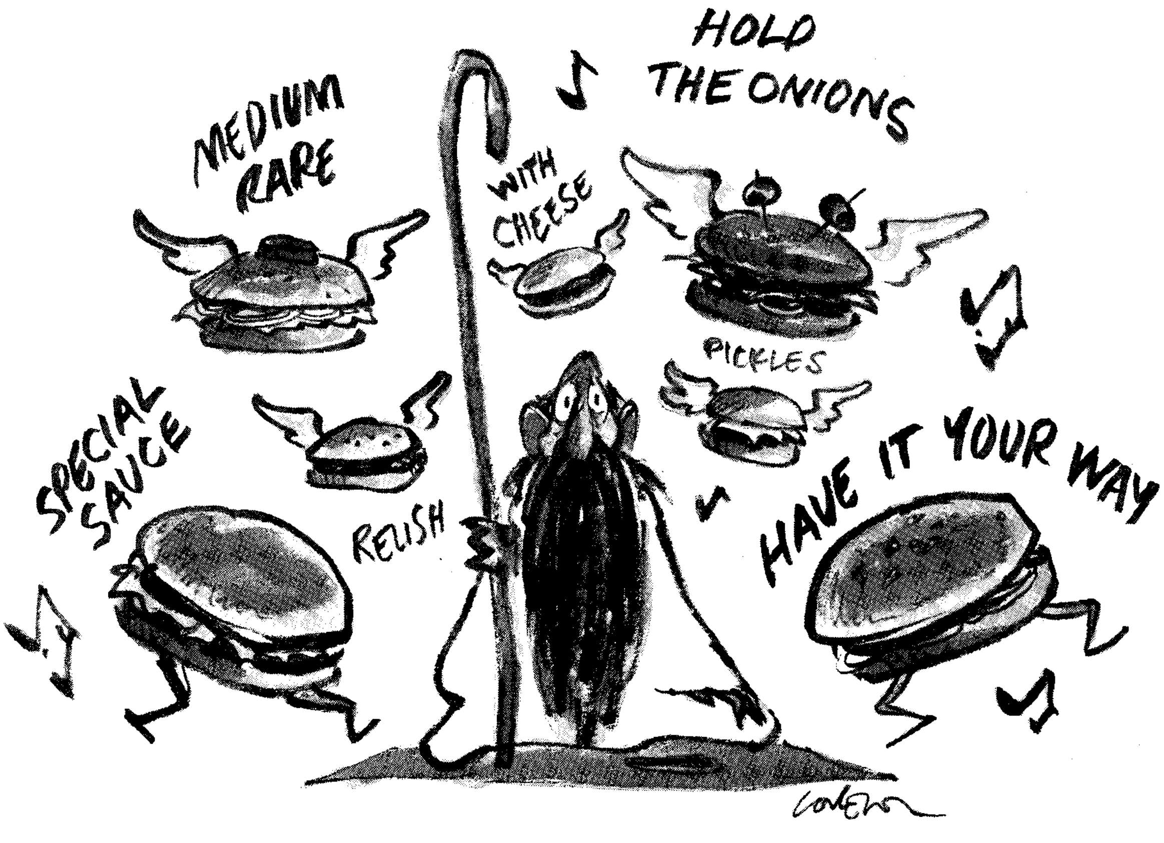
Gold

"IT sleeps its whole life away," says the frenetic visionary hero of Werner Herzog's "Aguirre, the Wrath of God," holding up a baby sloth to his fifteen-year-old daughter. The scorn of the remark and the doziness of the sloth seem to be ways for Aguirre to justify his own manic energy. He is a sixteenth-century Hitler, bent on conquering a world while his cohorts are killed by poisoned darts. We have no reason to believe that his empire of future demagogy exists: it is El Dorado. We are in Peru. The first shots, from a distance, are dazzling ones of an apparent ant-march down the Andes—an expedition led by Gonzalo Pizarro (half brother of Francisco) after his ransacking of the Incas. The ants curl slowly down the eastern slopes. As the camera moves in on them, we see who they are: slaves in chains; ladies in sedan chairs decorously waiting to populate the land that is promised at the end of the feverish expedition; Spanish soldiers in medieval armor as cumbrous for any job in tropical forests as steel mackintoshes. Discipline is stern by ingrained habit but now wavering in the face of the heat and the flies. The agelong European lust for far-off conquest is overreaching itself. Cannon get stuck in muddy swamps. An advance party is sent on by Pizarro to find El Dorado, and that means travelling by raft down the Amazon: the rafts look like matchboxes with logs stuck into the ends instead of matches. One of the rafts gets caught in a whirlpool. During the night, the riders on this raft are killed by darts. But darts from where? The bushy, overhanging trees must be full of enemies, but none of the Spaniards can see them, any more than they can recognize their own folly.

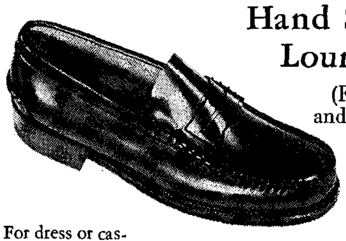
Herzog, a German filmmaker of thirty-four, is a reflective man. In this film he is reflecting on dictatorship, Teutonic myth-mindedness, dreams of world rule, despots. The despot is Aguirre (Klaus Kinsky), second in command to Don Pedro de Ursúa, who has been chosen to lead the advance guard that is seeking riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Ursúa has his wife with him, Aguirre his daughter. The greed-driven, fragile rafts float down the river, which bubbles with the look of placid evil that clings to the film. The beautiful trees are inhabited by Indians whose poisoned darts kill at once and are all the more alarming to a European because of their small size. It seems that the darts should do no more than sting. But they kill, just as the calm-looking Amazon drowns.

"Aguirre" is about an invader driven mad by exile. The man of the title, skinny and febrile, with eyes that stare out the camera, is a nearly noble leader who has toppled into grandiose lunacies and who sets in motion events that doom him and everyone around him. The reaches of the sixteenth-century Amazon stink of twentieth-century Munich. But Aguirre is not altogether a bad man; he is mostly just mad, fated to act out overvaulting dreams of power in the company of men of mere venality. The script, by Herzog, is said by him to be based more or less on the one surviving document of the expedition, the diary of the monk Gaspar de Carvajal. The dialogue is almost like spoken recitative, breaking into the dangerous silences of the Amazon. There is a surreal shot of a wrecked boat on top of a huge tree. We are in a universe of natural extravagance and untold gold which makes the hankerings of the ambitious and the merchant-minded dwindle.

As the film goes on, Aguirre's madness grows. Hazard feeds his disdain for the world. He dreams that he will make history as some write drama. Swept up in delusions of the empire he will found, he appoints a fat puppet as emperor of his fantasized El Dorado: the emperor is crowned while he is in an infant tantrum, sitting on a log. His first imperial act is to weep. His subjects begin to behave as though they were in a nightmare. They start to treat the darts in their fellows' bodies as imaginary. Their eyeballs are singed by the nearly incredible sunlight. Only Aguirre's fervor and severity make the possibility of El Dorado seem actual in this murderous paradise. In the end, after Aguirre has christened himself the Wrath of God, with the inverted religiosity that one connects with medieval notions of witchcraft, he is alone on his raft with his dead daughter. His men have all died earlier, of poisoned darts and disease. The raft is suddenly swarming with tiny wild monkeys, who are like some mimetic meeker dream of the dead human beings. Aguirre's



The Temptation of St. Anthony



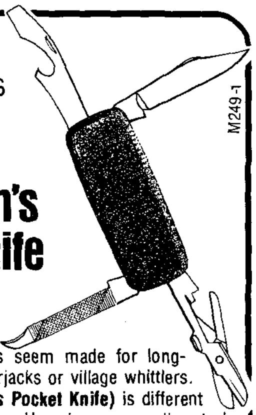
L.L.Bean tm

Hand Sewed Lounger
(For Men and Women)

For dress or casual wear. Rich top grain leather uppers with waxed, hand rubbed finish. Cradles the foot with true moccasin construction. Hand sewed toe piece and "Beef Roll" cross strap. Traditional lasts with foam filler and steel shank for extra cushioning and support. Full leather soles and neolite top lifts on heels. Men's Lounger in Brown and Black. Men's sizes 6½ to 13. Whole and half sizes (No size 12½). Three widths, B, C and D. Ladies' Lounger in Brown. Ladies' sizes 6 to 10AA. 5 to 10B. Whole and half sizes.

☐ Please send FREE 128-page *Spring 1977 Catalog*
Please Ship Postpaid
_____Men's Hand Sewed Lounger @ $22.50
Color________ Size__________Width________
_____Ladies' Hand Sewed Lounger @ $22.00
Size______________Width______________
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express
Card Number Expiration Date
Name__________________________________
Address________________________________
City___________________________________
State________________Zip________________

Outdoor Sporting Specialties
L. L. Bean, Inc.
368 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04033



Definitely not for Boy Scouts and whittlers, slim, elegant...

Gentleman's Pocket Knife
just $5.95

Most pocket knives seem made for longshoremen, lumberjacks or village whittlers. But **GPK (Gentleman's Pocket Knife)** is different bouillabaisse altogether. Here is a super-slim, truly elegant knife that is just ¼" thick and 2½" long, yet it contains four splendid implements in its leatherette-sheathed body: knife, scissors, manicurer, bottle opener/screwdriver. And naturally, all implements are forged of superior stainless steel. Once you own **GPK**, you will never part with it. It will be your trusty and indispensable companion. And while it's really made to go with your tux and herringbone tweed, you will surely want to take it to your next outing or sneak it into your tackle box.

779 Bush St., Box 7584,
San Francisco, CA 94120
hennikers

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120
YES, Please send me: YN0411
___ **GPK's** @ $5.95 each.
○ **Save:** Three (3) **GPK's** for just $15.95.
○ **Save more:** Six (6) **GPK's** for just $29.95.
☐ My check for this amount, plus $1.00 for postage (plus sales tax for California delivery) is enclosed.
☐ For minimum of three (3) **GPK's**, charge my BA/MC account
#____________________________ exp. ____
or (for minimum of 3 only) call TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311
[IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710] IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540
My name is ____________________________
I live at ______________________________
In __________________State _____Zip _________

daughter has always looked beautiful but immobile: insane, possibly. Aguirre's wild promise to the skies, when she is already lost to him, is that he will populate El Dorado by marrying her.

Herzog and his lucid photographer, Thomas Mauch, have made on a mesmerizing scale a film about blasphemous power. The film has us in its clutches, making us as oppressed as the characters are by the Indians who are never seen but are always there. We are almost as crazed as the conquistadores are by the signs they find of cannibalism. The visual style of "Aguirre" is more musing than illustrative, and so is its atmosphere. We are dragged into a demonic fantasy, keeping company with a courtly Spanish fanatic who is on the track of a fortune that will always be beyond his fingers. The El Dorado of which he has crowned his plump puppet the emperor is Herzog's vividly imagined country of Fascist conceits. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

INVENTING THE THIRD PERSON

Evening: the lights of cars
round the corners of the room.
My book slips to the floor,
long chapters until Anna
throws her worn body under the train.

A moth on the window stirs.
Above me, in a room like this,
a woman is preparing
to surrender gracefully to sleep.
I give her a gown like the moth's
dusty wings. I give her the word
"gracefully." I give her a window
and the first breath of a breeze.
Stepping back from the mirror,
she emerges from the dark, composed,
turning as if to answer someone.

Low thunder, or her dragging
an armchair to the window
to wait for the storm, or a man,
or sleep. Her view of things
differs sharply from mine.
I see the bricked-up window
of the next building, a landscape
of no tree, no sky, no man
with the sky reflected
in his eyes. There is
a man in this picture,
but he is behind these walls,
on the far side of waiting.

The slow patter of rain
or light steps on the landing above me.
Whistling, a man enters her room.
She goes on turning the pages of a book,
waiting to be caught by something.

—DEBORA GREGER

One of the distinct charms attendant to a stay at the Copley Plaza is the Egyptian mummy.

While in Boston for business or pleasure, do try to tour the Museum of Fine Arts. And, of course, do stay at the Copley Plaza. Because to stay in Boston is to stay at the Copley Plaza.

THE COPLEY PLAZA
COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02116
For reservations, call toll free,
800-225-7654,
or your travel agent.
OPERATED BY HOTELS OF DISTINCTION, INC.

Mountain Beautiful.

The Inn and cottages are at 3600 ft. on 2300 unspoiled acres. Lakes and forests. Birds and wildflowers. Clear air. Private par 71, 18-hole golf course. 8 fast-drying tennis courts. Fishing (bass & trout), boating, swimming, riding. Skeet & trap field. Children's activities. Season May 1-Nov. 1. Special golf & tennis package available.

For brochure, rates, or reservations, call or write:
Miss Agnes Crisp, Reservations Manager
High Hampton Inn & Country Club
(704) 743-2411 • 158 Hampton Rd • Cashiers, N.C. 28717

Cece *Price and her unique portrait gallery*

Select from today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

Portrait brochure available
C. C. PRICE, INC.
15 E. 48th St., N.Y. 10017
(212) 755-1982

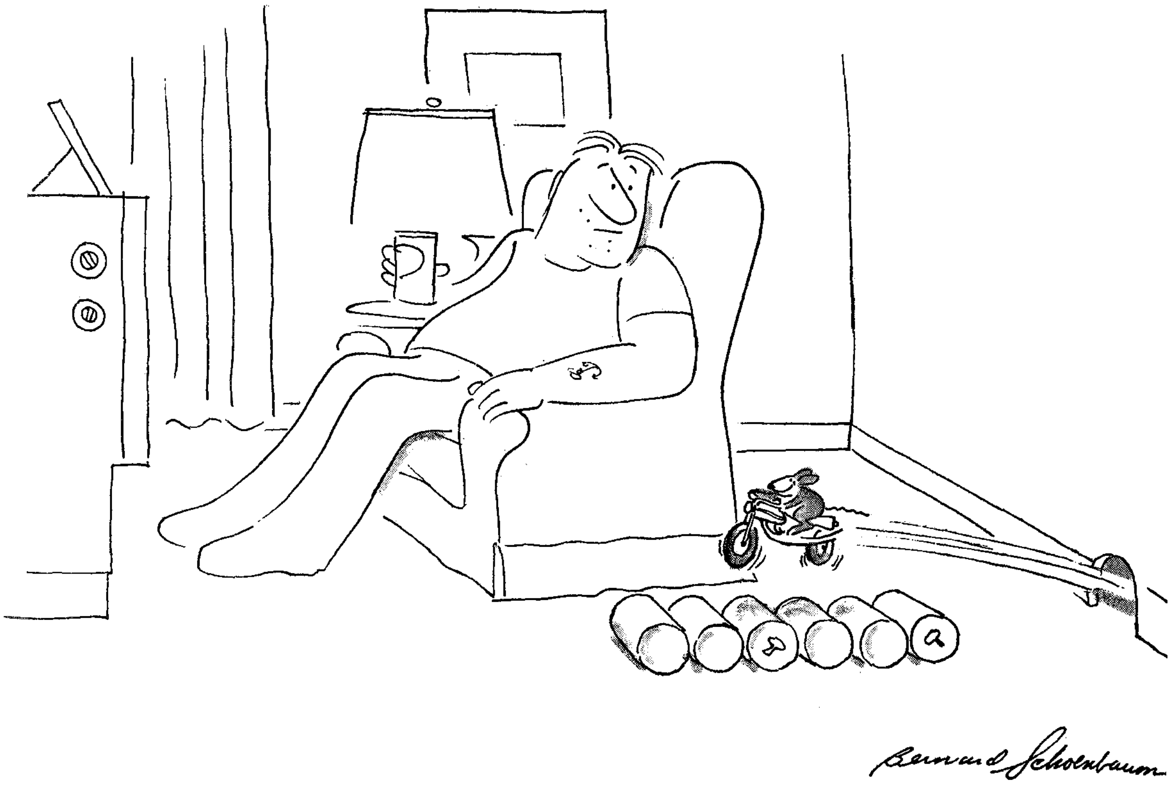
VICTORY CHIMES
No smoke, no dust, no noise, nothing but the music of wind and sea.
New England's outstanding windjammer vacation. Largest passenger schooner under U.S. flag. Excellent food — comfortable staterooms. U.S Coast Guard inspected. Free color folder.
Call 207- 596-6060.
Capt. Frederick B. Guild
Box 368L., Rockland, Maine 04841

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 1

THE President and the Secretary of State were clearly unprepared for the rebuff that Cyrus Vance received in Moscow this week; had they anticipated it, the mission would have been scratched. But few others here expected anything else, though some were surprised by the abruptness and thoroughness of it. The American proposals, after all, were different in kind from any that preceded them, and the manner in which the President presented them in advance—in press conferences and in a speech before a hastily assembled gathering at the United Nations—was a violation of established Soviet-American protocol. Up to now, what has been under discussion has been not disarmament but something quite different: arms stabilization—in a sense, a system for the rationing of arms. In previous negotiations, ceilings have been established, quantitative limits agreed upon. The Vladivostok agreements of November, 1974, did not preclude arms expansion; they merely provided a symmetrical framework for it. As the matter was put in a recent publication of the Arms Control Association, a disarmament lobby whose board of directors includes former Pentagon and State Department officials, "Vladivostok legitimizes the arms race—it sanctions what the American and Russian military establishments have planned to do." Though disarmament has always been the declared goal, no previous President has advocated, as Carter has, an actual lowering of the ceilings, a reduction of force levels, and a moratorium on the development of weapons systems. (The test-ban treaty of 1963 was more a health and public-safety measure than a disarmament one; after it was signed, more testing than ever went on—underground.) It was believed, or at least hoped, that the Russians might in time find all this to their advantage, if for no other reason than that their economy could be freed to provide more consumer goods and services, but it seemed quite improbable that they would agree to consider, after only a few brief talks with a new team of American bargainers, what to them must seem radical and perhaps threatening departures. For them, after all, a reduction in military power, even if no threat should be posed to their national security, would amount to a reduction of their influence in the world. Without their missiles, their fighters and bombers, their tanks and other matériel, they would hardly qualify as a superpower. In a world in which competition was primarily economic and technological, the Soviet Union would be no match at all for the United States or Western Europe. Communist ideology may still be attractive in some underdeveloped countries, but Marxism now has several models and cannot be considered any more a Russian export than a Yugoslav or a Chinese, or even a Cuban, export. To be sure, the cutbacks that Vance proposed to Andrei Gromyko were modest by any measure and would not, if they had been accepted, have led to any early or substantial diminution of either Soviet or American power. But Carter's aim, he has frequently said, is the elimination of all nuclear weapons everywhere, and while this seems naïve even to those who would like to live in a world in which the danger of swift pulverization had been eradicated, it points in a direction toward which the Soviet leaders, like many of their American counterparts, are at present unready to take the first step.

The Vance mission, which was Carter's first major initiative in foreign policy, must be accounted a failure, and may in time prove to have been a costly one. Talks will resume next month in Geneva, with unspecified participants and an unspecified agenda, but it seems unlikely that any kind of agreement can be reached by October, when the weapons freeze will terminate. In that case, the arms race not only will continue but may move at an accelerated pace, and it may now be more difficult to come to any kind of agreement on political problems in the Middle East, southern Africa, and elsewhere. And there may be lasting damage to the Secretary of State's usefulness as a representative of American interests; there was some feeling before last week that he should not be involved in undertakings of so preliminary a nature and of such uncertain outcome. Paradoxically, though, the failure seems to have strengthened the President here and in Western Europe. Liberals in this and other capitals feel that he has kept faith with them by holding out for genuine measures of disarmament and by standing his ground on human rights. Cold War enthusiasts, some of whom feared success more than failure, are pleased by what they now describe as his "toughness," by which they mean his refusal to make any unilateral concessions to the Soviet view. The divisions that surfaced during the controversy over the nomination of Paul Warnke to direct arms negotiations and head the Arms Control and Dis-



You can take it with you.

Larger bag (22"x16"x9").
Smaller bag 16"x12"x7½")
Camera/ bag (12"x7" x5¾")

Kreeger Travelling Bags

Made of tough 9.7oz. Cordura nylon, featuring 3 zippered compartments, handles, and adjustable shoulder straps.

Another Travelling Bag for cameras: amply padded with foam, with zippered compartments for film and accessories.

The Kreeger Travelling Bags. They won't weigh you down.

Mail and phone orders, most major credit cards accepted.

Doug Kreeger

Kreeger & Sons

Manhattan: 16 West 46th St. (212) 575-7825
Westchester: Armonk, N.Y. (914) 273-8520

Official
DOUBLE EAGLE BELT BUCKLE

The U.S. Historical Society has authorized this handsome buckle bearing the famous Double Eagle symbol in solid silver, genuine pewter, or solid brass. One eagle looks proudly to America's past, the other confidently to the future. The original was created and hand engraved by the Belgian master gun engraver, Rene Delcour, whose work was recently featured at the Smithsonian Institution. Size: 2⅞"×1¹⁵⁄₁₆" Gift boxed.

U.S. Historical Society NY
First and Main Streets
Richmond, Virginia 23219

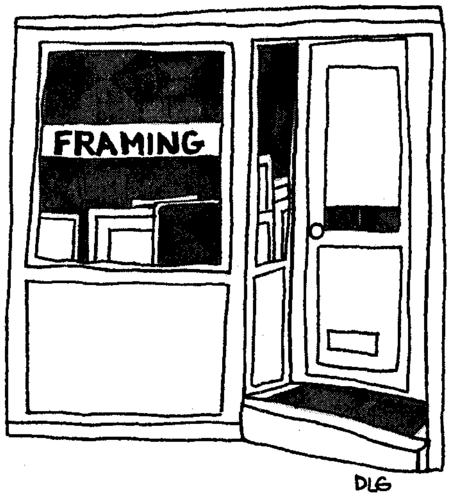
☐ Please send free color literature describing the Society's museum-quality working reproductions of famous flintlock pistols and swords.

Total
_____ Solid silver buckles @ $100 _____
_____ Pewter buckles @ $14.95 _____
_____ Solid brass buckles @ $9.95 _____
Shipping and handling @ 75¢ per buckle _____
TOTAL _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

armament Agency now seem to have disappeared—or at least to have become irrelevant—and Carter is in a better position than before to proceed as he wishes, not only in future negotiations abroad but with the leaders in Congress and with some of his colleagues in the executive branch, including those in the Pentagon.

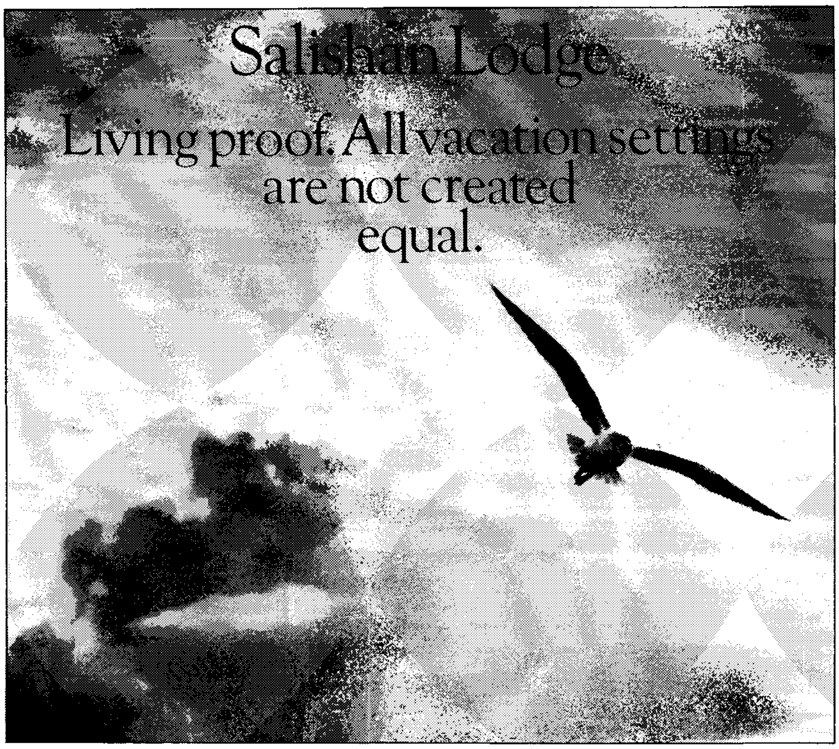
In diplomatic and military affairs, Carter can use all the good will he can muster. The House Armed Services Committee has already reacted to what happened in Moscow by voting to authorize some sixty million dollars more for defense expenditures than the Administration had requested; as such things go, the sum is trifling, but the ante could be raised in subsequent votes in both House and Senate, and even small gestures of this sort could wreck Carter's plan to give the Russians no excuse for escalation unless it becomes clear to the world that they have no intention of concluding any serious agreements. In domestic policy, support for his programs has been wavering, thanks largely to his stubbornness, which may in some ways be admirable but is often accompanied by political ineptitude; a strong case, for example, can be made for his determination to cut back on the building of expensive and sometimes environmentally unsound dams and other water-diversion projects, but no case can be made for going about it without notifying the members of Congress whose constituents would be affected and without explaining his reasoning to the constituents themselves. He apparently will be able to go ahead with his schemes for government reorganization without—at least at the start—significant opposition in Congress. Anything he does could be undone within sixty days by a legislative veto by either the House or the Senate—an arrangement that many regard as un-Constitutional and that may someday be challenged in the Supreme Court—but most observers regard government reorganization as an essentially cosmetic exercise and, perhaps mistakenly, find it hard to believe that anything Carter does or does not do in this field will matter much in the long run. His program for stimulating the economy is in trouble, the most conspicuous and widely publicized part of it—a Treasury check for fifty dollars for almost every citizen—being the most vulnerable. Its merits as a stimulant are contested by many liberal as well as most conservative economists—including some members of the Administration, who are soliciting support for it on narrowly political rather than economic grounds. Perhaps the proposal is without merit, but there could hardly be a more specific promise than one of legal tender, and to be kept from delivering on such a promise would be a serious blow for any politician. The Carter energy policy cannot be said to be in trouble, for it will not be unveiled until later this month, but if it is anywhere near as stern and demanding as Administration people predict, resistance will be widespread and intense. Some quarters might favor levying a tax of several hundred dollars on purchasers of expensive cars that are inefficient consumers of energy—purchasers of such vehicles being an influential but numerically small, and largely Republican, segment of the electorate—but, in the absence of war or some other immediately threatening disaster, rationing gasoline or raising its price to such a level as to discourage pleasure driving would be regarded by millions as downright un-American. Landlords will cheerfully turn down thermostats, and homeowners may do so if forceful efforts at persuasion are mounted; industrialists may grumble at being required to convert from gas to coal, but if tax incentives are attractive and penalties unattractive, most of them, probably, will eventually comply. Forcing Americans out of their cars on weekends, though, and compelling them to commute from chilly homes to coal-burning factories is an entirely different matter—one that would be seen as a flagrant denial of one of the most precious of their hard-won civil rights. This is an issue that seems bound to transcend class, ethnic, and party lines.

CARTER has been less than skillful in his dealings with Congress, but he appears to be the most successful President since Dwight Eisenhower in appealing to the public, and it may be that his adroit use of press conferences, phone-ins, and other such strategies will



get most of his programs through. One program that seems almost certain of passage this year—federal funding of House and Senate campaigns and simplified procedures for voter registration—is likely to help him with the others. What opposition there is to the funding proposals is largely outside Congress, since they would, in general, work in favor of incumbents, with their franking privileges, their staffs, and their other means of access to their constituencies. If there had been no Watergate, the Republicans might oppose the proposals as favoring the present majority, but nowadays it is difficult for anyone to oppose anything that appears to promote the sanitizing of the political process. There is some principled opposition to the registration reforms, which would make it possible to register and vote at the same time on Election Day and would require only some simple means of identification, such as a driver's license or a Social Security card. It is held that this could lead to counterfeiting and the enfranchisement of the dead and even of the unborn. In the four states in which voters are not required to register in advance—Maine, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin—there appears to have been little or no corruption, but Minnesota and Wisconsin are states with a long tradition of reasonably clean politics, and Maine and North Dakota have no large cities and not many spoils for the victors. Elsewhere, it is felt, those who have found effective ways of abusing the old system would find more and easier ways of abusing the new one. Still, not very much is likely to be heard of these objections, for this is not a good time to oppose any measure that seems to encourage political participation and to advance the cause of direct, one-man-one-vote democracy, and there is little doubt that simplified registration procedures assure a large turnout. In North Dakota and Minnesota, the turnouts in 1976 were close to seventy per cent, as against the national average of fifty-three, and in Maine and Wisconsin well over sixty per cent went to the polls. Since large turnouts mean, in most parts of the country, more victories for Democrats (those who fail to register and vote are generally assumed to be poor or members of racial minorities and thus more likely to favor Democrats), there is considerable Republican distaste for this reform, as well as for federal funding, but the distaste is muted, and is likely to remain so when the matter becomes a subject of debate.

Because of Watergate and all that is



Instead of concrete skyscrapers: sky-high trees, with nature out-shining neon. That's Salishan Lodge, an uncommon marriage of Oregon's unspoiled coastal environment with luxury, comfort and personal, gracious service. Hardly what you've come to expect from a vacation retreat. But should. SALISHAN LODGE

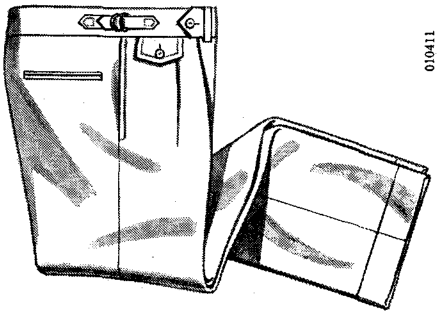
Gleneden Beach, OR 97388 (503) 764-2371 • Mobil Travel Guide 5-Star rated • Holiday's Fine Dining Award-winner

BOMBAY
DRY GIN
BOMBAY

Dry in the pouring reign.

Bombay Gin, imported from England. Superbly dry and gentle. One taste and you'll be one of its loyal followers.

© 1977 Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022. 86 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

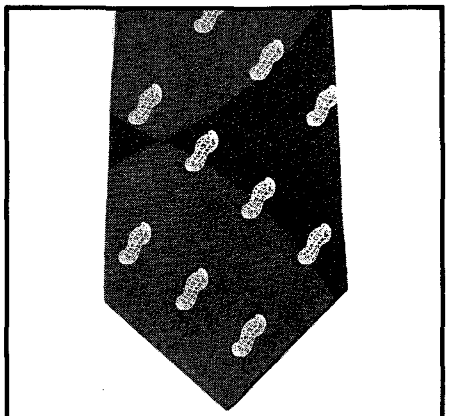

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

010411

Classic White Pure Cotton Pleated Travel Slacks $39

A timeless classic, our English-style double-pleated white tennis slacks in comfortable, breathable, pure cotton twill. Traditional beltless styling with extended waist tab, belt loops, flapped watch or change pocket. Conservative straight legs, slightly tapered. Superbly proportioned for comfort and excellent fit. Ideal for travel, leisure, resort wear, with blazers, sweaters or sportcoats. Sizes 30 to 46, including size 35. ☐ *Please send catalogue.*

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Slacks(85146): Size ______Inseam______Qty.______
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card # ________________Expir.______
Add $2 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Res. Add Sales Tax
Name ________________________
Address ________________________
____________________Zip______


Our Peanuts are habit-forming.
Another original design by The Squire Shop.
Peanut ties in 6 appetizing colors,
tastefully created for fashionable peanut lovers
everywhere. Get a bag of Peanut ties today!
navy, maroon, green, brown, black,
with tan peanuts; navy with silver peanuts
One peanut tie $8.50 a bag
Six Peanut ties $50 a bag
Peanut bows (clip or to-tie) $6.50
mail & phone orders add $1 per tie,
$3 for 4-6 ties, plus tax
Master Charge, Bank Americard, Am. Exp.
Copyright © 1977 The Squire Shop Inc.
the Squire shop
THE SQUIRE SHOP
4548 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14226
Phone (716) 839-4242

Forest Seclusion

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms. Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

associated with it, much distaste and criticism have been muted lately. The House and Senate have voted codes of ethics for themselves, the major provisions of which seem designated less to keep politicians clean than to provide a refuge for them when anyone questions their disinterestedness. Money and the love of it have been the root of much evil in Congress, as elsewhere, and some members have found scandalous ways of using their office to enrich themselves. The late Senator Joe McCarthy once accepted ten thousand dollars from the Lustron Corporation, a manufacturer of prefabricated houses, for helping it get a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; he then invested the money in stock of the Seaboard Airline Railroad, which was also indebted to the R.F.C. and to him, and multiplied the Lustron benefaction by more than three. This was clearly a corrupt practice and an indictable offense. On the other hand, no one would suggest that Senator Edmund Muskie, of Maine, has been doing anything improper in making almost as much as McCarthy did in the Lustron-Seaboard Airlines deal for delivering public lectures, mainly before university audiences. When the new law takes effect, Muskie will be permitted to make less than a third of what he has been averaging, and if this is going to improve the moral climate in the Senate it has yet to be explained how it will come about. It would be foolish to contend that Muskie will be caused undue suffering by his future inability to supplement his income by lecturing, but it is conceivable that restrictions of this sort could keep qualified people out of public life. There are at present no great musicians or writers or painters in the House or the Senate, but perhaps there should be and perhaps one day there will be, and in that event, under these rules, they would either have to use their gifts with little or no compensation, which would be unfair to others in the field, or not pursue them at all, which would be to deny the public the benefit of their gifts.

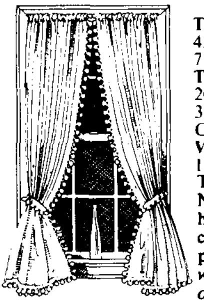
Accompanying the Carter proposal to simplify registration and to provide more public financing is one to abolish the Electoral College and to elect Presidents and Vice-Presidents by simple majorities. This is a goal that many reformers have sought for many years, and there seems much to recommend it. The institution was established at a time when it was hoped that national parties would not be organized, and it was conceived as a means of preventing that development. It has been an

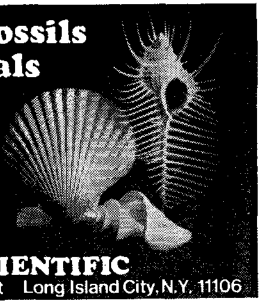
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

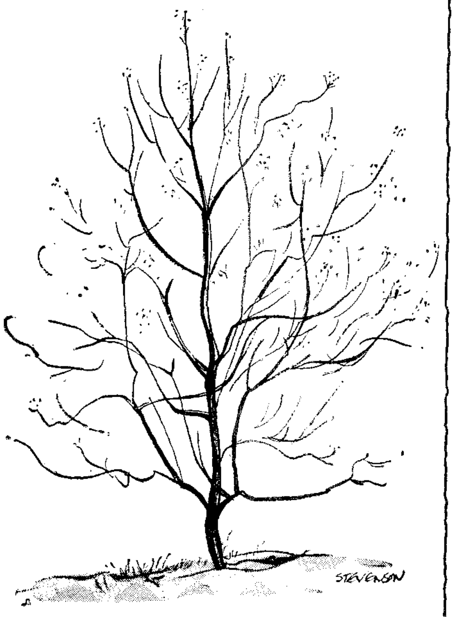
Member, Leading Hotels of the World
THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor


COUNTRY CURTAINS
Permanent Press With Ball Fringe
Natural or White
TIEBACK
45", 54", 63" ..... **9.00 pr.**
72", 81", 90" .... **11.00 pr.**
TIERS
20", 25" .... **6.50 pr.**
30", 36", 40" ..... **7.00 pr.**
Curtains are 90" wide per pr.
VALANCE
10" x 80" **3.00**
The same Country Curtains New England housewives have loved for years now come in care-free permanent press. ***Specify natural or white. Send check or money order, or use Mastercharge or BankAmericard. Sorry no COD's. Postage and handling; under $10 add $1.10, $10 and over add $2.00. Mass. res. add 5% sales tax. Send for free catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed.***
COUNTRY CURTAINS
Dept. NY-4 Stockbridge, Mass. 01262


Shells · Fossils Minerals
NEW COLOR
PORTFOLIO
plus Illustrated
Catalog $1.00
DOVER SCIENTIFIC
32-58 30th Street Long Island City, N.Y. 11106

WRITER, ARTIST RETREAT
Adobe Hacienda, 5½ acres, 2 bedrooms, 3 Santa Fe fireplaces, lovely pool and mountain views. Guest house, piped corral and stalls for horses.
$87,500.
Write Ashby Warden-Hardy or Jim Thieme
c/o Sullivan & Associates, REALTORS,
4441 E. 5th Street, Tucson, AZ 85711
or call us at 602—795-6910.

anachronism for a century and a half, and, in the view of some, a dangerous one. There is always the possibility that the President will be someone other than the candidate who has won a popular majority; this happened in 1824, 1876, and 1888, for instance, though in circumstances unlikely to recur. (In 1824, the four candidates seeking the Presidency were on the ballot together in only five states.) Electoral votes are not weighted in such a way as to assure enactment of the will of the majority. If Carter had narrowly lost Hawaii and Ohio last year but had still won more votes than Ford, he would not be in the White House today. The case for abolishing the Electoral College is a strong one; it will require an amendment to the Constitution to do it, and that will take years, but it seems bound to happen. When it comes about, though, it seems likely to be accompanied by some radical and not necessarily beneficial changes in the political system. Our Presidents will be people for whom a majority of Americans voted, but they will not necessarily be Presidents the majority wanted, since, under the terms of an amendment proposed by Senator Birch Bayh, the leading evangel of electoral reform, if there were three or more candidates and not one got more than forty per cent of the vote, there would be a runoff, and some voters would have to choose what they regarded as the lesser of two evils. Moreover, simple majorities may not reflect widely prevailing sentiments. Under the direct-majority system, a candidate could carry one state—Carter, say, his native Georgia—by several hundred thousand, lose the forty-nine others by a few thousand in each, and take office as the victor in only one



TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

Lindblad's *New* East African

WING SAFARI®

offers an exclusive window-seat view of the world's richest wildlife panorama.

No need to get trapped in large concentrations of minibuses on hot and dusty roads. Get a wide-angled view of the African vastness. Our new Wing Safari, limited to 7 passengers, using the latest, most comfortable Navajo turbo-powered aircraft, permits us to visit far ranging wilderness and game reserves seldom visited by other safaris. We will fly deeper into the Northern Frontier District to see the exciting tribal life of the Samburu, Borani, Rendilles and Somalis. At night we will occupy the very best hotels, lodges and tented camps. Our specially trained hosts will introduce you, not only to the large mammals, but also to colorful and exciting birds, butterflies, plants and flowers endemic to East Africa. The Lindblad Wing Safari is a truly unforgettable experience. British Airways will fly you to Nairobi and back in utmost comfort. Please write for our brochure or give us the name of your travel agent.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYWS
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 751-2300 or toll-free 800-223-9700

It's the same old battle. You vs. winter. And though you're armed with fur, wool and leather up to your knees, you can't win. Give up. Throw in the gloves. Come to Palm Springs.

Here, you can rekindle your spirit. Throw yourself into a frenzy of golf, tennis, bicycling and horseback riding. Ride the Aerial Tramway and survey the desert from 8500 feet. Or rest by the pool and think about the snowstorm you're missing. There are over 200 hotels in this blue-skied, non-foggy wonderland.

They'll help you put warmth back into your life. And make you feel a lot better.

About yourself. About everything. Even about winter.

Palm Springs will make you feel a lot better about winter.

PALM SPRINGS
CALIFORNIA
Convention and Visitors Bureau
Municipal Airport Terminal
Dept. SUN-10
Palm Springs, CA. 92262
Please make me feel a lot better. Send me your free Sunny Information Guide.
Name________
Address________
City________ State________
Zip________

Discover Galapagos

For budget-minded travelers who are interested in ecology, wildlife and photography, we are repeating our popular Galapagos Islands Thrift Cruises in the privately chartered 66-passenger mv Iguana*, accompanied by eminent naturalist leaders who will give talks and lead us in the field:

May 28 to June 10, 1977
with Mr. Justin K. Aldrich
of the New England Aquarium

August 20 to September 2, 1977
with Ms. Susan Lock
Vice President of the Animal Protection Institute of America

October 29 to November 11, 1977
with Dr. Jack LaCroix Throp
Director of the Honolulu Zoo

Before each cruise, we spend four days in Quito, Ecuador's lovely capital, with excursions in the Andes, and then make the spectacular road journey to the coast.

Detailed brochures are available from:

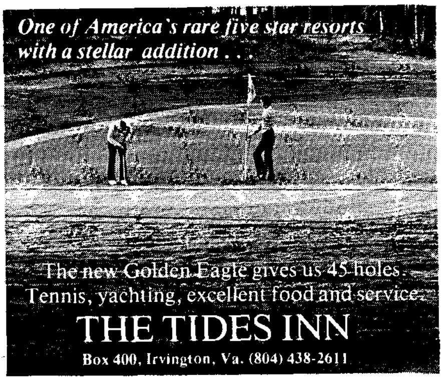
HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354 6634

** Registered in Ecuador*

THE GOOD-HUMORED GARDENER

It happened in Amsterdam—where city-gardening Europeans were first inspired by THE GOOD-HUMORED GARDENER, a most remarkable book. Compiled by two devilishly bright Dutch girls, the format here is whimsical (to say the least!), the information decidedly practical. Everything from planting to pruning to decorating with flowers is covered in this incredibly readable book. With lively illustrations and hand-written text, this is the perfect gift for the green thumb in your life, and all the little green friends around your place. Hard cover, 4½" x 14". $8.00 ppd. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th Street New York 10021


One of America's rare five star resorts with a stellar addition . . .
The new Golden Eagle gives us 45 holes. Tennis, yachting, excellent food and service.
THE TIDES INN
Box 400, Irvington, Va. (804) 438-2611

medium-sized state. This is a fairly remote contingency, but it suggests some of the problems. The Electoral College, archaic though it is, helps preserve regional factors and interests in American life and politics. Were a popular majority all that a candidate sought, he could concentrate his efforts in a dozen or so of the most populous states and pay no attention to the concerns of Vermont, Wyoming, and Alaska; he might even seek votes in only the large cities and suburbs and ignore what lay beyond them. And if there is something still to be said for preserving the two-party system, there is something to be said for not abolishing the electoral-vote system. The present rules, under which the winner in each state receives all its electoral votes, discourages third parties. This may keep some interesting ideas from getting a hearing, but it also keeps some frivolous ideas and irresponsible people out of political life. Abolition of the Electoral College—and particularly the possibility of runoff elections—would encourage the proliferation of small parties, which would have a bargaining power that few of them have ever had; this would be especially tempting in a time when narrowly won and lost Presidential elections seem more the rule than the exception.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

ABOVE THE TOBACCO FIELDS OF SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

This is only a small mountain, under
The breathy pines, but below us the spellbinding
Nets heave above the tobacco: creamy shades
Trailing the dark borders of trees and water.
From here the gauze

Seems a fog cheating my sense
Of solid ground, but attractive like a soft
Conclusion of sleep. Since I was young,
I've been transfixed by looking down
On this mysterious shuddering
Across the valley. I think it's always
Defined the helplessness of distance,
Exaggerating my frailty, as protected as the life

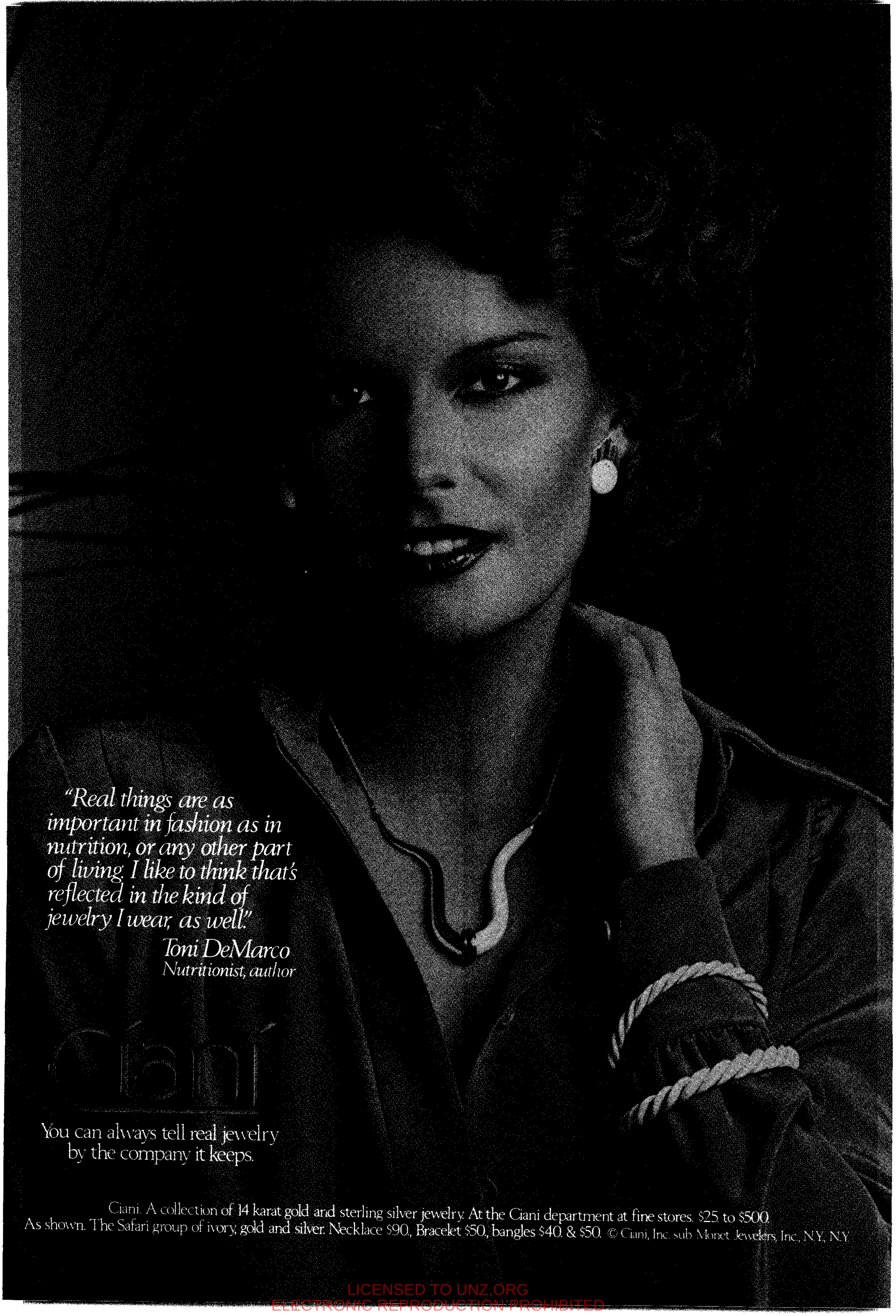
Of the green wrapper-leaves that later
This summer will hang in barns
And dry to tough brown papers. Beyond
This clearing, the State Beauty Queen
Lost her footing and fell
To the stumpy field near the river. Her skirt
And upflung arms sparking
Like bridal flowers, she landed far beyond
The outstretched hands. She must
Have believed in reaching the nets
And sliding down that moth-colored
Map all the way to the sea. And this

Is just another summer picnic, as boring
As that girl's valley tour, hours
Of too much tasting and repeated
Phrases. I let the strawberries roll
Into the dirt and looked back
Down to the clouded margins of the river
Where I could wind myself through passages
Of broad, young leaves—as hopeless
Of change as a bitter taste,
But pleased all the same by the milky-cloth
Ceiling that extends

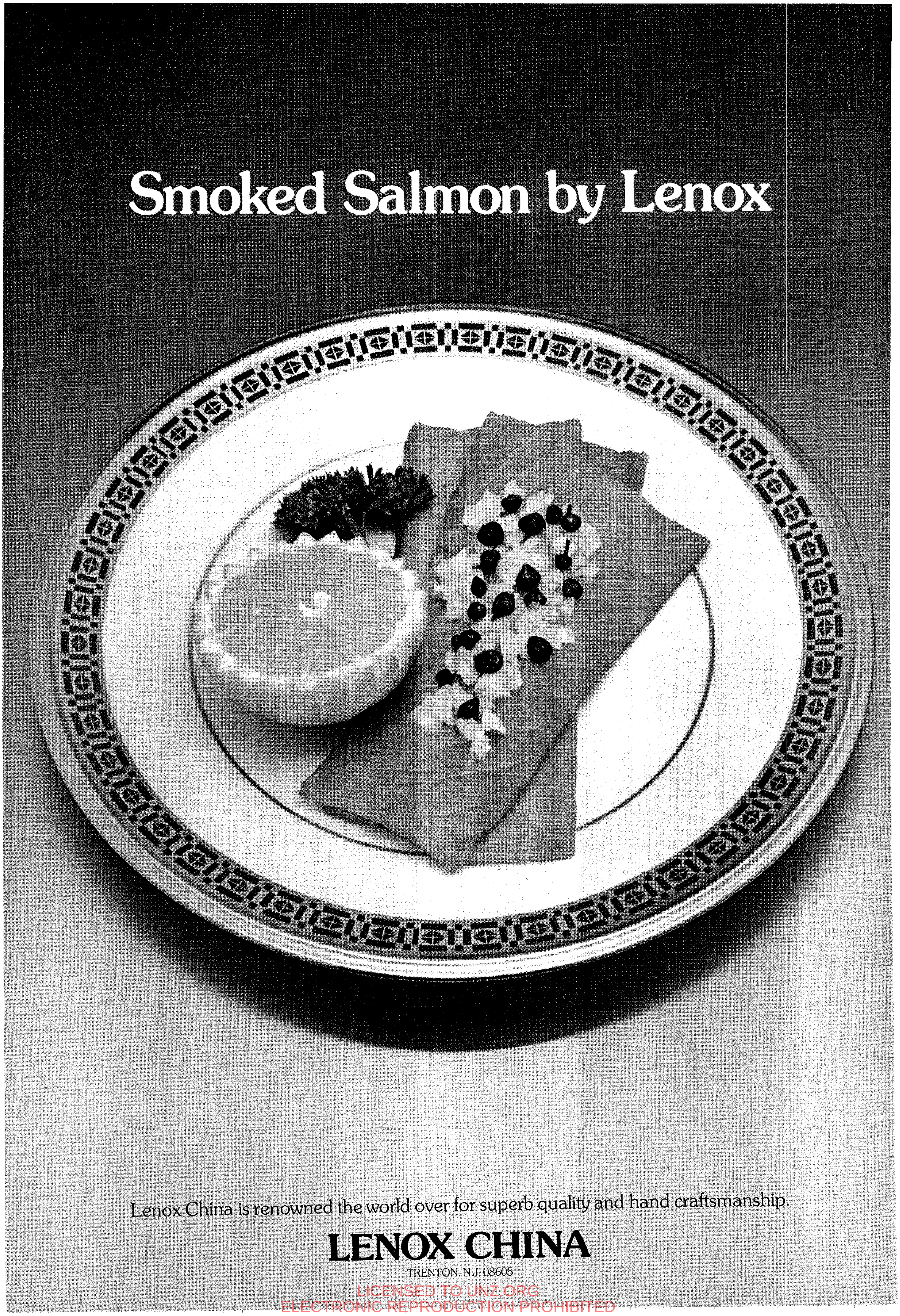
The comfort of evening in a summer breeze,
Another day taken in

Like a dream.

—PAMELA STEWART


"Real things are as important in fashion as in nutrition, or any other part of living. I like to think that's reflected in the kind of jewelry I wear, as well."
Toni DeMarco
Nutritionist, author
Ciani
You can always tell real jewelry by the company it keeps.

Ciani. A collection of 14 karat gold and sterling silver jewelry. At the Ciani department at fine stores. $25 to $500.
As shown. The Safari group of ivory, gold and silver. Necklace $90., Bracelet $50., bangles $40. & $50. © Ciani, Inc. sub Monet Jewelers, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.


Smoked Salmon by Lenox

Lenox China is renowned the world over for superb quality and hand craftsmanship.

LENOX CHINA

TRENTON, N.J. 08605

BOOKS

Great Expectations

“Robert Frost: The Later Years, 1938-1963,” by Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the third, and concluding, volume of an outstanding biography, is in itself a considerable achievement. Mr. Thompson, a professor of English at Princeton, who wrote the first two volumes (the second won the Pulitzer Prize), became seriously ill soon after starting the third, and asked Mr. Winnick, a graduate student of his at the time, to help him with it. When the older man died, the younger man completed the book. Their collaboration does not read like one. The book maintains exactly the style of its predecessors: it is a poised, factual, intimate narrative that neither extenuates nor speculates, and that, without any effort perceptible to the reader, involves our emotions with the personality of a man who was creative in art and destructive in life.

One might have expected the final volume of this biography to be the least interesting, for by 1938 Frost had retired the cup. He was America's equivalent of a poet laureate, and until he died his work and his rewards never failed. The authors' artistry—their modern documentary style, wry, plain, and ample—is the reason that Frost's lifelong patterns of private catastrophe and public applause, of malice to man and devotion to poetry remain compelling reading to the end. As I have said, the work elicits emotion. It also provokes reflection. For example, its account of the suicide of Frost's son shows Frost trying to be fatherly and failing. He earnestly, if belatedly, tried to save his child. On this occasion, he wanted to give—most of the time he did not—but he had no idea how or what to give. Whose tragedy is this? The death of the son, himself a husband and father, is tragic; but so, I think, is Frost's inability to understand what was happening. Frost, like many another artist, was not emotionally equipped to be a husband or a parent, yet—again, like many another artist—he fell passionately in love in his youth, and the society in which he came to manhood expected love to be followed by marriage. Neither his wife nor his children, themselves unhappy, mitigated the solitude in which he lived with his genius and his terrors: one imagines that his poetry was part defiance, part exorcism. And, as we watch Frost intriguing in his old age for yet another honor, another medal, another prize, we suspect that he embraced celebrity as a substitute for intimacy.

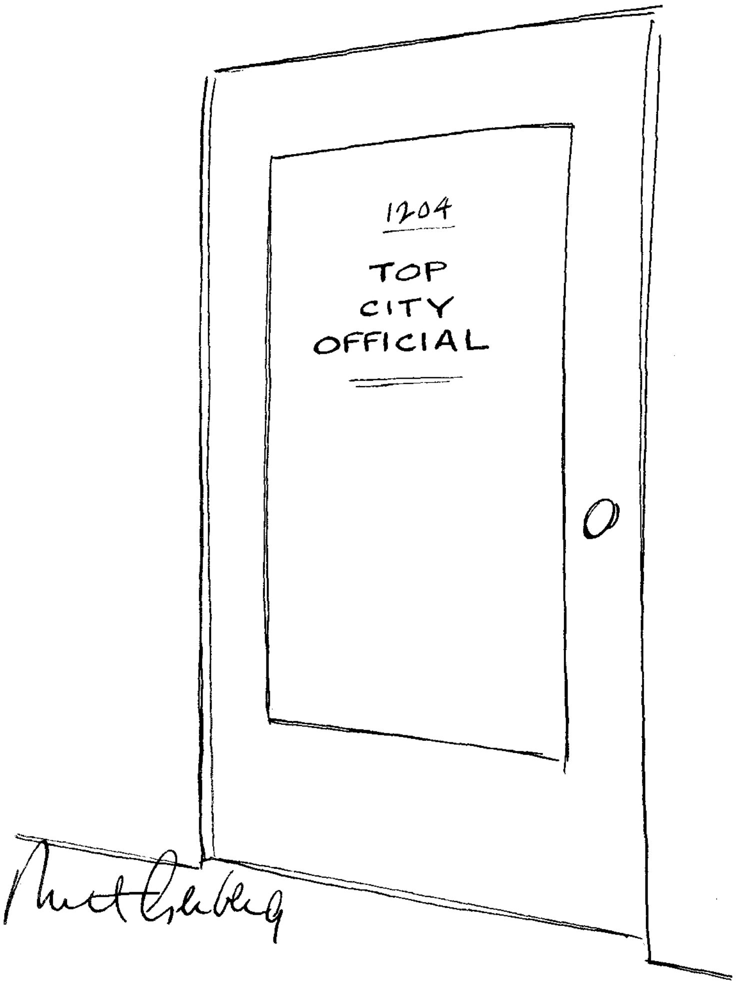
“Terrifying” was an adjective that the critic Lionel Trilling applied to Frost's work in an address at Frost's eighty-fifth-birthday party, at a time when Frost was generally admired as a hopeful hymnodist of American bucolic virtue. Trilling compared Frost to Sophocles, “the poet his people loved most,” and said:

> Surely they loved him in some part because he praised their common country. But I think that they loved him chiefly because he made plain to them the terrifying things of human life: they felt, perhaps, that only a poet who could make plain the terrible things could possibly give them comfort.

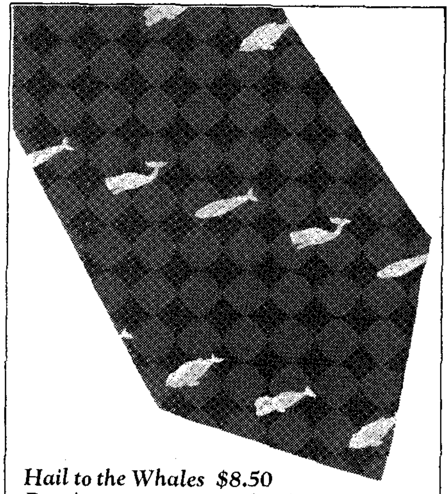
The upset that followed suggests how greatly Frost's celebrity had depended on careless reading of his poetry: Trilling was accused of insulting Frost by calling attention to his profundity. Frost himself was uncertain whether to accept Trilling's astute compliment; after a day's consideration he did. In so doing, I think he implicitly admitted the fears and weaknesses that his poetry transmuted into power.

Before this biography appeared, only a very few people could have understood Frost the man: his wife; Mr. Thompson, who was Frost's friend for almost thirty years; and, during the period of the last volume, Kathleen Morrison, who, with fidelity and detachment, served as Frost's secretary, manager, and nanny. Insofar as we now understand Frost, we recognize that his celebrity was a masquerade. This supposedly quintessentially American poet's private personality was un-American. He was mean, not expansive—a withholder. The typical American failing is the opposite: it is overreaching—Captain Ahab, Jay Gatsby, Lyndon Johnson. Evidently, though, Frost fooled us because we wanted to be fooled. So—the book provokes reflection about ourselves as well as its subject—we are left to wonder why (is it laziness, perhaps, or loneliness?) we offer artists the wrong kind of attention and try to extract from their personalities the strength and the logic they have put into their work.

On a trip to Russia in 1962, Frost met Anna Akhmatova, the subject of another excellent biography, “Anna Akhmatova: A Poetic Pilgrimage,” by Amanda Haight (Oxford). Frost's travelling companion, F. D. Reeve, remarked that both Frost and Akhmatova had “begun to be recognized poets just before the First World War,” and each had become “the leading poet of his coun-



The Country Store of Concord



Hail to the Whales $8.50

Four famous species are embroidered in accurate detail on our handsome club tie: Humpback, Sperm, Greenland Right and Blue Whales. Designed exclusively for the Country Store. Choose from Red whale on Navy, White on Sea blue, Blue on Maroon or Navy on Emerald. $8.50. $1.50 postage & handling.

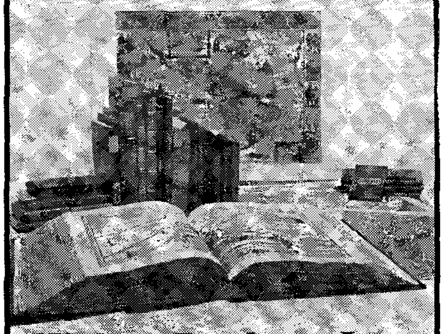
☐ *Send Free Catalogue*

THE COUNTRY STORE OF CONCORD
Dept. 8C 15 Monument Street
Concord, Mass. 01742 369-2000

Color
Name
Address
City State Zip

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Mass.; Guilford, Greenwich, Hartford, Ct.; Far Hills, N.J.; Falmouth, Me.

RARE MAPS AND BOOKS
Catalogs of rare books
pertaining to America $2.50.
Illustrated map catalogs $3.



Walter Reuben, Inc.
410 American Bank Tower
Austin, Texas 78701

DAVID K's
CHUNG KUO YUAN
Presents
Hugh Shannon at the piano Wednesday
through Sundays from 9 p.m.
1115 Third Ave. (cor. 65 St.) N.Y.C. 371-9090
American Express card honored exclusively

try, of a whole national literary culture and tradition." There are other similarities. Miss Haight applies to Akhmatova herself the word "terrifying," and writes:

> What to many people is most difficult . . . came easily to her: the extraordinary was available, but the ordinary was not. Her marriages were unhappy and her day-to-day relations with her son and with her step-daughter difficult.

Like Mr. Thompson, Miss Haight was a friend of her subject, though their friendship was briefer, for the same reason that this biography is shorter: Akhmatova lived much of her life (1889-1966) between the twitchy talons of the Bolshevik dragon, and her Western acquaintances were limited. A writer in disfavor could not accumulate memorabilia for documentation. In the nineteen-thirties, she did not even dare to write down her poetry but preserved it by memorizing some and teaching some to friends.

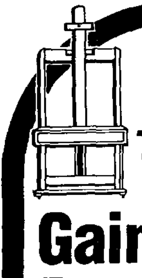
Akhmatova seems to have felt guiltier about her domestic failures than Frost did. She allowed her second husband to burn some of her poems in the hope that by sacrificing her calling she would become a happy housewife, but the experiment failed, and they were divorced. During the nineteen-twenties, her work was still mentioned with respect for its technical accomplishment but was treated as dated and harmful, because the Bolsheviks disapproved its themes—longing and loneliness. No book of hers appeared between 1922 and 1940; the 1940 volume was withdrawn in a matter of months, and its publication declared a mistake. Akhmatova could have emigrated in the early twenties, as did many of her friends, but Miss Haight believes that the poet had a presentiment of the suffering her countrymen would undergo, and felt that her poetry would have work to do, expressing, consoling, memorializing. Akhmatova thought of herself not as a skin to be saved but as a voice for the mute. She was right. What she herself suffered—hunger, cold, illness, persecution, fear, the imprisonment of her son and her closest friends, and the constant uncertainty whether any particular blow would be the last—was appalling; *what she wrote is magnificent.* Miss Haight's intimate account does not attempt to make Akhmatova less awesome in her identification of herself as a poet rather than a person; the biographer has provided a marvellous portrait of the artist disguised by fate as a good-looking woman.

Akhmatova's definitive rehabilitation—if any rehabilitation in the Soviet

The luggage that carries you away

Lark® Luggage
Send for color brochure
Empire State Bldg., N.Y., N.Y. 10001

All Lark Luggage with outer fabric coverings is protected by DUPONT ZEPEL® soil/stain repelle
Copyright © 1976, Lark Luggage Corporation



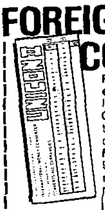
"Sophisticated"
—JUDITH CRIST

The Fourth Stage of Gainsborough Brown
by CLARISSA WATSON

Who killed Gainsborough Brown? A socialite-turned-sleuth finds out in this lively mystery about the art world. $7.95

McKAY-WASHBURN

FOREIGN MONEY CONVERTER INSTANT ACCURATE UNIVERSAL $2.9



Floating Rates . . . UNICON II's Unique Vari-Scale "floats" wit **every foreign currency** for easy money translation anywhere Instant, accurate, **at-a-glance** conversions anytime.
Complete Travel Aid . . . it also converts weight, distance temperature, time zones and clothing sizes. Weighs less than oz. and **slips conveniently into a shirt pocket or purse.**
Fully Guaranteed . . . with handy see-thru carrying case UNICON II is available at **book stores**, your **travel agent**, or b mail directly from:
UNICON II 3602 W. Glen Branch Peoria, Ill. 616

MAXIM'S de PARIS
Luncheon • Dinner • Dancing
1300 N. Astor St. • Chicago, Il. 60610 • WH3-1111

Jnion is definitive—did not occur until the late fifties. At that time, a sympathetic Russian critic described her vorks as "lyrics of the conquest of oneliness." Russian official culture was ıot ready to admit that loneliness is not onquered but endured. Loneliness has een a fact of modern feeling ever since he Romantic era, because of another act of modern times: the enormous attention that all modern societies—Fasist, Communist, liberal, Socialist—pay o children. To American eyes, the Iitler Youth and the Young Commuists are examples of unwholesome inoctrination and regimentation, yet heir members have received a sense of heir own importance which in past enturies was reserved for heirs to hrones, and not even all of them. Compared to the populations of, say, 500, every member of a modern soiety is a spoiled child, and that makes /hat happens to us in what Akhmatova alled the "True Twentieth Century" ll the more pitiable. Romanticism, ith its insistent theme of the lonely, iisunderstood poet, is about as old as ıe steam engine, and every succeedıg generation has seen the human race cquire more power and use it worse. erhaps that is why in the nineteenth entury poets felt sorry for themselves Baudelaire's "The Albatross") and in ıe twentieth for the rest of us as well Yeats's "Nineteen Hundred and Jineteen"). Akhmatova, in the prefce to "Requiem," her great poem ycle of the nineteen-thirties, explicitly ccepts the vocation of making art out f calamity that was not hers alone. She ecalls standing in line outside a prison ı Leningrad hoping to glimpse her n or pass him a package:

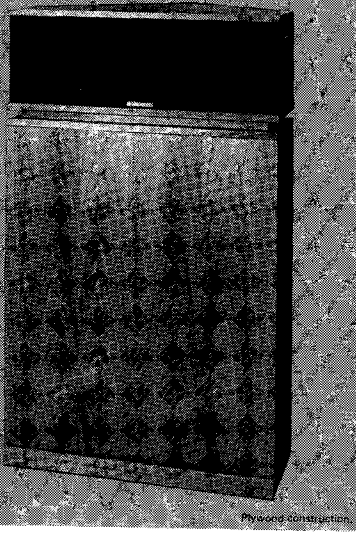
> A woman with blue lips standing behind ıe, who had of course never heard my ame, suddenly woke out of the benumbed ondition in which we all found ourselves t that time and whispered in my ear (in ıose days we all spoke in a whisper):
> Can you put this into words?
> And I said:
> I can.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ı PLACE TO COME TO, by Robert Penn Warren (Random House). Jed Tewksbury, the lonely, uneasy, coolly observant central character of this oddly centerless book, leaves his impoverished Alabama home when he is a young man. He attends a small Southern church college, becomes the protégé of a brilliant old classics professor at the University of



klipschorn® loudspeakers

If You Don't Like
What Comes Out
You Wouldn't Like
What Goes In

Because they're the same. So, if good sound is what you want to hear, feed a good program into a KLIPSCHORN®. You'll get it all back the way it was recorded. That's what the KLIPSCHORN® was designed to do. Three balanced horns, full use of room corners, and Klipsch testing. These are what give the KLIPSCHORN® its full range, honest flat response, and almost non-existent distortion.

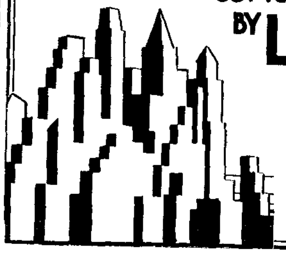
KLIPSCHORN® loudspeakers are made by a small group of dedicated engineers and craftsmen under personal supervision of Paul W. Klipsch. And they're sold by a small group of equally dedicated dealers. For the name of the one nearest you, send this coupon. He's a man whose judgement you can trust.

klipsch

P.O. Box 688 N-4 Hope, Arkansas 71801
Please send me your latest brochure and list of dealers.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

In Canada: Superior Electronics, Inc.



The bestselling author of *The Italians* writes about America in the 1920s—when life was last innocent

O AMERICA
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG
BY LUIGI BARZINI

"Sparkling and enchanting."
—*Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

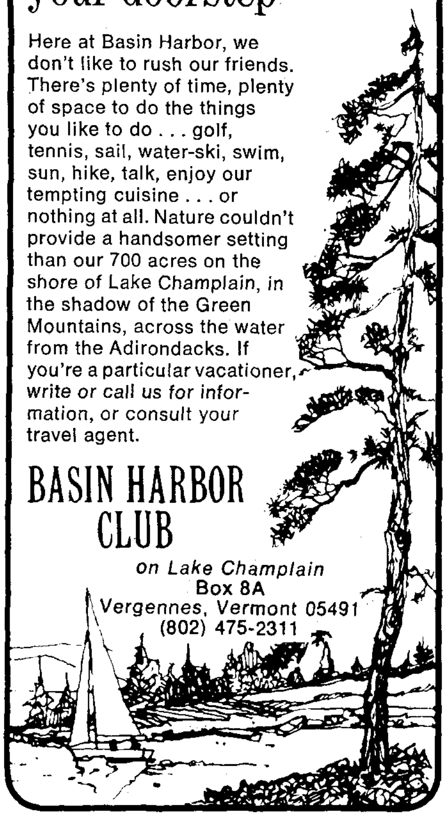
Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

$10.00 at bookstores

No need to hurry... it's all at your doorstep

Here at Basin Harbor, we don't like to rush our friends. There's plenty of time, plenty of space to do the things you like to do . . . golf, tennis, sail, water-ski, swim, sun, hike, talk, enjoy our tempting cuisine . . . or nothing at all. Nature couldn't provide a handsomer setting than our 700 acres on the shore of Lake Champlain, in the shadow of the Green Mountains, across the water from the Adirondacks. If you're a particular vacationer, write or call us for information, or consult your travel agent.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on Lake Champlain
Box 8A
Vergennes, Vermont 05491
(802) 475-2311



CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING

This **FREE service**—for anyone deprived of the joy of reading by loss of sight or other physical handicap—provides 8 hours of recording every other month—unabridged selections from publications such as **The New Yorker, Esquire, Smithsonian** and **The New York Times Magazine.** The special record player needed is provided free, on permanent loan, by the Library of Congress. For information, write:

CHOICE, P.O. Box 10,
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050,
or call (516) 883-8280.

CONDOMINIUM by JOHN D. MACDONALD
A limited number of signed, first edition presentation copies are available from the Patrons of the Libraries, 217 Library West, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida 32611. Make your check for $12.00 payable to the University of Florida Foundation, Inc. For Florida delivery add 4% tax.

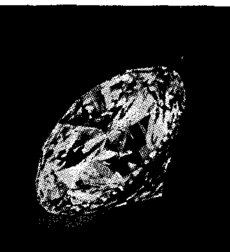
UTAH HORSEPACK TRIPS
Family fun and adventure in the high country.
Saddle horses, pack string, tent camping.
PIUTE CREEK OUTFITTERS
Box 14 Rt. 1A, Kamas, Utah 84036

Chicago, marries twice, fathers a son, is befriended by a set of horsy, rich bohemians, and does not set foot in his home town again until he is middle-aged. By then, his fierce, loving, dirt-poor mother, who pushed him out of the nest and toward what she hoped would be better things, has died (his father died in a melodramatically described manner when Jed was a young boy), and, forced to confront his beginnings, he realizes how empty his own life is. Just what causes Jed's isolation is never made quite clear (the closest the novel comes to an explanation is the unfathomable "My *simplicitas* had lost the blessèdness of knowing that men were real, and brothers in their reality"), but all his friendships and love affairs—even the most passionate—seem to wither. Many people, especially women, write letters testifying to Jed's uniqueness, but since this is stated rather than demonstrated, it is hard for the reader to grasp exactly what they mean. A murky book, tantalizingly illuminated from time to time with apt descriptions of people and places which make it come all too briefly alive.

ON THE EDGE OF REASON, by Miroslav Krleža, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Zora Depolo (Vanguard). A few casually uttered home truths change the course of a man's life in this mordant parable about social convention, injustice, and hypocrisy. Mr. Krleža is a Croatian writer who examines human folly under a microscope, and all varieties seem to repel him equally. The main character is a respectable middle-aged lawyer who scandalizes a dinner party and eventually gets thrown in jail for insulting his host, a pious profiteer who has been boasting to his guests about how he once shot four peasants who were attempting to steal his wine. In rapid succession, everyone the lawyer knows turns against him, and he loses his wife, his friends, his job, and, eventually, his sanity. The story is narrated by the gradually less sane-sounding lawyer, and, though his plight is horrendous, it is hard to feel much about him, perhaps because the author garlands his martyrdom too lavishly.

GENERAL

THE FOX OF THE NORTH, by Roger Parkinson (McKay). A clear and admiring biography, based in part on Russian and French sources, of



The Huisman Diamond.
So Dazzlingly Different It's Patented.

Diamond connoisseurs know the difference is in the cutting. The Huisman Diamond has more light-reflective surfaces.

ORDINARY 58 FACET DIAMOND
HUISMAN 144 FACET DIAMOND

We invite you to see our collection of Huisman diamond rings and loose stones. Unset solitaires 20 points to 5 carats, from $100.

POUNDER'S Jewelry
225 Northtown • Spokane, Wash.

IN THE RUSSIAN STYLE
Edited by JACQUELINE ONASSIS

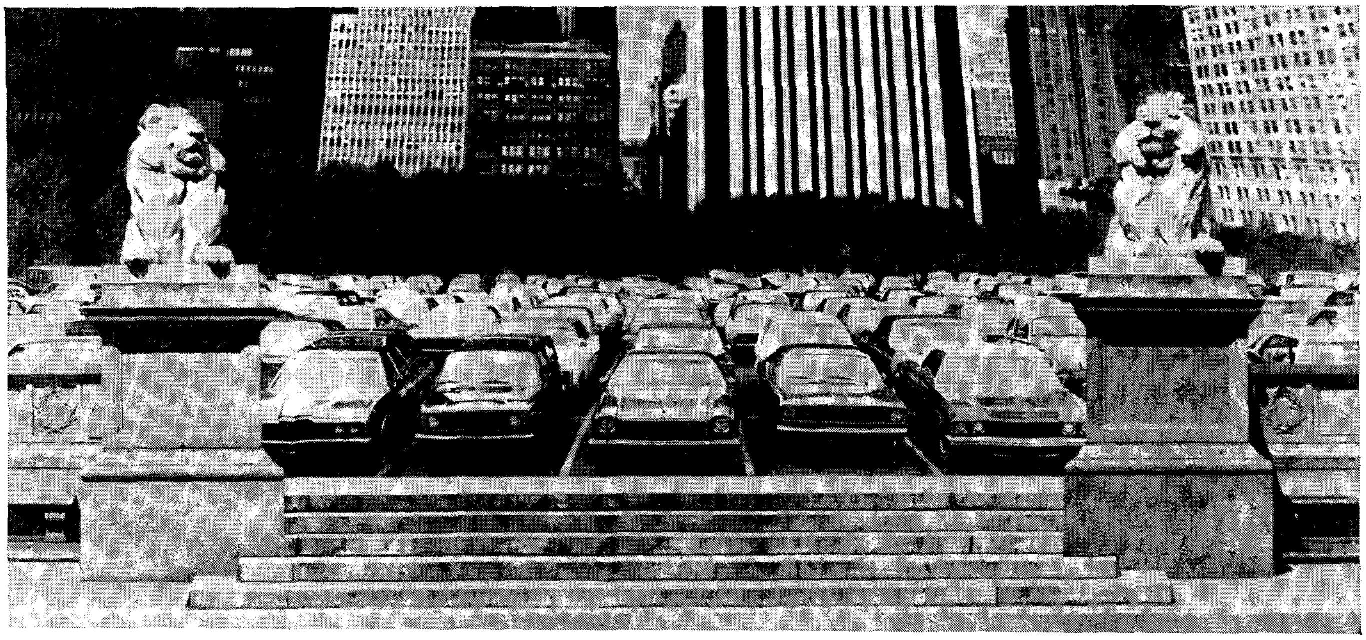
This elegant volume graphically illustrates the opulence of a bygone era, Imperial Russia, her iniquity matched only by her grandeur.

$14.95. Add $1.00 postage. NYC residents add $1.20 sales tax. M/C, B/A, Am/Ex honoured.

999 Bookshop
999 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-288-9439

EXCEPTIONAL FOOD & WINE
The COACH HOUSE
110 WAVERLY PLACE, N.Y.C. • 777-0303
777-0349

I HAVE A BOAT IN PARIS, a beautiful 52 ft. teak-and-brass yacht. It's docked at the Concorde, where I live aboard. June 19 my partner (who is French) and I will start a 16-week cruise of European waterways: French canals; Seine, Moselle, Rhine, Meuse rivers; a week in Amsterdam. We'll take paying guests for any 1-2-3-week period in 2 double cabins. Four people, meals and everything, $1100 per week; two people, $700. Write me and I'll send you snapshots of previous tours; maps; our itinerary. John Shelby, c/o International Herald Tribune, 21 rue de Berri, 75008 Paris, France



New York without The New York Public Library. It could happen, if you don't help.

It takes more than $43,000 a *day* to keep New York's great public Research Libraries open to the public. What with cutbacks, austerity budgets, and the city's continuing financial crisis, we depend on private contributions for more than *one half* of our funding.

Please help.

If you give now, the National Endowment for the Humanities will match your contribution—one dollar for each two dollars you give—up to $1,500,000. Look what you get for your money:

1. Free use of one of the six great libraries in the world. The others are the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the Lenin Library in Moscow, the Library of Congress and the Library of Harvard University. Of these, none is as accessible to you as our Library. No charge ever.

2. Free access to the miles of books in our stacks. We add about 100,000 new volumes every year. We collect more than 30,000 different periodicals. You'll find more than 10 million prints, maps, recordings, and manuscripts, including an early draft of the Declaration of Independence, and the manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address.

3. Free use of a graduate library. None of New York's colleges or universities has a library to match ours. So we're a graduate library for *all* of them. And—we're open to the public. If you'd like to read your own way through college, you can.

4. Free help for businessmen. It costs $100,000 or more to set up a business library. Many smaller businesses simply hire a librarian, who then works at The New York Public Library. Our librarians can sometimes be as helpful as the consultants you hire—and they do their consulting *free*. If you're planning an extensive research project, we keep lists of researchers and translators who can help.

5. An inventor's paradise. Our collection on the physical and chemical sciences is unparalleled. The basic research for many an invention—including the Polaroid® camera and the Xerox® copier—was done in our reading rooms.

6. A place to trace your family tree. Our Genealogical Library is in Room 315G of the Central Building. We've also amassed an astounding number of family histories in our Jewish Division, including many documents rescued from the holocaust of World War II.

7. A special library for Black Studies. The Schomburg Center at 135th near Lenox is one of the world's most important centers for the study of Black history and literature. It's worth a visit, if only to see our collection of exquisite African ivories.

8. New York's best source of government documents. We collect virtually everything the U.S. Government publishes. And the U.N. Foreign governments, too. For a charge we'll copy any one of them.

9. Two free museums. As a "museum," our Central Building rates a star in the famous Michelin Guide. We've always got some of our rare and beautiful manuscripts on display. There's a second museum at our Lincoln Center Building. Call to find out what's on.

10. A special library for ballet buffs. It's at the Library's Performing Arts Research Center, next to the Metropolitan Opera. If you're an opera buff, a film buff, a music buff, or a theater buff, look into our other collections at Lincoln Center.

11. A book that lists all our many services. It's called "Beyond the Lions." If you give us a contribution of $10 or more, we'll mail you a *free* copy. Please send all you can.

The New York Public Library
Box 2211, Grand Central Sta.
New York, New York 10036

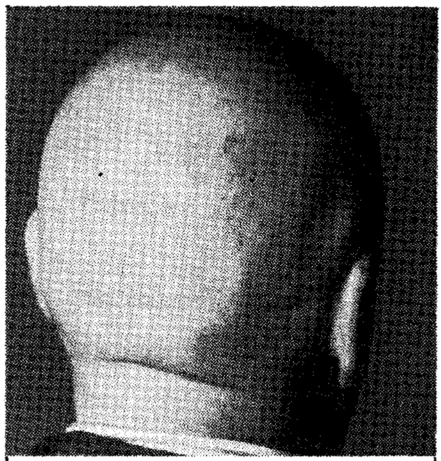
Enclosed, find my tax-deductible contribution.

☐ It's $10 or more, so please send a copy of "Beyond the Lions."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City/State/Zip ____________________ NYRB-1



Otto looks back

on 36 films, 32 stage productions, and untold numbers of stars, eccentrics, egomaniacs, colleagues, and censors. From an early fight with Darryl Zanuck to his touching love affair with Gypsy Rose Lee, Otto Preminger writes about it all with the candor that has characterized his life. With photographs; $8.95

Preminger
An Autobiography

DOUBLEDAY

Did you know that hollyhocks thrive on beer?

That's just one of the many nuggets of superstition and common sense—traditionally passed over back fences and garden walls—compiled in this best-selling book of wisdom about growing plants organically.

OLD WIVES' LORE FOR GARDENERS

by MAUREEN and BRIDGET BOLAND

$5.95, now at your bookstore, or write
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX,
19 Union Sq. West, N.Y. 10003

30 YEARS

AN EDGE OF THE FOREST, $7.95 p.p.
THE BLUEGREEN TREE $9.95 p.p.
Companion Pieces by Agnes Smith

"Both are fantasy and their themes relate them. The former is about individuals. The latter is about people who lived thousands of years ago in a forest so large it may have covered a whole continent." If not in your bookstore mail orders promptly filled.

WESTWIND PRESS
Rt. 1, Box 64
Farmington, West Virginia 26571

If You Love Words,

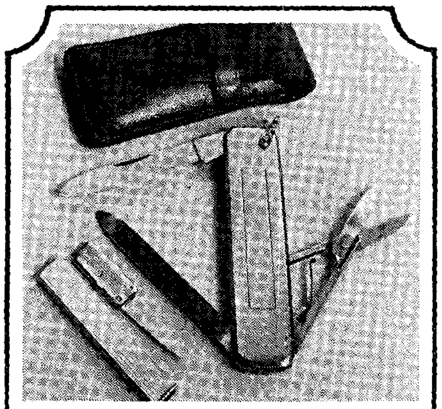
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $4.00 (U.S.) or $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157 QX
ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

Mikhail Illarionovich Kutuzov, the general who commanded the Russian troops in two of the most important battles of the Napoleonic wars—Austerlitz and Borodino. In Mr. Parkinson's view, Kutuzov deserves much of the credit that Wellington received for ridding Europe of Napoleon. He learned his military principles from two teachers—Count Peter Rumyantsev, who pronounced, "The objective is not the occupation of a geographical position but the destruction of enemy forces," and Count Alexander Suvorov, who taught the importance of a spiritual rapport with one's own forces: "The soldier must be healthy, brave, resolute, determined, truthful, pious. Pray to God! He gives us victory." Mr. Parkinson writes, "Kutuzov saw far further than lesser commanders who considered the battle to be the core of a campaign; he realized that this core centred upon the army. The army must be allowed to continue functioning even at the expense of apparently running away, even at the cost of losing Vienna or Moscow; the army which remained intact was undefeated—and ready for the last, decisive battle."

THE SELFISH GENE, by Richard Dawkins (Oxford). The title of this fascinating book grates a little, but it correctly characterizes the theme of Mr. Dawkins, an ethologist from Oxford. To put the matter briefly, many modern students of evolutionary genetics believe that it is not the survival of the species which counts but, rather, the survival and propagation of the gene. The gene controls the manufacture of biological materials; it manufactures the living objects best suited to its own preservation and propagation. What is remarkable about this way of looking at things is its predictive power. All the tools of the mathematical theory of games can be used to distinguish "evolutionarily stable strategies" from lines of evolution that have been tried and have failed. One obtains an entirely new insight into animal behavior. The book is not easy reading, but what makes it accessible is the brilliance and wit of Mr. Dawkins' style. It is a splendid example of how difficult scientific ideas can be explained by someone who understands them and is willing to take the trouble.

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CALCUTTA, by Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee (Doubleday). A substantial two-part



DELUXE POCKET KNIFE

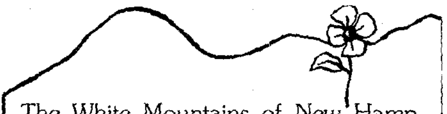
The durability of stainless steel—the elegance of leather. We've packed our thin knife, complete with scissors, knife, nail file, Sterling Silver blade toothpick, in a soft hide case to protect your pockets. All only 2½ inches long. *Add $3.00 for engraved monogram.*

$12.00

Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured.

STERN'S

Dept. W-2 / Lenox Square / Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3676
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1976. S. S. G.



The White Mountains of New Hampshire, The Connecticut River Valley, Dartmouth College. The setting only New England can provide. Animated brooks. Fishing, boating, golfing, hiking, antiquing. Trails undulating through the woods. Refurbished for your ultimate comfort and gracious dining. Write or call for more information.

The Hanover Inn

BOX N, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03755
Telephone: 603/643-4300

NATURE—SECLUSION—LUXURY

Five elegantly furnished guest houses located on a 500 acre private wooded estate, two on a mountain top overlooking the Allegheny River and three nestled around spring fed Silver Lake—Swimming, Fishing, Trail Riding. Available for business conferences or private use. By week, month or season. Brochure on request: Buzzard's Point—Silver Valley, 100 S. Penn Rd., Franklin, PA. 16323. Phone (814) 437-6913.

BEAN'S REDISCOVER... COFFEES and TEAS Finest. Freshest. Gourmet quality. Free brochure. Also Moulinex electric coffee grinder (imported from France) w/free half pound best beans $18.95 ppd. (N.J. residents add 5% tax.) Bean's, 42 Church St., Montclair, N.J. 07042

report on a year spent in India by a Bengali woman, who had been absent from her country for fourteen years, and her North American husband. With their sons, Bart and Bernie, the Blaises first visited Miss Mukherjee's parents, who are now living in a suburb of Bombay, and then explored the faded metropolis of Calcutta. Mr. Blaise's half of the book, the first, reads like the jottings of an alert, reflective reporter. His wife, understandably, has a more natural grasp of Indians as individuals; her half is more declarative, more crystalline, perhaps more elegant. Both writers depict a society haunted by violence—a land where one must maintain a strong private core to survive the encircling chaos, where corpses turn up in unexpected places, and where anything might slither in an open window. A subtle, thoughtful book.

ICTORIAN PANORAMA: PAINTINGS OF VICTORIAN LIFE, by Christopher Wood (Faber). Victorian "modern-life" paintings—scenes of everyday life which were popular in England during the period 1850-70—have always been (justly) regarded by art historians as a stiff, sentimental genre, and their creators, with the exception of a few artists (notably William Frith, Ford Madox Brown, and William Holman Hunt), as eminently overlookable. Our current infatuation with the Victorians—or at least with their habits and geegaws—does not seem inhibited by the boundaries of taste, however, and for clues to the social mores of the Victorian Age it would be hard to find a better source than the paintings included in this book. It is divided into thematic chapters ("The Race for Wealth," "Home Sweet Home," "The Cult of Death," "The Fallen Woman"), and Mr. Wood, who was until recently a director of Christie's, provides an intelligent text and captions that help the reader discover how every little object in these highly narrative paintings had a meaning all its own. Twenty-four dollars and ninety-five cents.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

:HROEDER'S GAME, by Arthur Maling (Harper & Row). Mr. Maling was a business executive before he took to writing, and here, as in his last suspense story, he puts that early experience to good use: financial chicanery, money manipulations, and fiscal fraud are all at least as enter-

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

☐ One year: $20 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $35 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada & Mexico $2.00 per year; other foreign $6.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
Account # ______
Signature ______
4157

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $20 ☐ Two years: $35
To ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Gift card to read "From ______"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

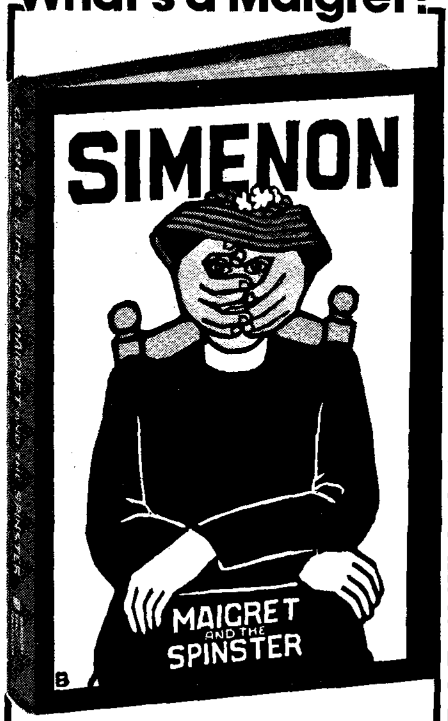
Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here**; print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

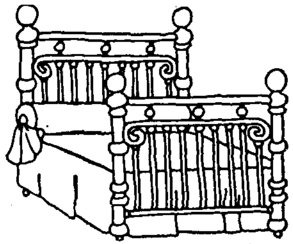
Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

What's a Maigret?



It's the chief inspector whose cases have been fascinating readers for decades. Meet him in Simenon's latest baffler. $6.95

A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book
HBJ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich



Getaway to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor lobster, homemade apple pie, potables from our tavern. Norman Rockwell Museum close by.

The Red Lion Inn
Since 1773, Box NY4, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262. (413) 298-5545

Again available: OLD FASHIONED, NATURALLY RAISED ON OWN MOTHER'S MILK BABY BEEF & VEAL

No hormones, antibiotics, pesticides, herbicides used, ever. Deliciously tender with less fat. 100% pure organic.

SPECIAL 28 LB. TASTER-SAMPLER PACKAGE WITH YOUR FAVORITE CUTS: STEAKS, ROASTS, SCALLOPINI, CUTLETS, 4 OZ. PATTIES. *Phone (804) 985-7746 or write*

TEEL MOUNTAIN FARM
BOX 1 STANARDSVILLE, VIRGINIA 22973

HOME DELIVERIES START SOON. RESERVE NOW. SUPPLY LIMITED.

For Sale Brookville—(LI) NY $325,000

Beautiful Farm Ranch by prominent Builder. Heavily wooded (3) acres. A/C, 4 Fireplaces, (5) plus bedrooms. Beamed, exquisite Den & Family Room—3 Car Garage—(generator) Modern Heated Pool. Separate Complete Pool House. *Principals only*

For appt. Call: (516) MA 6-0035

taining as the doings of spies and thieves and street fighters. The complexity in this intrigue involves the New York brokerage firm of Price, Potter & Petacque and an important client, a hospital billing company called Mutual Claims of Phoenix, which was founded and is headed by one Steve Schroeder. As the title indicates, this Schroeder is up to something, and the unravelling of his game is a diverting and sufficiently blood-soaked entertainment.

RAVEN AND THE RATCATCHER, by Donald MacKenzie (Houghton Mifflin). John Raven is a thirty-nine-year-old retired Scotland Yard inspector of independent means who lives in lonely comfort aboard a houseboat on the Thames, but the disappearance of his sister's *au pair* girl draws him back into action. The girl leads to a boyfriend who leads to a suitcase full of gelignite which leads to a master criminal nicknamed the Ratcatcher and to a plot to burgle a bank. Mr. MacKenzie, as always, has the power to command our undivided attention.

POUR THE HEMLOCK, by A. J. Russell (Random House). "Tangle within tangle, plot and counter-plot, ruse and treachery, cross and double-cross, true agent, false agent, double agent, gold and steel, the bomb, the dagger . . ." Thus Winston Churchill on the "high ranges of Secret Service," and Mr. Russell both quotes his definition here and makes use of its precepts. The scene is the United States during the months just before the Nixon resignation, and a high-ranking American intelligence agent named Anthony Beaudine suddenly finds himself bewilderingly, and then dangerously, entangled. The source of his entanglement approaches, even nudges, the bizarre, but getting there is greatly entertaining.

•

Just prior to leaving New York to tour with *The Royal Family*, Mayor Abraham Beame presented Eva Le Gallienne with the Handel Medallion, New York City's highest cultural award, and the first ever presented to an actress.
—*National Theatre Stagebill.*

That's nice, but who's minding the store?

•

The Bielenbergs bake 30 different kinds of cookies—chocolate chip, peanut butter, oatmeal, raising oatmeal, honey date, honey wheat germ, sugar, pokie joes, ad nauseam.—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

Just list the cookies, please.

In the beginning:

Here, for the first time, is what is *now* believed to have happened during the explosive first three minutes of the universe—described for the general reader by a brilliant young scientist from Harvard and the Smithsonian Observatory. "A most remarkable achievement.... presented with clarity and great scientific accuracy."
—T.D. Lee, Nobel Laureate in Physics.

THE FIRST THREE MINUTES
A Modern View of the Origin of the Universe
Steven Weinberg
Illustrated, $8.95 at bookstores.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022

"Breezy and entertaining"*

The STORK
A Novel About Breeding People
by Denison Hatch

"Hatch unreels this fantasia with...the right mix of slapstick, word-play, and documentary mock-seriousness."
—*Kirkus Reviews*
$8.95 **Publisher's Weekly*

WILLIAM MORROW

LEARN RUSSIAN IN MOSCOW!

Where else? Orientation, language instruction (professors of accredited Pushkin Institute of Russian languages) experienced leaders, cultural excursions, all included. Fall or Spring 4-month semesters; or 4-, 6-, 8-wk. summer term Russian Seminars. European programs too: England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Copenhagen, Switzerland

CENTER FOR FOREIGN STUDY
Admissions Office — Dept. 3N
216 S. State/Box 606/Ann Arbor, MI 48107
(313) 662-5575, 662-5576

SCROLLS Hand Lettered
Scrolls & Certificates for Appreciations, Retirements and other Awards
Call or write for free brochure.
AMES & ROLLINSON, INC.
215 Park Ave.So., Dept. W, N.Y.C. 10003 ✦ 473-7000

The New Chevrolet Landau Coupe.

We've topped ourselves.

Last September we introduced The New Chevrolet Coupe—a beautifully contemporary car with clean crisp lines, a smooth quiet ride, more rear-seat leg room, more head room, more trunk room, and more ease of entry and exit than last year's full-size Chevrolet Coupes.

Quite a car.

But instead of sitting around congratulating ourselves, we went right to work on an exciting new version of that exciting new coupe—a sporty new number we call The New Chevrolet Landau Coupe.

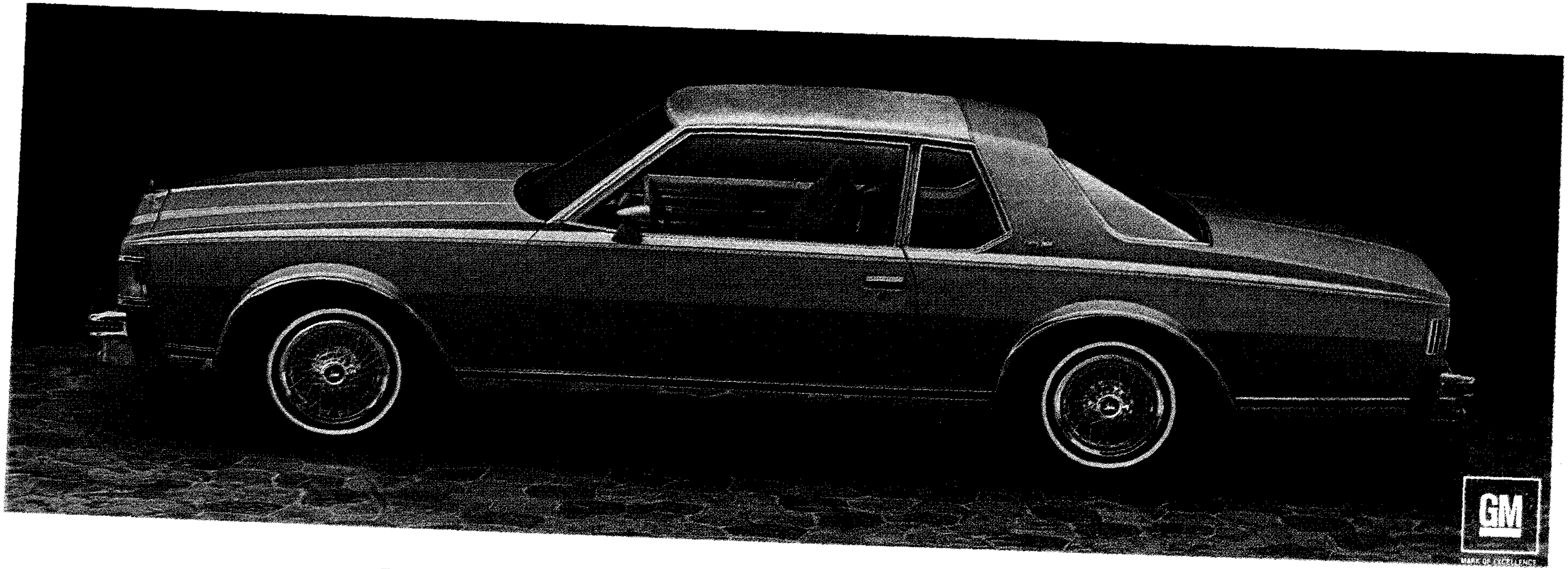
And here it is. With its very own elk-grain vinyl landau top, four very believable wire wheel covers, a pair of sport mirrors, accent striping, distinctive Landau nameplates, and a personality all its own.

You can order it as a Caprice or an Impala.

If you like, you can order it with our available F41 Sport Suspension for a little extra flavor on the road.

But first, go see it.

Your Chevrolet dealer is the place.



Caprice Classic Landau Coupe

Now that's more like it. Chevrolet

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include DRAMBUIE.
DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
A LINK WITH THE '45
80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO. MIAMI, FLORIDA ©197